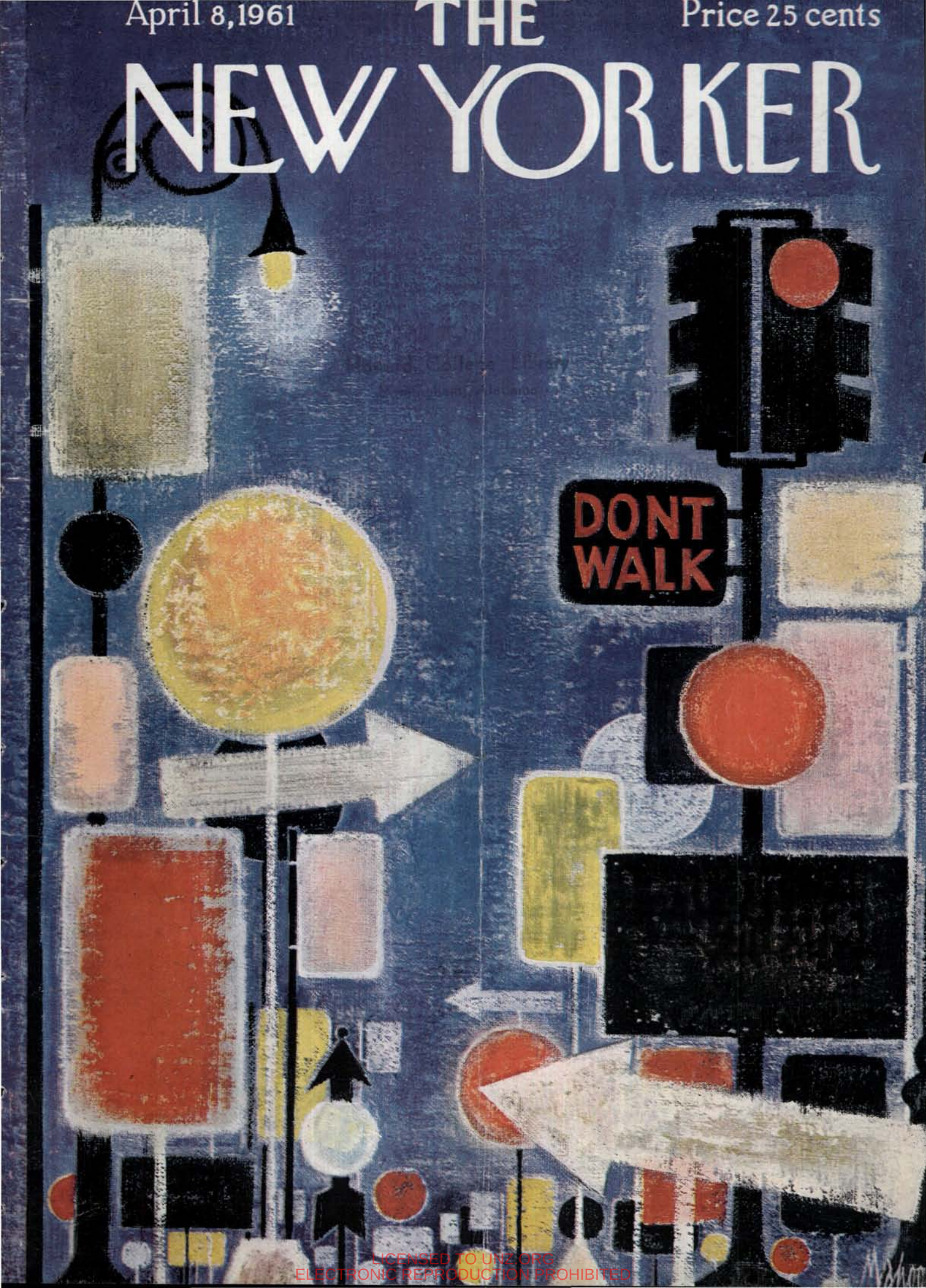


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ADVISE AND CONSENT—Loring Mandel's melodrama, an adaptation of the Allen Drury novel, deals with political shenanigans in Washington when a group of conservative senators tries to prevent a professor who has shown some Leftist leanings in the past from becoming Secretary of State. None of the characters—and there are more than thirty of them—has much substance, and the playwright's ideas of governmental procedure are highly implausible. However, Ed Begley, Richard Kiley, Chester Morris, Henry Jones, and Kevin McCarthy make an exciting group of Senatorial battlers. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

ALL THE WAY HOME—Tad Mosel's tender and touching adaptation of James Agee's novel "A Death in the Family." Colleen Dewhurst, Arthur Hill, Aline MacMahon, Lillian Gish, John Megna, and Tom Wheatley are notably effective in the drama. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)

BIG FISH, LITTLE FISH—A comedy by Hugh Wheeler in which a number of seedy types who have cut off their lives at the roots swarm around a flaccid textbook editor who is a patsy for failures. The dialogue is primitive and aimless, but the performers—Jason Robards, Jr., Hume Cronyn, George Grizzard, Martin Gabel, Elizabeth Wilson, and George Voskovec—know their business, and the direction, by Sir John Gielgud, is professional and astute. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

COME BLOW YOUR HORN—A comedy by Neil Simon about the gay doings of a pair of youths in revolt against their father, who wants them to forget about girls and get busy in the artificial-fruit business. The drollery is very limited, and Hal March, Warren Berlinger, and Lou Jacobi, playing the sons and father, respectively, are only sporadically amusing. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

CRITIC'S CHOICE—A laggardly item in which Henry Fonda functions as a newspaper drama reviewer driven to distraction because his wife has written a play that he considers abominable but that he thinks he should review. Mr. Fonda and such fellow-performers as Mildred Natwick, Virginia Gilmore, and Murray Hamilton try hard. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE—A confused and labored attempt by Dore Scharly to make a religious-mystery drama out of a novel by Morris L. West. It has to do with the adventures of a dying priest who has been sent by the Vatican to a small town in southern Italy to investigate the career of a late resident whom the natives consider worthy of sainthood. Leo Genn and Sam Levene head the cast. The play was directed by Mr. Scharly. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

AN EVENING WITH MIKE NICHOLS AND ELAINE MAY—A felicitous and funny divertissement in which two highly original comics spoof everything from modern drama to the P.T.A. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)

MARY, MARY—Plenty of good jokes are sprinkled through this comedy by Jean Kerr, and the



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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acting—by Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Michael Rennie, Betsy von Furstenberg, and John Cromwell—is top-drawer. The plot, though, which has to do with the vicissitudes of an estranged couple making their way back to the old nest, isn't long on originality. Joseph Anthony's direction is brisk, and Oliver Smith's set is pleasing. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

RHINOCEROS—All kinds of droll and perceptive observations about the human race by Eugene Ionesco, who doesn't approve of conformity of any kind and establishes his case with enormous ingenuity. Zero Mostel and Eli Wallach stand out in a remarkable cast, and Joseph Anthony, who directed the show, and Derek Prouse, who translated it from the French, are also to be highly commended. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A TASTE OF HONEY—There are some strange characters on view in this drama, but Shelagh Delaney, the North Country English girl who wrote it a couple of years ago, when she was nineteen, has certainly infused them with life and put them into a convincing setting. The cast contains only five performers, and they are all excellent—Angela Lansbury, as a prostitute getting long in the tooth; Nigel Davenport, as her protector; Joan Plowright, as her daughter; Billy Dee Williams, as the daughter's colored seducer; and Andrew Ray, as the girl's sympathetic homosexual pal. Miss Plowright is especially noteworthy in a

very taxing role. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

UNDER THE YUM-YUM TREE—Lawrence Roman's comedy about a San Francisco maiden who is happy to share quarters with her fiancé but wants him to keep his distance. It's all pretty arch, and while Sandra Church is now and then diverting as the determined virgin, and Dean Jones reasonably helpful as her frustrated suitor, it is Gig Young, as a libidinous landlord, who provides the play's most antic moments. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, April 15.)

LONG RUNS—THE BEST MAN: A drame à clef by Gore Vidal, which deals with the backstage maneuverings at an unidentified Presidential convention. With Frank Lovejoy and Lee Tracy. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ...

THE MIRACLE WORKER: Some seventy years ago, an Irish girl called Annie Sullivan taught a blind deaf-mute named Helen Keller how to communicate with the world. William Gibson wrote the script, and his leading players are Suzanne Pleshette and Patty Duke. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE TENTH MAN:** A nihilistic young lawyer is restored to life and love by an exorcism ceremony performed on a Jewish girl who is thought to be possessed by a dybbuk. With Alan Manson, Jacob Ben-Ami, and Martin Wolfson. Words by Paddy Chayefsky. (Ambassador, 40th St., W. CO 5-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinees Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) ... **TOYS IN THE ATTIC:** Lillian Hellman's play about the ways in which sex and money undermine a genteel New Orleans family. Patricia Jessel, Maureen Stapleton, and Robert Loggia star in it. (Hudson, 44th St., E. JU 6-2237. Nightly at 8:30. Matinee Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, April 8.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

A FAR COUNTRY—A play by Henry Denker, with Kim Stanley, Steven Hill, and Sam Wanamaker. Directed by Alfred Ryder and produced by Roger L. Stevens and Joel Schenker. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees this week on Thursday at 2 and Saturday at 2:30; subsequently on Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

CAMELOT—If it's scenic beauty you're after, you'll find plenty of it in this account of King Arthur and his court, but the play itself is rather slow-moving, even though such lively types as Alan Jay Lerner, Frederick Loewe, and Moss Hart had a hand in the production. Richard Burton, Julie Andrews, Roddy McDowall, and Robert Goulet head the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:25. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, April 9.)

DO RE MI—Jukebox entrepreneurs at work and at play. Not very stimulating, despite the best efforts of Phil Silvers and Nancy Walker. The book was written by Garson Kanin, the music by Jule Styne, and the lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

IRMA LA DOUCE—Using leers as substitutes for laughs, this importation—from France via England—describes the capers of a Parisian tart and her innumerable clients. Elizabeth Seal, an agile type, is the girl about whom the males in the cast keep buzzing. (Plym-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

outh, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

SHOW GIRL—The very amusing Carol Channing doing a number of lighthearted and lightweight turns, with the assistance of Jules Munshin and four Frenchmen billed as Les Quat' Jéudis. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, April 8.)

TENDERLOIN—As directed by George Abbott (who collaborated on the book with Jerome Weidman), this show about a snoopy parson given to exploring the haunts of sinners in old Manhattan is quite tumultuous but not very funny. Maurice Evans heads the large and boisterous cast, and the show has some clever settings by Cecil Beaton. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE UNSINKABLE MOLLY BROWN—A jolly account of the ups and downs of a backwoods Colorado girl who strikes it rich by marrying a man with a silver thumb, goes on to crash Denver and French society with a hell of a bang, and eventually survives the sinking of the Titanic. As played by Tammy Grimes, the lady is a delight, and so, on the whole, is the show. It has agreeable tunes by Meredith Willson, colorful sets by Oliver Smith, and ingenious choreography by Peter Genaro, and has been lovingly directed by Dore Scharly. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

WILDCAT—A saga of the petroleum belt that is short on melody and wit but introduces some spectacular stage effects. Lucille Ball appears as a ruffian young woman preoccupied with making a fortune in oil, and Keith Andes, Don Tomkins, Howard Fischer, and Clifford David also participate. The music was provided by Cy Coleman, the lyrics by Carolyn Leigh, and the book by N. Richard Nash; Michael Kidd is responsible for the direction and choreography. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—BYE BYE BIRDIE: Chita Rivera and Dick Van Dyke in a musical having to do with some people in the orbit of rock 'n' roll. They will be replaced starting Sunday, April 9, by Gretchen Wyler and Gene Rayburn. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)...**FIORRELLO!**: A period show about Manhattan politics, based on the events leading up to the election of La Guardia. Howard Da Silva and Tom Bosley keep the Little Flower blooming. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)...**THE MUSIC MAN**: Meredith Willson's excursion into rural Iowa as it was forty-five years ago. With Bert Parks. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, April 15.)

...**MY FAIR LADY**: A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion." Michael Allinson now has the part of Professor Higgins, and Margot Moser that of Eliza Doolittle. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

...**THE SOUND OF MUSIC**: Rodgers and Hammerstein tell us about the Trapp family, who fled Austria in 1938 to evade the Nazis and became well known as singers in the United States. With Mary Martin and Theodore Bikel. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

THE HAPPIEST GIRL IN THE WORLD—Cyril Ritchard and Janice Rule in a musical with lyrics by E. Y. Harburg, music by Jacques Offenbach, and a book by Fred Saidy and Henry Myers. Mr. Ritchard is the director and Lee Guber the producer. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.

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Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

CARNIVAL—Anna Maria Alberghetti in a musical with a book by Michael Stewart and music and lyrics by Bob Merrill. Directed by Gower Champion and presented by David Merrick. Opens Thursday, April 13. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

NEW YORK CITY CENTER LIGHT OPERA COMPANY—A revival of "Show Boat," with Joe E. Brown, Jo Sullivan, Robert Rounseville, Jane Kean, and Carol Brice, is the first in a series of four shows to be presented by the company. Preview Tuesday, April 11, at 8:30. Opens officially on Wednesday, April 12, and will run through Sunday, April 23. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

THE AMERICAN DREAM AND THE DEATH OF BESSIE SMITH—The target of the first and newest of these one-act plays by Edward Albee is that vast, placid sediment known as the American middle class (middle-aged division), which he demolishes with a comic agility that is not in the least hobbled by the startling bitterness underlying it. The production, directed by Alan Schneider, sustains Albee's quicker-than-the-eye mockery right up to the last word. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said of the second play, a bundle of maledictions about Southern racism, which tends to drown out the majesty of Bessie Smith (who never appears), and is more tract than drama. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

THE BALCONY—Life inside a fancy bordello during a revolution, as imagined by Jean Genet. The perverse fantasies of the customers are presented as sardonic commentaries on a rotten society and whatnot, but the play is more gaudy than persuasive. Directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Fridays at 9:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8:40.)

CALL ME BY MY RIGHTFUL NAME—A weedy play about the difficulties that two young symbols—one Negro and one white—have over a white girl, played with great lissomeness by Joan Hackett, who had to get her start somewhere. The author is Michael Shurtleff, who once read "The Waste Land" attentively. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10:45; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

THE CONNECTION—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569.

Thursdays and Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40.)

DOUBLE ENTRY—A pair of one-act light operas—"The Bible Salesman" and "The Oldest Trick in the World"—by Jay Thompson. The evening benefits chiefly from the great comic gifts of Jane Connell, who appears much too briefly in the second offering as a giddy secretary making her first visit to a fortune-teller. (Martintique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

ELSA LANCHESTER, HERSELF—Miss Lanchester in a rigorous, monotonous rundown of a dozen or so ballads, songs, and patter numbers. (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. BR 9-3631. Nightly at 8:40. Matinees Saturday at 2:40 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 9.)

THE FANTASTICKS—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsy. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

HAMLET—A practically uncut version that diddles and blurts along for more than three hours, and is notable only for the rare moments when twenty-seven-year-old Donald Madden, as Hamlet, discards his dewiness and gives as good as he takes. The direction, by Stuart Vaughan, puts one in mind of a track meet. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

HEDDA GABLER—Anne Meacham concocts a Hedda Gabler who is at once cruel, knifelife, and hypnotically beautiful. Frederick Rolf, as Judge Brack, and Mark Lenard, as Eilert Lovborg, are equally effective. The hand of David Ross, who produced and directed, is everywhere evident. Highly recommended. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

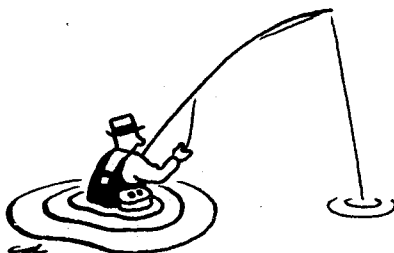
IN THE JUNGLE OF CITIES—The American premiere of this 1922 Brecht play, which deals with a mysterious struggle that takes place in Chicago between a prairie boy and an Oriental lumber dealer just before the First World War, is given a superior production—one that is possibly better than its materials deserve. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Wednesdays and Sundays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7.)

KING OF THE DARK CHAMBER—An Indian play that incorporates stylized acting with singing, chanting, dancing, and pantomime, all of which is supposed to tell how a king and queen, symbols both, get around their philosophical and spiritual differences and achieve union. Some of the play's brain food gets lost in transit, but there is always something handsome to see and/or hear. The author is Rabindranath Tagore. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

KRAPP'S LAST TAPE AND THE ZOO STORY—Two stimulating one-act plays, excellently performed. The first was written by Samuel Beckett and the second by Edward Albee. The entire enterprise employs only three actors—Herbert Berghof, Mark Richman, and William Daniels. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

LEAVE IT TO JANE—This musical antique, by Jerome Kern, P. G. Wodehouse, and Guy Bolton, first saw light in 1917, and the intervening years have only added lustre to its appealing idiocy. Dorothy Greener and Kathleen Murray are in the talented cast. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

LITTLE MARY SUNSHINE—A satire on old operettas that is much too amiable to achieve a great deal in the way of parody but is good fun all the same. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fri-





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

THE MAGNIFICENT HUGO—An adaptation by Louis S. Bardoly of a German comedy by Walter Hasenclever. Preview Thursday, April 6, at 8:40. Opens officially on Friday, April 7. (Comedy Theatre, 52 E. 78th St. RH 4-6440. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

THE MOUSETRAP—Agatha Christie in a retread of some very old material found in her files. There are a lonely English country mansion, uneasy guests, and a homicidal maniac who unwittingly reveals his identity about half-way through, thus casting all suspense to the winds. The play, for some very esoteric reason, has been going for eight years in London. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

THE PAINTED DAYS—A play by John Byrne, directed by Sonia Moore. Opens Thursday, April 6. (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

ROOTS—An attempt by the twenty-eight-year-old English playwright Arnold Wesker to record each and every banality in the life of a poor and uneducated Norfolk family, which likes its vowels shut tight, its meals heaping, and its moments of silence deep and meaningful. The results are fine eavesdropping—just that and no more. (Mayfair Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. CI 7-6180. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

THE THEATRE OF CHANCE—A double bill consisting of Sophocles' "Women of Trachis," translated by Ezra Pound, and "The Marrying Maiden," by Jackson MacLow. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays at 8:30.)

THE THREEPENNY OPERA—Mack the grandfather. In the cast are Charles Rydell and Marion Brash. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

UNDER MILK WOOD—Still another attempt to transpose Dylan Thomas's long poem about the irregulars of Llareggub onto the stage. Not unexpectedly, only about half of Thomas's tropical verbiage comes through the various antics that director William Ball has devised to keep his cast—an exemplary and exuberant one—busy. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 7; and Sundays at 2:40.)

A WORM IN HORSE RADISH—Another visit, done in bold stereotype, with a poor lower East Side Jewish family circa 1900. Eli Mintz, as the patriarch, comes very close to making his materials, which were baked at home by Esther Kaufman, seem far fresher than they are. The rest of the cast straggles far to the rear. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

NOTE—Four characters in search of an author are meanwhile writing their own skits, often as they go along, throughout the casually entertaining potpourri at the Premise, an orderly little coffee-and-pastry shop at 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020). The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30. ... A lightly staffed revue, "O, Oysters!", most of whose pearls of wisdom are sickled o'er with a pale cast of words, words, words, spouts on the stage of the Village Gate, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120). Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30.

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule of final performances—Thursday evening, April 6: "Interplay," "Medea," "Pas de Deux," and "Apollo." ... Friday evening, April 7: "Modern Jazz," "Creation of the World," "Episodes, Part II," and "Stars and Stripes."

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... Saturday matinée, April 8: "Pas de Dix," "La Sonnambula," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Symphony in C." ... Saturday evening, April 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "Ivesiana," "Allegro Brillante," and "Stars and Stripes." ... Sunday matinée, April 9: "Swan Lake," "Fanfare," and "Liedeslieder Walzer." ... Sunday evening, April 9: "Swan Lake," "Allegro Brillante," "Pas de Deux," and "Serenade." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinees at 2:30.)

JUILLIARD DANCE PROGRAM—Two works (by José Limón and Doris Humphrey) performed by students and alumni of Juilliard's Dance Department, with the Juilliard Orchestra, conducted by Frederick Prausnitz. For the benefit of the Doris Humphrey Dance Scholarship Fund. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday and Saturday, April 14-15, at 8:40. For information about tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 72.)

MISCELLANY

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING OSCAR—Micheál MacLiammóir in a one-man show that he adapted from the plays, letters, and poems of Oscar Wilde. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. of Broadway. JU 2-3897. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Final performance Saturday, April 8.)

THE CIRCUS—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's wingding, with a cast of dancing elephants, acrobats, and so on, not to mention three trained camels. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 6:30. Matinees daily at 2; on Saturday, April 8, at 11 and 2:30. Through Sunday, May 14. ... The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around among the side-shows and the menagerie in the basement.)

BLUE HILL TROUPE—Presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Mikado." For the benefit of the Manhattan Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Thursday through Saturday, April 6-8, at 8:45. For tickets, call BU 8-4712, from 9 to 1.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—That fine old Hollywood formula—stars in your eyes, maybe even stars in your hair. Incidental music to talk or dance to by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room's revival of "No, No, Nanette" is full of well-remembered upbeat Vincent Youmans tunes, but the simple-minded book should have been banned at birth. Jimmy Carroll, Harry Snow, and Mary Tremain do the best they can with it and the lyrics. It is front and center at dinnertime every evening, and additionally at supper on Fridays and Saturdays. Plenty of dance music is tossed off, too, during the night. Closed Mondays. ... Stanley

Worth's polite followers are the dance musicians in the upper-bracket Café Pierre from cocktails through supper.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The happy talk of Ted Straeter's flowing covey of minstrels and the brisk persiflage of Mark Monte's exemplary band make the Persian Room glow in the dark of night. At dinner and supper there is Marguerite Piazza, who essays the difficult journey from opera house to houseparty with great aplomb, an excellent voice, and a certain gaiety. She will be succeeded on Wednesday, April 12, by Eartha Kitt, a stormy little petrel of a soprano. Closed Sundays. ... Leo LeFleur's orchestra plays in the Palm Court for the cocktail hour (four to seven) and in the Edwardian Room for the dinner hour. No dancing in either abode. ... The stilly night in the Rendez-Vous, a good-looking rest home, is mildly punctured now and then by the dance orchestras run by Irving Conn and Nicholas D'Amico. They start at eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Grill, which is built around a dance floor large enough for ice hockey, is filled with people gliding gently, for the most part, to the circumspect work of Jimmy Palmer's orchestra, which will take to its heels on Saturday, April 8. On Monday, April 10, a Lester Lanin band, with Himself at the head of it, will start crooning. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The pastimes of the remarkably unde rich, North River sector and Seine sector, are the drift of the arias that Patachou delivers at the fashionably late mealtimes in the baronial Maisonnnette. Milt Shaw's band and Walter Kay's trio fill the rest of the evening with cut-glass dance music. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SAVOY HILTON, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Balmy, secluded, moonlit nights are available for the asking any time of year in the Columns, a terrace whose tables are widely spaced. Dinner music begins at seven-thirty and dance music an hour later. Gunnar Hansen's little orchestra does the 3/4 and 4/4 honors, and Marco Rizo's threesome translates direct from the Latin. Closed Sundays. ... There's more room for the improvement of one's peace of mind among the equally widely spaced armchairs and tables of the Savoy Room, where Ray Hartley addresses a piano from cocktails through supertime every night but Sunday.

SHERATON-EAST, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The twin colonies belowstairs (the Embassy Club and the Knight Box) are still a debutante's delight. The Club serves strutters' music by Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Quintero's rumba band from eight-thirty or nine until one-thirty or two; the Box serves sitters' music by Jani Sarkozi's violin from eight or so. Both caravansaries are closed Sundays.

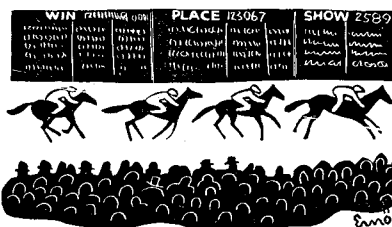
WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Gordon and Sheila MacRae, whom the State Department might as well send on tour as the typical handsome and good-natured American younger marrieds, are fooling around with words, music, and play-acting in the Empire Room, to no particular purpose except seeing that a good time is had by all. The sonorous orchestra of Emil Coleman and Theo Fanidi's band do dance music all evening. Closed Sundays. ... In Peacock Alley, decorated to suggest an Elysian field, Michael Zarin's band turns out music that is sedentary from seven-thirty to eight-fifteen, and dance-tune after that, except on Sundays, when the music is all dance-tune, from eight to one.

NOTE—From a window seat in the Rainbow Room, at the top of the 30 Rockefeller Plaza ski tow, New York seems more and more a Lilliputian bazaar. There's intermittent non-dance music by Michael Forman's trio during cocktails and dinner. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): "J'y suis, j'y reste" is the motto, possibly expressed not quite so succinctly, of the inmates of this distinctly Manhattan inglenook. After



Anne Fogarty

OF SAKS FIFTH AVENUE paces tweed to the separates life of the small-boned, petite figure that looks marvelous in misses' sizes 6-14. The collection, ours alone, in shocking or white rayon viscose and cotton. "AF Tweed" by Crestwood. Jacket, 14.95. Slim skirt, 12.95. Walk shorts, 9.95. Sports-car shirt and kerchief in multi-hued cotton satin, 12.95. Young Elite® Sportswear, Seventh Floor. Mail, phone orders; no C.O.D's.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ten-thirty, Murray Grand's amiable East Fifties piano (which begins at eight) moves in and out of the Plush Room, a tiny and happy spa in which Jane Harvey, all of whose songs are hand-tailored, gives every lyric its just deserts. Closed Mondays. ... **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A country store and bar-and-grill for children of all ages except the Age of Anxiety. The play hour begins at five-thirty, when Bob Printz begins a sentimental journey on his piano; at eight, he's replaced by Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders, who take turns on the keyboard until after the theatre, when they burst into a two-man cannonade that turns midnight into midday. Closed Sundays. ... **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter, lord of the manor and of the Steinway, presides on a slight eminence at the west end of as fine a sweep of greenery as the town affords. He's there from cocktails until one in the morning. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday administrator. ... **MONSIEUR**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A Roman holiday that has been going on, daily except Sundays, for years. No one is more expert at threading the mass of celebrants than Herman Honigsberg's elite corps of ambulatory violinists, who are on the move until all hours. Whenever they cool out, a squad of ambulatory guitarists fills the breach. ... **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A Florentine family dinner party in a combination concert stage, opera house, and dance hall. The head of the family is Aldo Bruschi, operator of piano, oboe, concertina, and basso profundo. Every week, from Tuesday through Saturday, he stages, in miniature, the full-blown murder mysteries for which the likes of Leoncavallo used to write the scores. Additionally, from Thursday through Sunday, he runs a dance group and accompanies the succession of singers who wander in and out of the spotlight. I.e., never a dull moment. Closed Mondays, and small wonder. ... **CHATEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): King Henri, the original occupant of the premises, was obviously a merry old soul, to judge by the toy drawbridge, moat, and armor he left behind. The only one of his fiddlers three still extant is Norbert Faroni, whose tableside manner is par excellence. No music Sundays. ... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spaniards at large, which is hard on the feet, vocal cords, and strangled instruments but generally easy on the ears. The theme is flamenco. Guests have dance privileges, too. Closed Sundays. ... **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): The style to which we'd all like to become accustomed. The piano in the bar is run by Jules Kuti, who is on from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. ... **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The House of Lords in a sociable mood. Parlor piano by George Feyer is distributed from eight-thirty through supertime. Closed Sundays. ... **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): An old-established pump room, rebuilt into a Moorish town house, and a rather handsome one. The bar and kitchen remain American, though, and so does the leisurely music, which is the piano of Conrad Monjoy. This goes on from six to midnight, and a trifle later on Saturdays. No music Sundays. ... **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bouncing Londoner, is at the piano in the bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic portfolio, principally British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. Mondays are his holidays. ... **LUAU 400**, 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): Skillfully sidestepping the native girl who is giving away leis by the armful, you press on into the interior of Polynesia, where a native restaurant and native musicians (the Polynesians seem to have been the inventors of the electronic ukulele) await you every night of the week. George Taylor, who's definitely from the mainland, plays piano in the bar every night but Sunday. ... **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): The art work on the walls is in general quite up-to-date, but the piano and songs of Cal Bostic, who bobs up again and again after ten, is just good old-fashioned whoop-de-do. Closed Sundays. ... **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): *Trattoria* of style, without being obtrusive about it. The music, which is wandering minstrelsy, is provided by the

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instruments of casual hillbillies from (where else?) the seven hills of Rome. Their work night is six to two. At eleven-thirty, a pair of voices from the same hills join in. Closed Sundays. ... **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): A slice of life after dark in Madrid. The illusion is assisted to end by the guitar and piano that lurk within. Closed Sundays. ... **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): First, second, and third Hungarian rhapsodies, sometimes simultaneously. The ceaseless ebb and flow of music is most successfully surmounted by the Old World tenor of Tibor Rakossy. Dancing. Closed Mondays. ... **STANHOPE GATE**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): From nine-thirty to one, the guitar of Renato Rossini, heady and languorous in equal proportions, converts this opulent little bar, a Joan Miró daydream, into a true conservatory of music. No sound on Mondays. ... **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, who keeps making the grand tour from Caracas to Europe and back, is at the piano of the Casino-on-the-Park from six to nine-thirty and ten-thirty to one. Sunday is his day of rest. ... **VIENNESE LANTERN**, 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): *Kaffeeklatsch* time on the East Side, augmented by musicians who never lay down their weapons and singers who never stop vocalizing. Vienna, it is plain, is really international, for the balladists are on loan from Iceland, Pakistan, Outer Mongolia, and Sheepshead Bay. Closed Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A big, wide, wonderful world replete with seven-foot seraphs who do their vigorous setting-up exercises as unassumingly garbed as Susanna on her way to meet the Elders. As always, they're supplemented by a couple of real good variety turns; at the moment, they're also supplemented by a brace of conversationalists who are more depressive than manic. Dancing. ... **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Floating power is the basic ingredient of Nat King Cole, a pied piper who can lead his songs over the hills and far away, and who is the court minstrel at the moment. He departs on Wednesday, April 12; the next evening brings in Andy Williams, a pop singer who is more than passing wise, and the wit's-end team of Allen and Rossi, who are considerably funnier than most of their compeers in the broad-gauge faubourg of humor. The court is further graced by the presence of eight lovely wards in chancery whose guardian must have told them that ballet is all play and no work. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Thrust and parry by Dick Gregory, a social con-



science who discourses so casually that it takes time to realize that the foil he uses has no button. There's also American folk song by Dean Jones, who earlier in the evening inhabits "Under the Yum-Yum Tree," and any night now Maysa Matarazzo will start doing her Brazilian love calls, which all mean what they say. The background is the volatile Jimmy Lyons trio (Beverly Peer and Jimmy Raney are his aides) and the garrulous piano of Otis Clements. ... ¶ In the lounge, Alex Fogarty's piano recites casual tone poems from six to eight, and there are sometimes milkman's matinees of piano and/or trio. No music Saturdays. ... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): Brisk, brusque, and brash is the prevailing color scheme of "Dressed to the Nines," this season's Julius Monk revue. The nimble *farceurs* who take part are Ceil Cabot, Gordon Connell, and Gerry Matthews (Monk veterans all), as well as Bill Hinnant, Mary Louise Wilson, and Pat Ruhl. To the rear, William Roy and Carl Norman make their two pianos sound like an orchestra. Closed Sundays. ... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): A novitiate group, the Three Young Men, which now occupies the podium, is a club that's glee in every sense of the word. Their merriment is augmented by the keyboard work of Paul Trueblood and Robert Colston, whose variations on themes by Gershwin, Kern, et al., are seventeen-jewel. The pianos begin at nine, the merriment at ten. Closed Sundays. ... **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The exodus on Sunday, April 9, will remove Phyllis Diller, or Calamity Jane, who makes it noisily but cheerily plain that no one's life is worth living; Marc London, who studies innumerable human foibles with a fresh eye, not to mention a fresh tongue; and Karen Chandler, a voice that does what it has to do without trickery or frippery. The tried-and-true old family retainers—Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames, musicians to whom every night is Halloween, and Jimmie Daniels, *padrone* and tenor—will stay on, to be joined on Tuesday, April 11, by Sylvia Syms, the Big Ben of the girl jazz singers, and Phil Foster, a humorist not exactly within the frame of reference hereabouts. Peter Daniels and Loumel Morgan administer the interlude piano. Closed Mondays. ... **SHOWPLACE**, 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): "Stewed Prunes," the second-story occupant of this Village playpen, is a tongue-in-cheek study (after all, it's mostly pantomime) of many forms of American frustration, executed by a set of three inventive young people. Seminars at nine and twelve; Tuesday is their night off. ... **CHATEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): In the footsteps of the mighty Carmen Amaya there is passion, persuasion, and just plain *ambiance*. She and her fiery troupe hold forth in the back room. On Thursday, April 13, they'll be succeeded by an assortment of Latins whose première danseuse is Trini Reyes. Sundays, the sole event is a tea trot, three-thirty to eight-thirty. ... ¶ Around ten, next door to the bar, the eerie flamenco guitar of Juan de la Mata and the fevered flamenco songs of Domingo Alvarado often persuade the customers in this tiny alcove to join in. ... **KING ARTHUR ROOM**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Mabel Mercer, a Bureau of Standards for all girls who aspire to sing in public, goes about her recital with the calm that comes with a few decades of experience. Her dignified mountain fastness, high above the torrential freshet called the Roundtable, is also occupied by Sam Hamilton, her permanent equerry, and Don Evans, a pair of young men capable of putting any piano into a state of beatitude. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

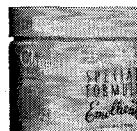
EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Max Kaminsky, the trumpet man from Bunker Hill, is having a most happy reunion with Mr. Condon, the banjo man from Indiana. The subject: Chicago jazz with the bark left on. Benny Morton and Bob Wilber are among Mr. K's aides. Closed Sundays. ... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): A crash program is being vigorously carried out by Art



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Blakey's Jazz Messengers; a milder form of cacophony is presented by the International Jazz Quartet (new to this world), which contains Bobby Jasper and Eddie de Haas. The shop is open every night but Monday, and for early risers there is a Sunday matinee at four-thirty. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Seated at a piano that would barely clear the locks of the Panama Canal, there is Erroll Garner, showman and boy imp, working his way through the slow, measured treads of music that is distinguished chiefly by its tremendous dynamic augments and diminuendos. Bass and tympani walk beside him. Red Norvo's gossamer quintet and Kenny Burrell's sturdy three-some fill in. The last night for all is Wednesday, April 12. One of next evening's newcomers is Ella Fitzgerald, now more inclined toward balladry—but of the very best sort—than toward jazz. Another arrival will be Bill Dana, who is José Jiménez to people addicted to television but is just Bill Dana, a double-edged swordsman of a monologist, to people who still go out at night. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Flip and hip is the piano of Billy Taylor, who runs one of the most persuasive of the new-era trios. He takes his post inside the oval bar around ten. No sounds on Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Music to watch Grandma Moses to. The exhibit of primitives opens up at three in the afternoon, and even at one-thirty on Saturdays and Sundays. The trios owned by Tony Parenti and Johnny Letman handle the day trick; the night job is handled by Cozy Cole's quintet (off duty Tuesdays) and Gene Krupa's quartet (off duty Mondays), with a Monday, Tuesday, Friday, and Saturday assist by Sol Yaged's fivesome. On Friday and Saturday evenings, by the way, the room upstairs is also open to accommodate the Krupas. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Clang, clang, clang go the drums of Buddy Rich, who's never happier than when he has sticks in his hands. He has a covey of willing assistants behind him; Cat Anderson, Ellington's long-term trouper, has four men to back up his horn. Jam sessions Mondays, when the regular chaps are out of action. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The Hudson Dusters these nights are the crew of five led by Zoot Sims and Al Cohn, who, no matter how often destiny parts them, periodically put a band together again. Come as you are is O.K. with the owners. Closed Mondays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The *Nachtmusik* of this bustling chophouse is on the upbeat again, the present proof of which is the trio of Teddy Wilson, star of the Teddy Wilson era of pianism, who doesn't need to improve with age, and the quartet of Red Allen, who dates back to the time when "progressive" meant Teddy Roosevelt. Sundays offer potluck bouts between extra hands. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Some real veterans—Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Russell Procope, and Wilber Kirk—are thumping away, perhaps a bit wearily, in tribute to yesteryear. Don Frye is the interlude pianist. Mondays, Tony Parenti and Zutty Singleton join Mr. Frye to form a Loyal Opposition. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Cookouts every night but Monday by the Bourbon Street Six, which believes

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that the past is dear but never dead. Sundays, there are five-o'clock matinées as well as soirées. . . . **JAZZ GALLERY**, 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (AL 4-4242): A sock-and-buskin evening, ranging all the way from dance music for the guests to a skillful and startling commingling of voice (Abbey Lincoln in a fine fury), band (Max Roach's vehement quintet), and ballet (Helena Walquer and Charles Moore) in a sort of social upheaval. The title of one segment, "Tears for Johannesburg," conveys the idea. Not for Good-Time Charlies. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): A part of the Village where the iceman cometh, and every night, too. Right now, the fare involves Gigi Gryce's sextet, whose pet instrument seems to be the candy cane. Jam sessions Tuesdays when the regular group is off. . . . **PRELUDE**, 3219 Broadway, at 129th St. (MO 2-1833): Our neighbors to the north are now listening to the music made by Eddie Bonnemere's quartet. Nine-thirty is starting time. No sound on Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Dilatory scholars of the current idioms will appreciate the late starting hour—ten-thirty. The instructors right now are Herbie Mann's flute-and-percussion group, which is full of West Indian and African ideas, and the trio of Nina Simone, who might have been Cleopatra if Cleopatra had only sung and played piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Old wine in an old bottle. The tastings are held only over the weekends. On Friday and Saturday, April 7-8, all stops and all corks will be pulled out by Zutty Singleton, Conrad Janis and his Tailgate Jazz Band, Gene Sedric, Tony Parenti, Lawrence Brown, Dick Wellstood, Bob Hammer, and Panama Francis.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

RICHARD ANUSKIEWICZ—Precisionist paintings; through Saturday, April 15. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)
BEN-ZION—New paintings, about evenly divided between landscapes and Biblical themes; through Saturday, April 8. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Drawings; through Saturday, April 8. (FAR, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)
VICTOR BRAUNER—Paintings, mainly of the forties and fifties, by one of the earliest Surrealists; through Saturday, April 15. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.) . . . ¶ Oils, encaustics, and drawings (1932-59); through Saturday, April 15. (Bodley, 223 E. 60th St.)
BYRON BROWNE—Paintings and drawings, all variations on the human figure; through Saturday, April 15. (Grand Central Moderns, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

DORIS CAESAR—Bronzes, mostly nudes, in her gaunt, attenuated manner; through April 29. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

MARY CALLERY—Sculptures in brass and steel, done in a looping, sinuous style new to her; through April 22. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

GIORGIO CAVALLON—Large Abstract Expressionist paintings, flowery in suggestion; through Saturday, April 15. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

CÉSAR—Metal sculptures (1953-61) and drawings by a contemporary Paris artist; through May 6. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

JAMES COGGIN—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through April 16. (Carmel, 82 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

GUY PÈNE DU BOIS (1884-1958)—Genre paintings and drawings, in a small memorial chiefly focussed on the twenties and thirties; through Saturday, April 15. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

PERLE FINE—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, April 8. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

STAN FIEBORG—Abstract Expressionist paintings, plus some sculptures in welded metal; through Saturday, April 15. (Grand Central Moderns, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

ANTHONY FRY—Paintings by a young Englishman. First one-man show in New York; through April 22. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

FRANK GAUDIO—Interiors, figures, and still-lives; through April 22. (Grippi, 200 E. 59th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

MAURICE GOLUBOV—Paintings, in his first showing in five years; through April 22. (Mayer, 762 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Closed Mondays; open Thursday evenings until 9:30.)

INGRES IN AMERICAN COLLECTIONS—A loan exhibition of paintings and drawings gathered from private and public collections. For the benefit of the Lighthouse, the New York Association for the Blind. Starts Friday, April 7. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

OSKAR KOKOSCHKA—A previously unexhibited series of twenty-six drawings of a woman friend; through May 20. (Bayer, 51 E. 80th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

MICHAEL LOEW—Paintings; through April 22. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St.)

GEORGE L. K. MORRIS—Abstractions lingering between the Cubist and the Expressionist; through Saturday, April 15. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

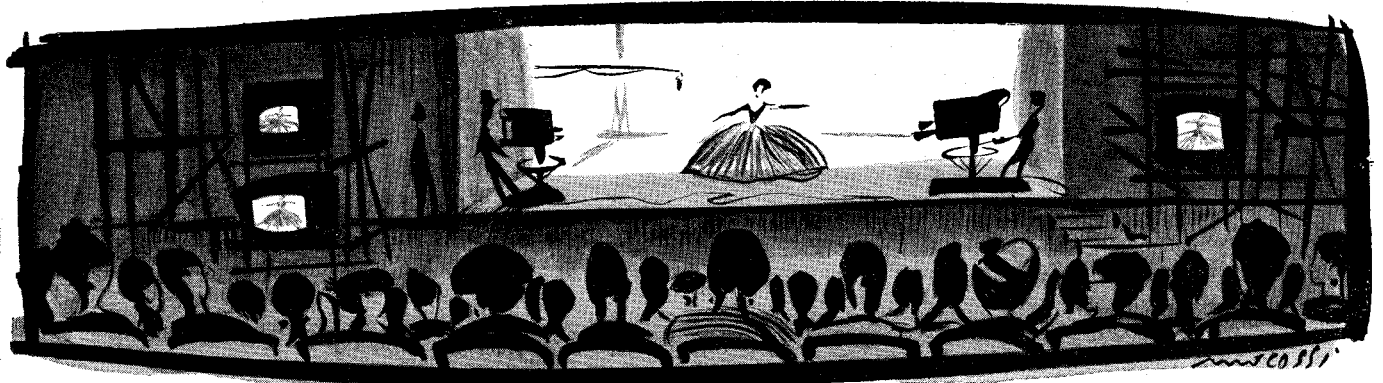
LEE MULLICAN—Abstract paintings; through April 29. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

KENNETH NOLAND—Abstractions; through Saturday, April 8. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

JAMES PENNEY—Landscapes, principally; through Saturday, April 15. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

I. RICE PEREIRA—Geometrical abstract oils remarkable for their spatial development; through Saturday, April 8. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Weekdays, 10 to 10.)

JOHN PIKE—Water-color landscapes; through



Saturday, April 15. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

HENRY V. POOR—Cool, agreeable landscapes, primarily of Maine, and still-lives; through April 22. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

LEO RABKIN—Paintings; through April 29. (Latow, 13 E. 63rd St.)

ROBERT REID AND JAMES RUSSELL—Paintings by the former and constructions by the latter; through April 20. (James, 70 E. 12th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

MILTON RESNICK—Large abstract paintings; through April 29. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDWARD SEAGO—Impressionistic landscapes and cityscapes of the English countryside, London, and Venice; through April 26. (Kennedy, 13 E. 58th St.)

ZOLTAN SEPESHY—Paintings; through Saturday, April 15. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

CHARLES SIBLEY—Landscapes and figures; through April 22. (Nessler, 718 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.)

ANTONIO TAPIES—Large abstract paintings by one of the younger Spanish artists; through Saturday, April 15. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

JEAN TINGUELY—Electrically powered moving constructions by a Swiss-born artist who lives and works in Paris; through April 22. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

VAN DAY TRUAX—Wash drawings of European scenes; through April 22. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.)

SOL WILSON—Landscapes, cityscapes, and coastline views; through Saturday, April 15. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

MASTERPIECES—A loan exhibition of paintings and drawings by Mantegna, Rembrandt, Gainsborough, Renoir, Toulouse-Lautrec, and others. For the benefit of the Citizens' Committee for Children of New York. Through May 7. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

AMERICAN WATERCOLOR SOCIETY—The ninety-fourth annual, consisting of water colors, gouaches, caseins, and pastels by artists from all parts of the United States; through April 23. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the CITY CENTER GALLERY, 131 W. 55th St.: The April exhibition consists of paintings chosen by Byron Browne, Chen Chi, and Isabel Bishop; through April 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.)... **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Selections from recent and forthcoming shows by (to mention a few) Ben Benn, Jacques Hnizdovsky, and Jules Kirschenbaum; through Saturday, April 8.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the FINCH COLLEGE ART GALLERY AND MUSEUM, 62 E. 78th St.: The second annual loan exhibition of old and modern masters, from Rubens to Mondrian; through April 16. (Daily, 2 to 6.)... **HAHN**, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Paintings by such French artists as Courbet, Chagall, and Rouault; through Saturday, April 15.... **ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by four Austrian masters—Schiele, Kokoschka, Klimt, and Kubin; through Saturday, April 8.... **SLATKIN**, 115 E. 92nd St.: "The Many-Sided Artist," an exhibition of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and/or prints by eight French artists, including Bonnard, Gauguin, and Degas; through Saturday, April 8.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition of fourteenth- to eighteenth-century Italian drawings by, among others, Michelangelo, Pollaiuolo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Canaletto, on loan from major Italian collections; through Sunday, April 9.... **"The Splendid Century,"** an exhibition of French seventeenth-century paintings, sculptures, drawings, and tapestries (by Poussin, La Tour, Puget, and others) lent by museums and churches throughout France; through April 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings, sculptures, collages, and other works by the School of Paris artist Max Ernst; through May 8.... **A retrospective** of about three hundred photographs by Edward Steichen. Dating from 1895 to the

present, they include cityscapes, landscapes, nature studies, nudes, abstractions, and portraits. Through May 21. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"Masters of Contemporary American Crafts," a display of textiles, ceramics, enamels, silver, and furniture, illustrating the influence on these decorative arts of Lili Blumenau, Kenneth F. Bates, Wharton Esherick, and others; through April 23.... **Paintings and drawings** of birds, acrobats, people playing games, and so on, by Manfred Schwartz; through May 14. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 80th St.—About eighty paintings from the Arensberg and Gallatin Collections, lent by the Philadelphia Museum of Art. The artists include de Chirico, Dali, Derain, Renoir, and Rouault. Through April 16.... **A twenty-foot ceramic mural** executed for Harvard University by Joan Miró and Joseph Llorens Artigas, along with other works of theirs; through April 16. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Sixteenth-century textiles and Torah ornaments on loan from the Jewish Community of Rome; through April 17. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 33 E. 36th St.—"Byron, Keats, and Shelley," an exhibition of manuscripts, letters, first editions, and related materials; through April 29. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Modern Mosaics of Ravenna," an exhibit including designs by Afro, Chagall, Campigli, and other European painters; through May 14. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Masks, sculptures, and other ceremonial carvings from the Papuan Gulf area of New Guinea; through May 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Abstract paintings (1956-61) in oil and wax crayon by Henry Botkin and sculptures and drawings from thirty years by Rhys Caparn; through April 30. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—A single room-filling sculpture by Herbert Ferber, designed to be walked into; through April 23.... **"The Theatre Collects American Art,"** starting Monday, April 10. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Final performances of the season—Thursday, April 6, at 8: "Nabucco," with Leonie Rysanek, Rosalind Elias, Cornell MacNeil, Eugenio Fernandi, and Jerome Hines.... **Friday, April 7, at 7:15:** "Parsifal," with Irene Dalis, Ramon Vinay, Hermann Uhde, Jerome Hines, and Gerhard Pechner.... **Saturday, April 8, at 2:** "Wozzeck" (in English), with Eleanor Steber, Margaret Roggero, Hermann Uhde, and Kurt Baum.... **Saturday, April 8, at 8:** "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Licia Albanese, Franco Corelli, and Bonaldo Giaiotti.... **Monday, April 10, at 8:** "La Bohème," with Victoria de los Angeles, Dorothy Coulter, Dino Formichini, Frank Valentino, and Giorgio Tozzi.... **Tuesday, April 11, at 8:** "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Anna Moffo, Franco Corelli, and Bonaldo Giaiotti.... **Wednesday, April 12, at 8:** "Carmen," with Risé Stevens, Lucine Amara, William Olvis, and Robert Merrill. (A non-subscription performance.)... **Thursday, April 13, at 8:** "Martha" (in English), with Victoria de los Angeles, Rosalind Elias, Richard Tucker, and Giorgio Tozzi.... **Friday, April 14, at 8:** "Aida," with Birgit Nilsson, Biserka Cvejić, Eugenio Fernandi, Anselmo Colzani, and Norman Scott.... **Saturday, April 15, at 2:** "Don Carlo," with Mary Curtis-Verna, Irene Dalis, Franco Corelli, Jerome Hines, and Mario Sereni.... **Saturday, April 15, at 8:**



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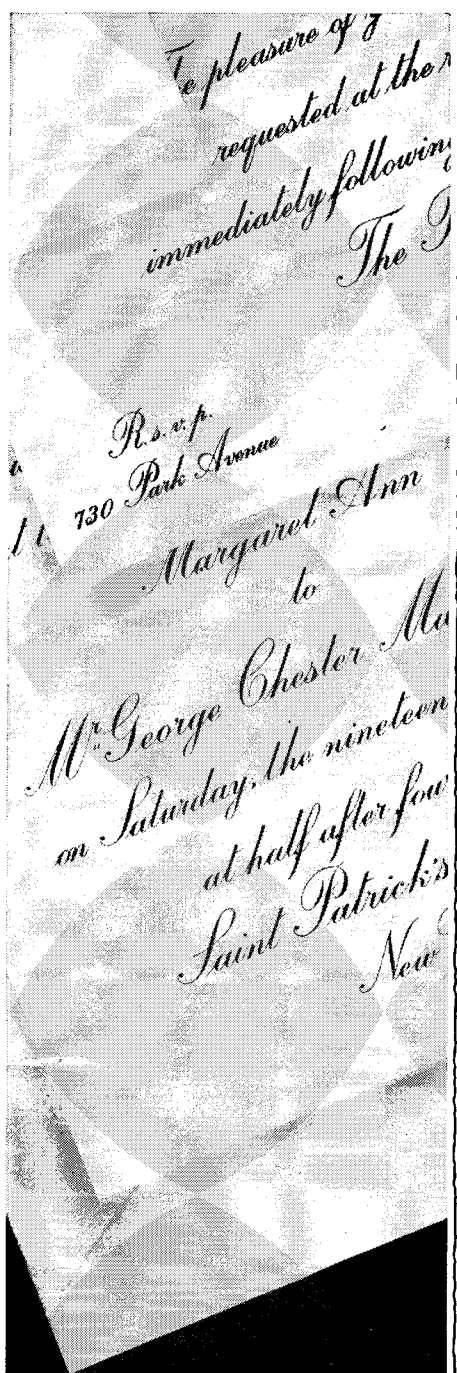
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Wozzeck" (in English), with Brenda Lewis, Margaret Roggero, Hermann Uhde, Albert Da Costa, and Ralph Herbert.

BROOKLYN OPERA COMPANY—Saturday, April 8: "Il Trovatore," with Herva Nelli... ♪ Friday, April 14: "Tosca," with Kurt Baum. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Evenings at 8:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Leonard Bernstein conducting the final performances of the season—At **CARNEGIE HALL**: Thursday, April 6, at 8:30; Friday, April 7, at 2:15; Saturday, April 8, at 8:30; and Sunday, April 9, at 3 (all with Lorin Hollander, piano); and Thursday, April 13, at 8:30; Friday, April 14, at 2:15; and Sunday, April 16, at 3 (all with Zino Francescatti, violin)... **BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC**: With Lorin Hollander, piano. (30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 15, at 8:30.)

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Charles Munch conducting the final performances of the season here. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, April 7, at 8:30, no soloists... ♪ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 8, at 2:30, with Adele Addison, soprano, and the Chorus Pro Musica.)

CONCERTGEBOUW ORCHESTRA OF AMSTERDAM—Bernard Haitink conducting the first of two concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 15, at 8:30.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY OF NEW YORK—Enrico Leide conducting, with Margie Joiner, soprano, and Giovanni Consiglio, tenor. (Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Sunday, April 9, at 2. No tickets necessary.)

CITY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Franz Bibo conducting, with Toby Saks, cello. Free tickets at the box office. (Town Hall. Sunday, April 9, at 3.)

OBERLIN COLLEGE CHOIR—Robert Fountain directing. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 8, at 2:15.)

HELVETIA MAENNERCHOR—A Swiss male chorus, directed by Walter Stamm. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 8, at 8:30.)

CANTATA SINGERS—Thomas Dunn directing a performance of Handel's dramatic oratorio "Belshazzar," with Saramae Endich, soprano; Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; Florence Kopleff, contralto; Charles Bressler, tenor; Tom Paul, bass; Albert Fuller, harpsichord; and an orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 10, at 8:30.)

ORATORIO SOCIETY OF NEW YORK—T. Charles Lee directing Bach's Mass in B Minor, with Janet Southwick, soprano; Mary MacKenzie, contralto; George Shirley, tenor; and Chester Watson, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 12, at 8.)

"**ESTHER**"—Johannes Somary directing a chorus and an orchestra in a performance of Handel's oratorio, with Adele Addison, soprano; Georgia Davis, contralto; William McGrath and Blake Stern, tenors; Kenneth Smith, bass-baritone; and Robert Conant, harpsichord. (Town Hall. Wednesday, April 12, at 8:30.)

GLEE CLUB OF THE FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PATRICK—George Mead directing. (Town Hall. Friday, April 14, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

MARY BOTHWELL—Soprano, in an all-Schumann program. A benefit for the Scholarship Fund of the Canadian Women's Club of New York. (Town Hall. Monday, April 10, at 8:30.)

RUSSELL OBERLIN—Countertenor. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, April 12, at 8:30.)

ALEXANDER SCHNEIDER'S CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—In an all-Schubert program. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 15, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

MARTHA SCHLAMME—Folk singer. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, April 15, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

OPERAS-IN-BRIEF—"Faust," the seventh in this

season's series of abbreviated operas presented by the Amato Opera Company. (Town Hall. Tuesday, April 11, at 5:30.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At Yankee Stadium—Tuesday, April 11, and Thursday, April 13: Yankees vs. Minnesota Twins (first league games here)... ♪ Saturday, April 15: Yankees vs. Kansas City. (Games begin at 2.)

HORSE SHOW—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien. Saturday, April 8.)

HUNT RACING—Deep Run Hunt Race Association. (Richmond, Va. Saturday, April 8)... ♪ Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, April 15)... ♪ My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. Saturday, April 15.)

INDOOR POLO—Two games (plus a spot of Rugby) every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8.)

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Wednesday, May 31. The Gotham, Saturday, April 8, and the Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 15... **LAUREL, Md.**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Wednesday, May 3. The Chesapeake, Saturday, April 15.

TRAPSHOOTING—Thomas H. Lawrence Memorial Shoot. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Saturday, April 8, at 11, and Sunday, April 9, at 9:30.)

FROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:25; through Saturday, May 20.

FOR CHILDREN

CONCERTS—By the **NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC**: Leonard Bernstein conducting the final children's concert of the season. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, April 8, at noon)... **SYMPHONY OF THE AIR**: Leopold Stokowski conducting. A concert sponsored by the Parents League of New York. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, April 15, at 2:30.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **PEGGY BRIDGE MARIONETTES**: "Little Brave Sambo," plus Leroy the Magician. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. Thursday through Saturday, April 6-8, and Saturday, April 15, at 3. For tickets, call AC 2-3831)... **HILLTOP PRODUCTIONS**: "Peter Rabbit." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Thursday and Friday, April 6-7, at 12, 1:30, and 3; Saturday, April 8, at 1, 2:15, and 3:30; and Sunday, April 9, at 12:30, 2, and 3:30)... ♪ "Beauty and the Beast." (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. Thursday and Friday, April 6-7, at 1 and 2:30; Saturday, April 8, at 1, 2:15, and 3:30; and Sunday, April 9, at 1. For tickets, call GR 3-9270.)

... **LITTLE GOLDEN THEATRE**: "Young Abe Lincoln." (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. Thursday through Saturday, April 6-8, at 11, 1:30, and 3:30. For tickets, call JU 2-4090)... **MERRI-MIMES**: "The Firebird," Thursday and Friday, April 6-7... ♪ "The Littlest Tailor," Saturdays. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Afternoons at 1, 2:30, and 4.)

... **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN**: "The Willie Tree." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Thursday and Friday, April 6-7, and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1)... **PACE-DUNHAM PRODUCTIONS**: "Hiawatha." (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Friday, April 7, and Saturdays at 12:30, 2, and 3:30.)

... **PAPER BAG PAYERS**: "Scraps." (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave. at 14th St. Thursday through Saturday, April 6-8, at 11 and 1. For tickets, call WA 4-0917)... **PENNYWHISTLE PLAYERS**: "The Wonderful Wheel." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. Thursday and Friday, April 6-7, at 1 and 2:30, and Saturdays at 12:30, 2, and 3:30. For tickets, call UN 1-5770.)

... **PEPPERMINT PLAYERS**: "Pinocchio." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Thursday through Saturday, April 6-8, at 12:30, 2, and 3:30, and Sunday, April 9, at 1)... **PICCOLO PUPPET THEATRE**: "Sleeping Beauty." (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Thursday through Saturday, April 6-8, at 10:30, 12, 1:30, and 3:10, and Sunday, April 9, at 12 and 1)... **PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS**: "Pinocchio."

(Town Hall, JU 2-2424, Saturdays at 11.)
 ... ¶ "Heidi," Thursday, April 6. "The Emperor's New Clothes," Saturday, April 15. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Afternoons at 3.) ...
TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE: "Greensleeves," (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Thursday, April 6, at 11 and 2.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Our World and the Moon." (Thursday and Friday, April 6-7, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 8:30. Thereafter Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) ... ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

MOVIES—"Toby Tyler," with Kevin Corcoran. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 8, at 3.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday and on Thursday and Friday, April 6-7, from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3 Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) ...
 ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—Robert Frost reading from his own works. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Friday, April 7, at 8:30. ...
 ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Monday, April 10, at 8:30.)

INTERNATIONAL AUTOMOBILE SHOW—Sports cars, compacts, and luxury models, including French Simcas, Italian Lancias, American Chryslers, and English Austins. All in all, ten countries are represented. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle, Thursday through Saturday, April 6-8, from 11 to 11, and Sunday, April 9, from 1 to 8.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, April 7-8, at 1:45: Eighteenth-century English and French furniture; paintings by such artists as Reynolds, Gainsborough and Lawrence; porcelains, bronze *doré*, and other objects of art; Georgian silver; linens; and Oriental rugs. From the estate of Lillian S. Whitmarsh. ... ¶ Tuesday, April 11, at 1:30: Autographs of and documents belonging to American statesmen, including George Washington, Herbert Hoover, and Button Gwinnett; from the collections of Richard Maass and Nathaniel E. Stein.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Two programs in a series called "The Western Film"—Through April 8: "The Covered Wagon" (1923), with J. Warren Kerrigan. ... ¶ Starting April 9: "The Iron Horse" (1924), with George O'Brien. (Through April 9, showings at 3 and 5:30; after that, showings at 3 only. A limited number of reservations are available, but just to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.) ...

NOTE: On Thursday, April 6, at 8:30, there will be a showing of "Fragment of an Empire" (1929), a Russian silent film. Tickets may be obtained at the Museum.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST
ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR—A celebration in slapstick of a magic substance called Flubber, which enables those who use it to break the laws of gravity. Fred MacMurray is amusing as the man who concocts the stuff, and he is ably supported by Keenan Wynn and Nancy Olson. Robert Stevenson is the director. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

BALLAD OF A SOLDIER—The camera is the star of this almost plotless Soviet account of a young soldier's short leave from the front, but what a venturesome, memorable star it is in the hands of director Grigori Chukhrai! The principal actors, Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko, are so young and so appealing that one willingly forgives the excessive simplicity of their brief love story. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

BEN-HUR—This winning entry in the 1959 Oscar Stakes cost a lot of money to condition, and it certainly covers a lot of Near Eastern ground. Time: three hours and thirty-two minutes. Charlton Heston is up in the climactic chariot heat. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Thursday through Sunday, April 6-9, and Wednesdays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

BREATHLESS—A New Wave import from France that deserves all its superlatives. The story, about an attractive, dangerous young car thief and his American paramour, is less important than the manner of the film, which makes all its telling points by implication and sheer style. Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg are sad and winning as the lovers, and Jean-Luc Godard's script and direction are masterly. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

DAYS OF THRILLS AND LAUGHTER—The apotheosis of the custard pie and the runaway train in a series of excerpts from early silent films. Banana peels do pretty well, too. The stars include Charlie Chaplin, Charlie Chase, Douglas Fairbanks, Pearl White, and Harry Houdini. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

DON QUIXOTE—A chance to see a magnificent Russian actor, Nikolai Cherkasov, in a consistently subtle and affecting performance as Cervantes' mad, sad knight. Director Grigory Kozintsev is equally impressive for his color photography, which is just as well, since the story itself never builds up much dramatic steam, and the dubbed-in translation is sloppy. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

THE ENTERTAINER—The reason for subjecting yourself to this ugly, powerful depiction of English lower-class decay is Laurence Olivier, who plays a corrupt and talentless little music-hall performer so stunningly that we believe even in the performer's lack of talent. Also in the picture, and also first-rate, are Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 7.)

EXODUS—Perhaps the only way to face this interminable account of the founding of modern Israel is to take along a light lunch; goodness knows there's little enough in the plot to feed on. Paul Newman, Ralph Richardson, Eva Marie Saint, and Lee J. Cobb head a large and luckless cast. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

THE LOVE GAME—In this delightful sketch of love-in-idleness, a pretty girl with her mind

fixed on motherhood has a hard time persuading her lighthearted lover to fix his mind on fatherhood. The scene is mostly a tiny antiques shop on the Left Bank, and the sight of the young couple quarrelling, dancing, and making love among the bric-a-brac may well drive you straight to Paris. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 7.)

THE MISFITS—Clark Gable's last performance and Marilyn Monroe's best performance make this picture about a lonely young divorcee and an aging cowhand worth seeing, in spite of a soft and sentimental script by Arthur Miller. Montgomery Clift, Eli Wallach, Thelma Ritter, and director John Huston give notable support in a losing cause. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through April 9.)

A RAISIN IN THE SUN—Lorraine Hansberry's story about a Negro family in Chicago is somewhat broader, physically and dramatically, on the screen than it was on the stage, but it has its compensations all the same. Among them are Claudia McNeil, Sidney Poitier, and, especially, Ruby Dee. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

SHADOWS—The players have had to supply their own words and business in this fascinating movie, which is set all over town. John Cassavetes is the director, and Hugh Hurd, Ben Carruthers, Rupert Cross, Lelia Goldoni, and Anthony Ray are the principal improvisers. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408.)

THE THREEPENNY OPERA—A German film made in 1931 under the direction of G. W. Pabst and later on banned by the Nazis, who tried to destroy every print of the work but failed. As might be expected, the sound track is occasionally shrill and scratchy, but Bertolt Brecht's dialogue still has its bite, and the music of Kurt Weill is lined out in style by Lotte Lenya and the others in the cast. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through April 12.)

TUNES OF GLORY—A splashy, old-fashioned, uneven film about a peacetime Scottish regiment in the throes of a power struggle between two colonels. What puts it on everybody's "must-see" list is the astonishing bravura performance of Sir Alec Guinness as a complex, sentimental bully who pulls down his world about his head. John Mills is remarkable, too, and Dennis Price, Kay Walsh, and Gordon Jackson assist in the skirmishings. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

TWO-WAY STRETCH—A profoundly unserious study of British penology and the wicked ways of unrepentant jewel thieves, conducted by the eminent sociologist Mr. Peter Sellers. Wilfrid Hyde White, David Lodge, and Bernard Cribbins assist in the farcical seminar, and the resultant laughter is weightless and almost non-stop. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

REVIVALS

CRY, THE BELOVED COUNTRY (1952)—A film version of Alan Paton's novel about interracial problems in South Africa. With Canada Lee. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 6.)

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST
APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED
IN THE SECTION ABOVE

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
A RAISIN IN THE SUN.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
SHADOWS.

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Hoodlum Priest," Don Murray.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"One Eyed Jacks," Marlon Brando, Karl Malden.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Pepe," Cantinflas, Dan Dailey, Shirley Jones.

DE MILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Spartacus," Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Thursday through Sunday, April 6-9, and Wednesdays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

DAY IN THE COUNTRY (1950)—Jean Renoir's film that originally made up a third of "Ways of Love." (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 9.)

DEAD OF NIGHT (1946)—An excursion into the supernatural. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 9.)

THE FORGOTTEN VILLAGE (1941)—John Steinbeck's semi-documentary about a Mexican hamlet. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 6.)

THE GHOST GOES WEST (1935)—Robert Donat in René Clair's English film about a Scottish castle moved to America. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 7.)

HENRY V (1946)—Laurence Olivier in Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 7.)

HE WHO MUST DIE (1958)—A French picture about some Greek villagers who, in the course of staging a Passion play, unwittingly revert to the original roles. With Pierre Vanek and Melina Mercouri. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 6.)

HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR (1960)—A French film that describes the doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Directed by Alain Resnais, and with Emmanuelle Riva and Eiji Okada in the leading roles. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through April 11. . . . Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through April 11, tentative. . . . Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through April 12.)

I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG (1932)—The piece about prison life in the South. With Paul Muni. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 10.)

THE KING AND I (1956)—Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner in the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

THE LOST WEEKEND (1945)—The prize-winning temperance lecture. Ray Milland, Jane Wyman, and Howard Da Silva. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting April 11.)

THE MALTESE FALCON (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 10.)

THE MATCHMAKER (1958)—Shirley Booth, Anthony Perkins, and Shirley MacLaine in an adaptation of Thornton Wilder's play about marital maneuverings in Yonkers in the eighteen-eighties. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; April 10-11.)

ROMAN HOLIDAY (1953)—A princess slips away from her entourage in Rome and winds up seeing the sights with an American newspaperman and a photographer. Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting April 11.)

TIGER BAY (1959)—Hayley Mills as a lively small fry who witnesses a murder in Cardiff. An English film. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through April 12, tentative.)

TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT (1944)—Vichy violence and intrigue in the West Indies. With Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 6.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—See listing under "Other Events," page 13.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"The Great Impostor," Tony Curtis, Edmond O'Brien.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"All Hands on Deck," Pat Boone, Barbara Eden.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
THE KING AND I, revival.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
BEN-HUR.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"All in a Night's Work," Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
EXODUS.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
9	10	11	12	6	7	8

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through April 12 (tentative): **TIGER BAY**, revival.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through April 11: "The Sins of Rachel Cade," Angie Dickinson, Peter Finch; and "Gold of Seven Saints," Clint Walker.
From April 12: "The Millionaire," Sophia Loren, Peter Sellers; and "Circle of Deception," Bradford Dillman, Suzy Parker.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 11 (tentative): **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (in French), revival.
From April 12 (tentative): "Can-Can," revival, Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
BALLAD OF A SOLDIER (in Russian).

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
A RAISIN IN THE SUN.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The League of Gentlemen," Jack Hawkins, Nigel Patrick.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through April 8: "The Sins of Rachel Cade," Angie Dickinson, Peter Finch; and "Gold of Seven Saints," Clint Walker.
April 9-11: "Cimarron," Glenn Ford, Maria Schell.
From April 12: "The Millionaire," Sophia Loren, Peter Sellers; and "Circle of Deception," Bradford Dillman, Suzy Parker.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
BREATHLESS (in French).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Saturday Night and Sunday Morning," Albert Finney, Rachel Roberts.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"L'Avventura" (in Italian), Monica Vitti, Gabriele Ferzetti.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
DAYS OF THRILLS AND LAUGHTER.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through April 12 (tentative): "Swiss Family Robinson," John Mills, Dorothy McGuire.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Great Impostor," Tony Curtis, Edmond O'Brien.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through April 11: "The Sins of Rachel Cade," Angie Dickinson, Peter Finch; and "Gold of Seven Saints," Clint Walker.
From April 12: "The Millionaire," Sophia Loren, Peter Sellers; and "Circle of Deception," Bradford Dillman, Suzy Parker.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through April 11: "Cimarron," Glenn Ford, Maria Schell.
From April 12: "Go Naked in the World," Gina Lollobrigida, Anthony Franciosa; and "The Young One," Zachary Scott, Bernie Hamilton.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through April 12: **THE THREEPENNY OPERA** (in German).

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through April 9: **THE MISFITS**; and "Secrets of the Reef," revival, a nature film on marine life.
April 10-11: **THE MATCHMAKER**, revival; and "Sunset Boulevard," revival, Gloria Swanson, William Holden.
From April 12: "A Lesson in Love" (in Swedish), revival, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand; and "Come Dance with Me!" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Henri Vidal.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Flesh and the Devil" (silent), Greta Garbo, John Gilbert.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through April 11: "Cimarron," Glenn Ford, Maria Schell.
From April 12: "Go Naked in the World," Gina Lollobrigida, Anthony Franciosa; and "The Young One," Zachary Scott, Bernie Hamilton.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through April 11: **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (in French), revival; and "Panic in the Parlor," revival, Peggy Mount.
From April 12: "Midnight Lace," Doris Day, Rex Harrison; and "The Marriage-Go-Round," Susan Hayward, James Mason.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
TWO-WAY STRETCH.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
DON QUIXOTE.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"All in a Night's Work," Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine.

LITTLE CARNegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
TUNES OF GLORY.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"Love and the Frenchwoman" (in French), Martine Carol, Dany Robin.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through April 11: "Cimarron," Glenn Ford, Maria Schell.
From April 12: "Go Naked in the World," Gina Lollobrigida, Anthony Franciosa; and "The Young One," Zachary Scott, Bernie Hamilton.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
April 6: **TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT**, revival; and **CRY, THE BELOVED COUNTRY**, revival.
April 7: **HENRY V**, revival; and **THE GHOST GOES WEST**, revival.
April 8: "Sunset Boulevard," revival, Gloria Swanson, William Holden; and "No Sun in Venice" (in French), revival, Françoise Arnoul, Christian Marquand.
April 9: **DEAD OF NIGHT**, revival; and **DAY IN THE COUNTRY** (in French), revival.
April 10: **THE MALTESE FALCON**, revival; and **I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG**, revival.
From April 11: **THE LOST WEEKEND**, revival; and **ROMAN HOLIDAY**, revival.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through April 11: "Where the Boys Are," Dolores Hart, George Hamilton; and "Under Ten Flags," Van Heflin, Charles Laughton.
From April 12: "The Wackiest Ship in the Army," Jack Lemmon, Ricky Nelson; and another feature, to be announced.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
April 6: **HE WHO MUST DIE** (in French), revival; and **THE FORGOTTEN VILLAGE**, revival.
From April 7: **THE ENTERTAINER**; and **THE LOVE GAME** (in French).

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through April 12: "The Sins of Rachel Cade," Angie Dickinson, Peter Finch; and "Gold of Seven Saints," Clint Walker.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through April 12: **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (in French), revival.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through April 11: "The Sins of Rachel Cade," Angie Dickinson, Peter Finch; and "Gold of Seven Saints," Clint Walker.
From April 12: "The Millionaire," Sophia Loren, Peter Sellers; and "Circle of Deception," Bradford Dillman, Suzy Parker.

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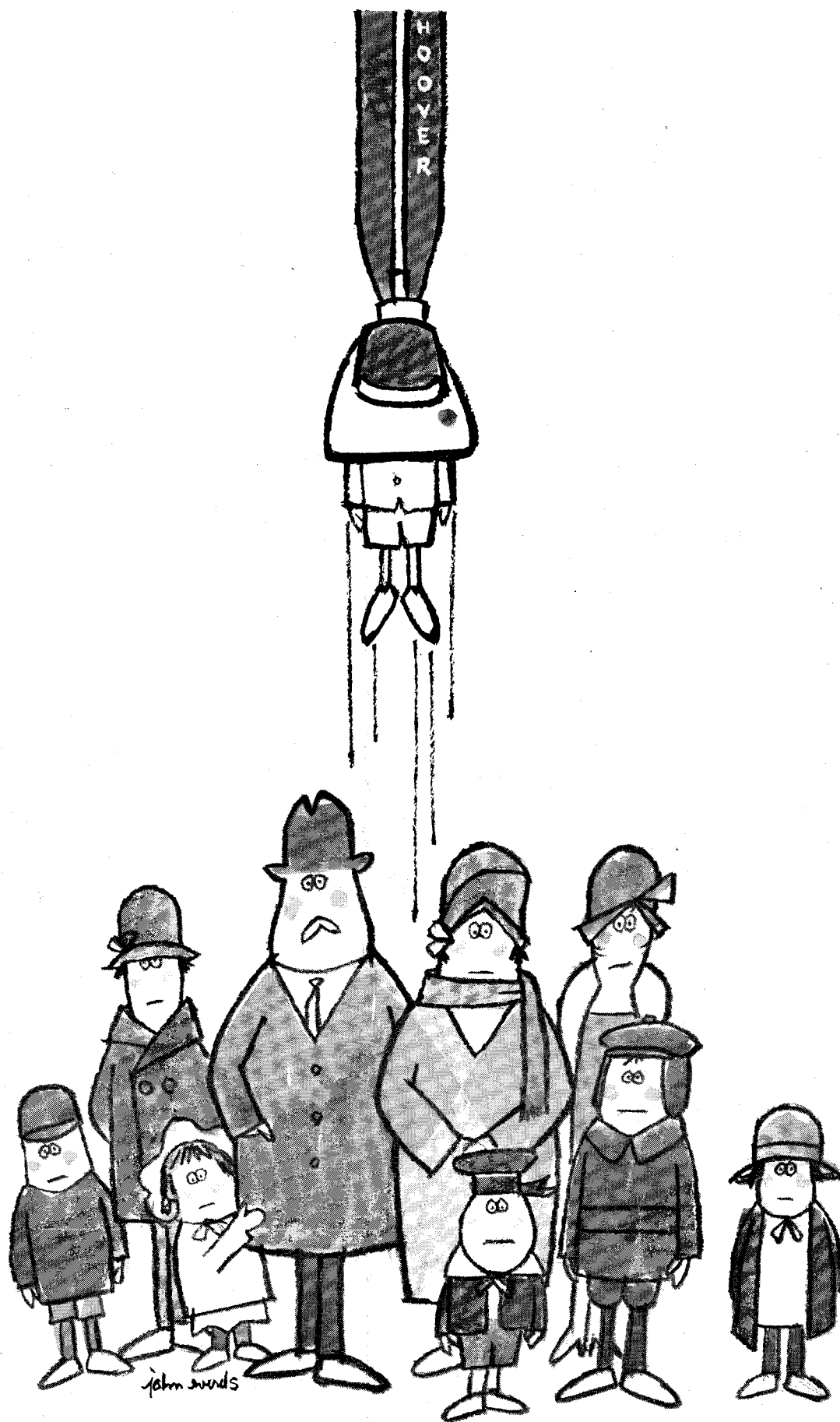


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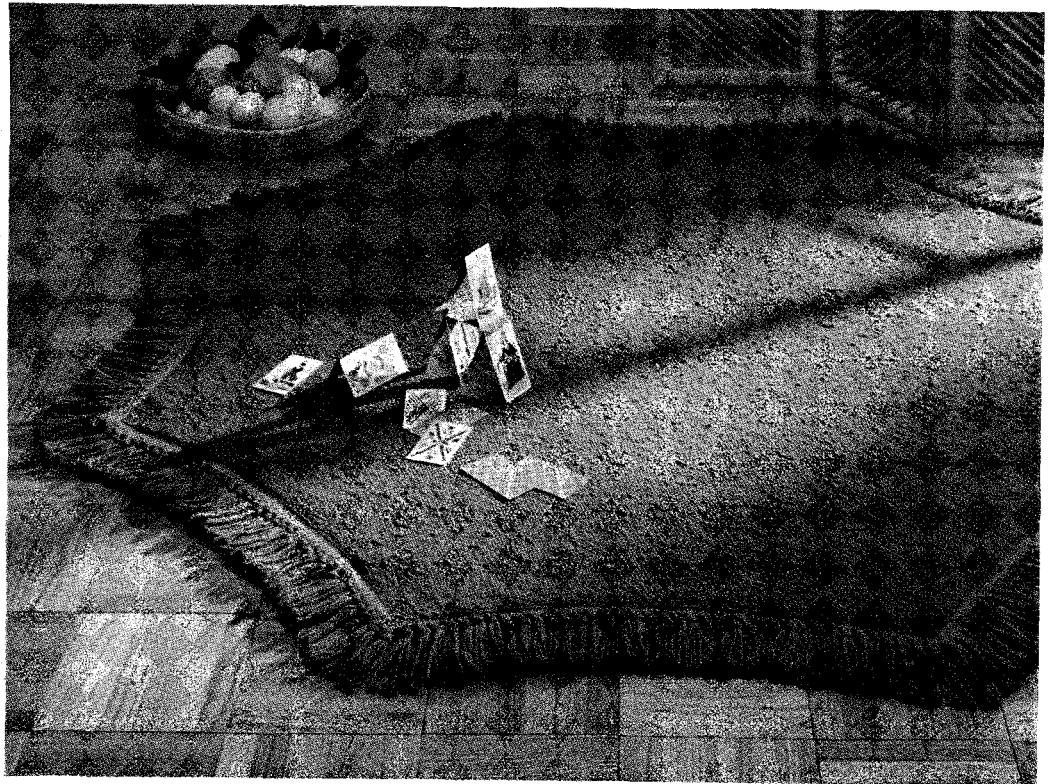
First Cabin Crafts introduced Country Spice in wall-to-wall carpet and room-size rugs. Now we add Country Spice Areas, the imaginative rug shapes shown (plus five more) to inspire new-idea decorating. What's more, you can design your own shapes (widths up to 15' 8" and any length) custom-cut in Country Spice. Ask your store about it. Country Spice colors are so special, The American Institute of Decorators gave them an award. Each color is an exclusive blend of four

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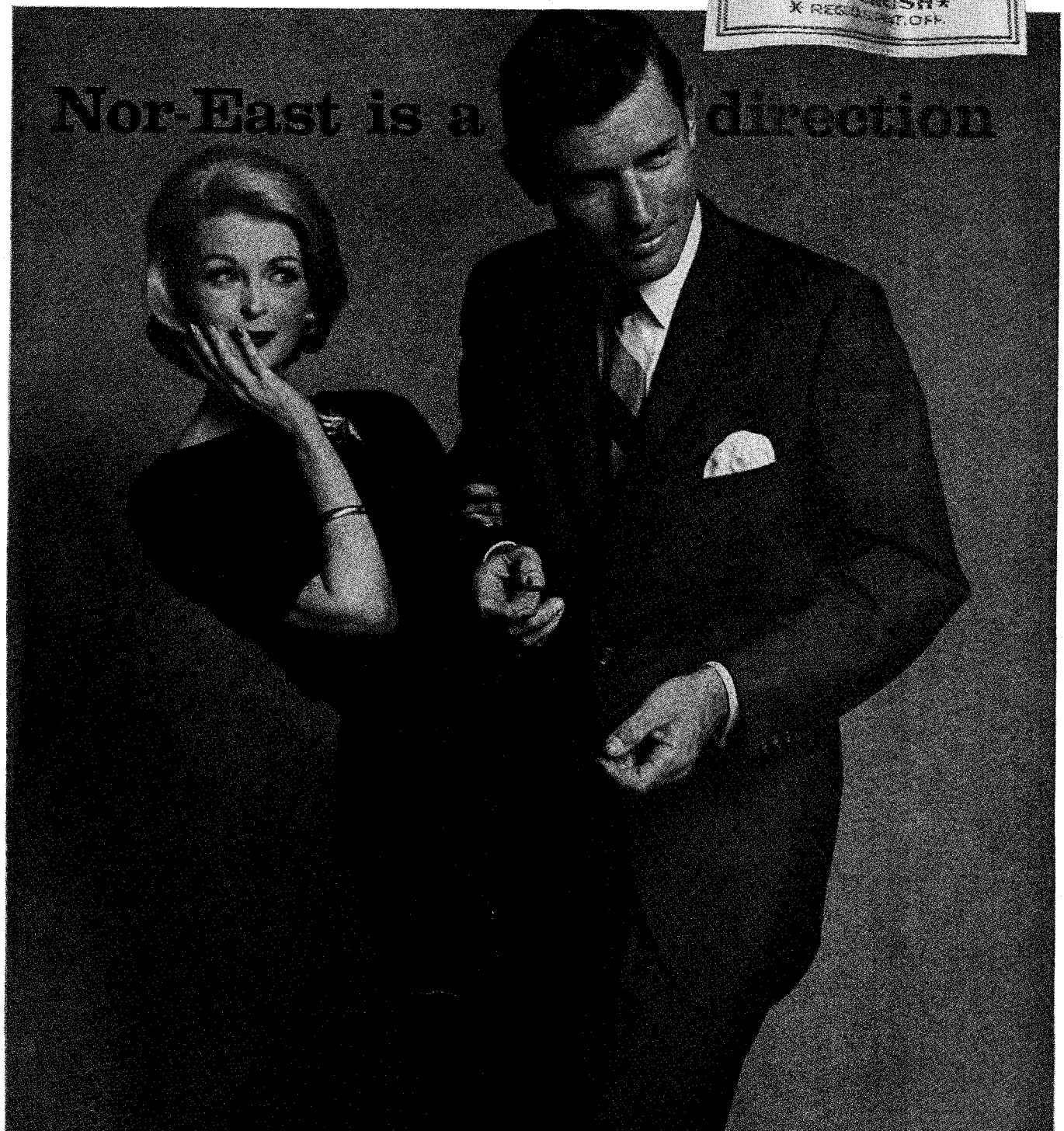
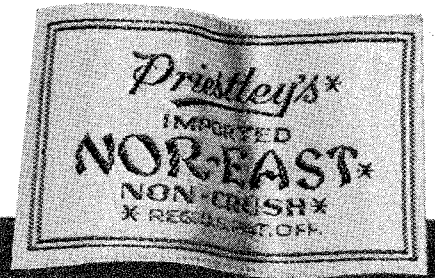
Ginger gives this long panel the rich vibrant hue you find only in Country Spice colors. 3' 8" x 6' 8", approx. \$39.95.



Curry (above), a wonderful warm tone of Country Spice in a decorative sunburst design. 6' 8" x 6' 8", approx. \$77.50.

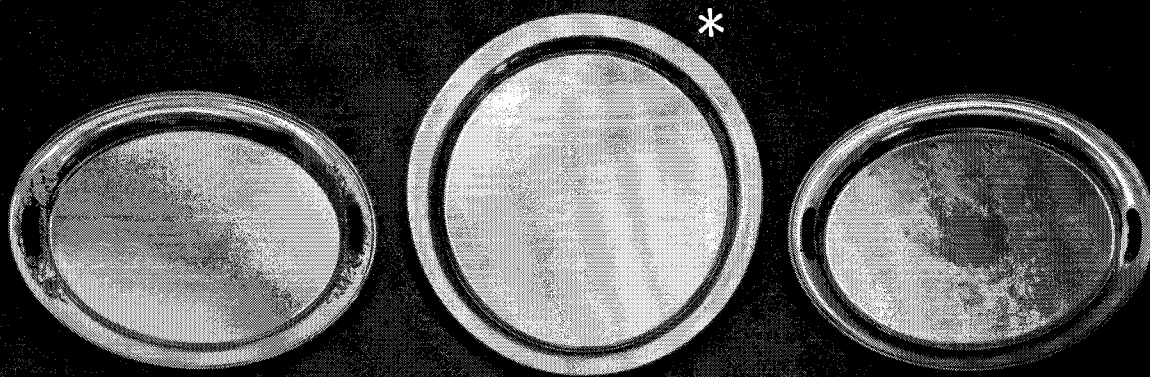
Bayleaf is a crisp, tangy Country Spice color. Note the new curving corners of this square shape. 6' 8" x 6' 8", approx. \$79.50.



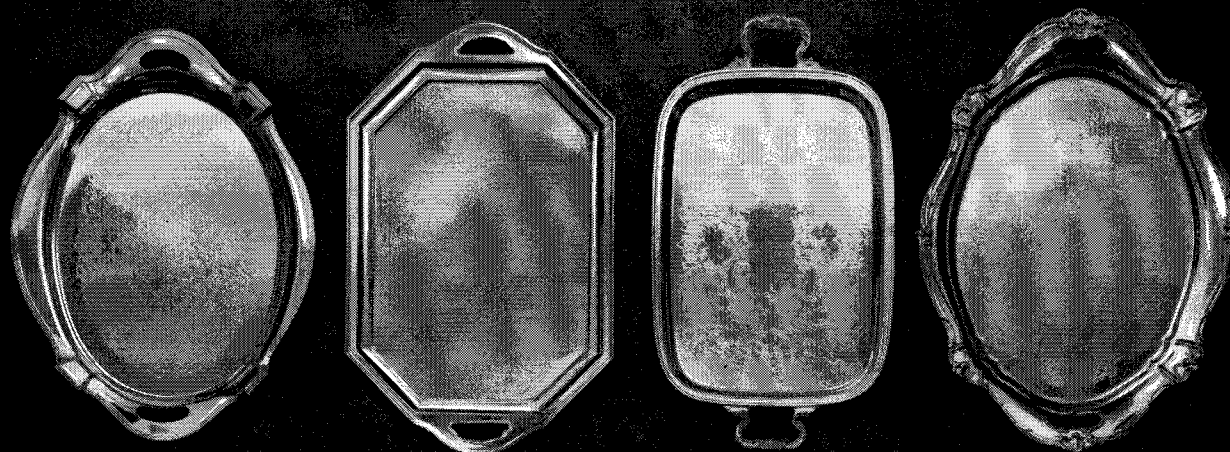


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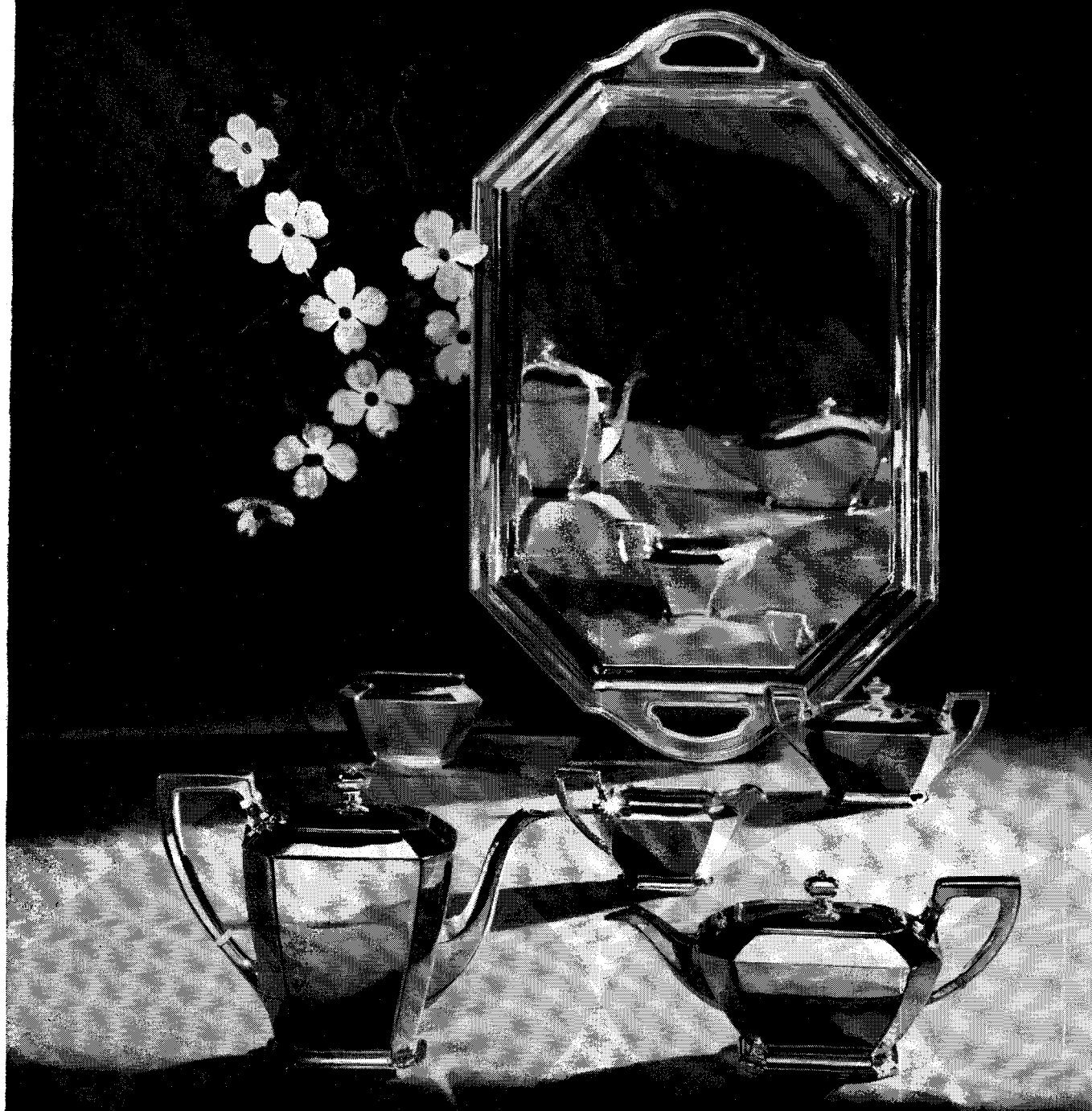
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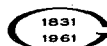


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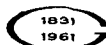


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Hand-notched gadroon borders and rosewood* handles
make this sterling service characteristic
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Beautifully hand chased, this graceful sterling service interprets the finest of the 18th century silver designs.

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ERNIE PALINKAS



Victorian Plain by Gorham

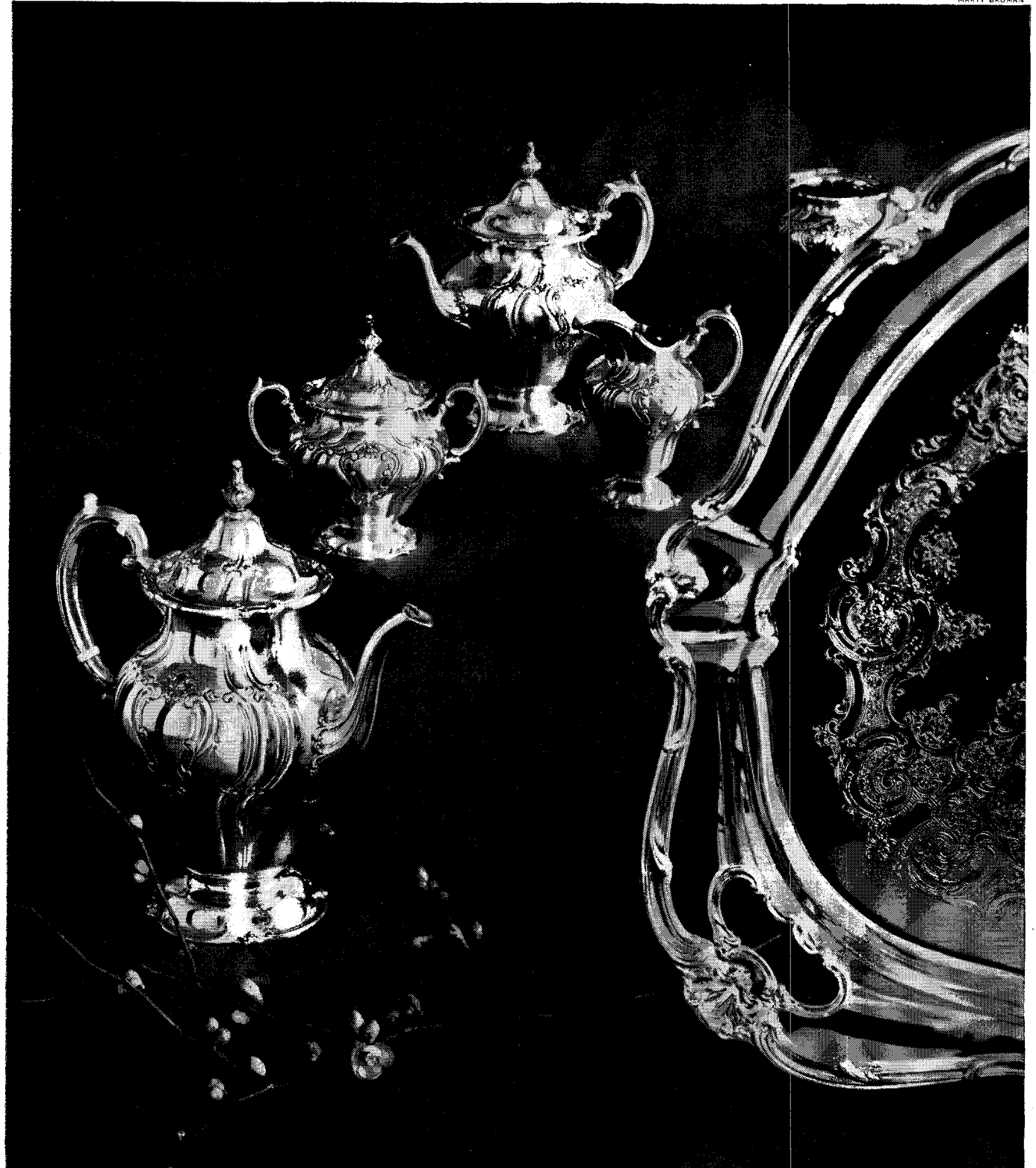
Restrained Victorian elegance glows from every serene curve of this wonderfully shaped sterling tea and coffee service.

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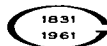


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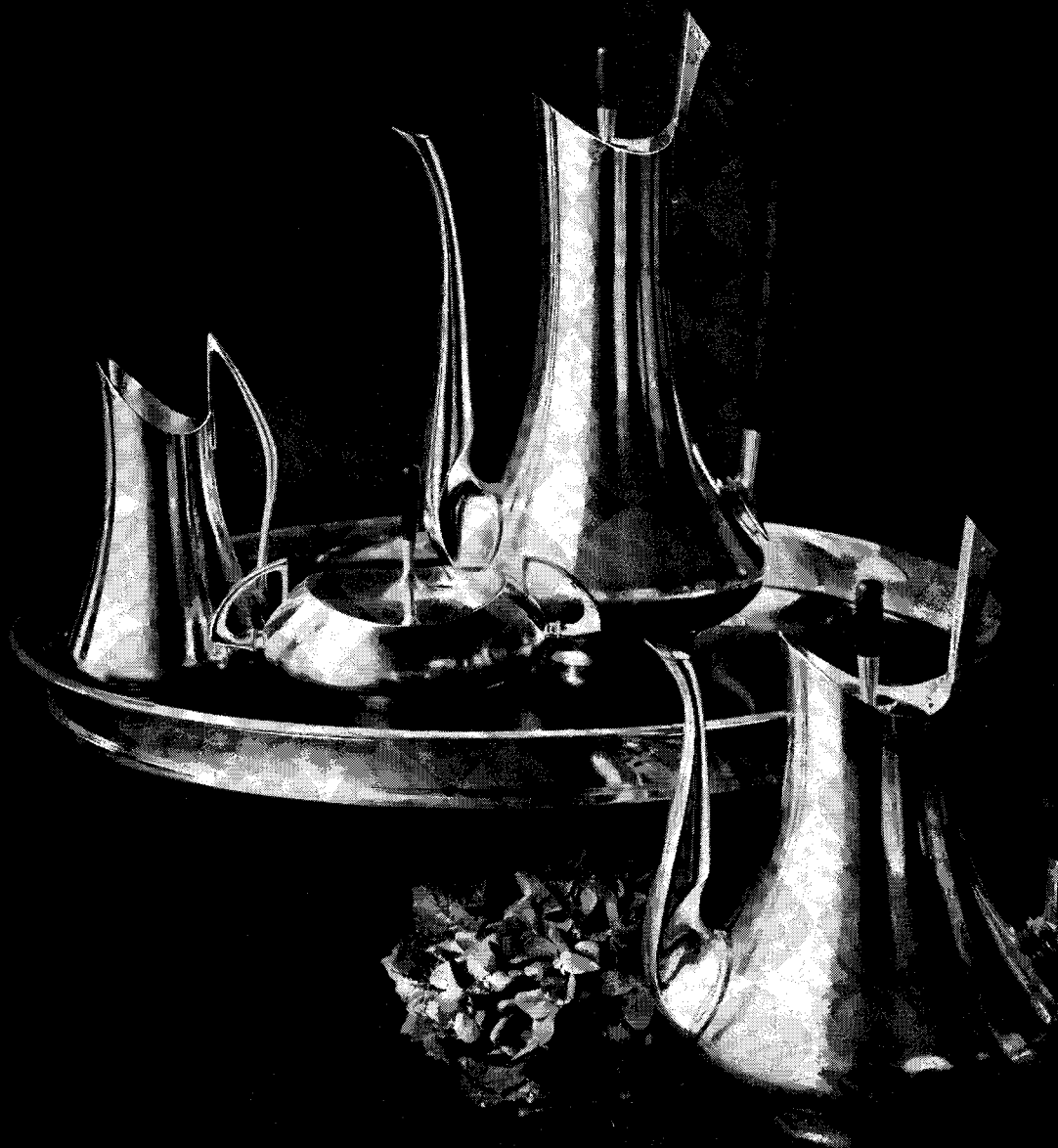
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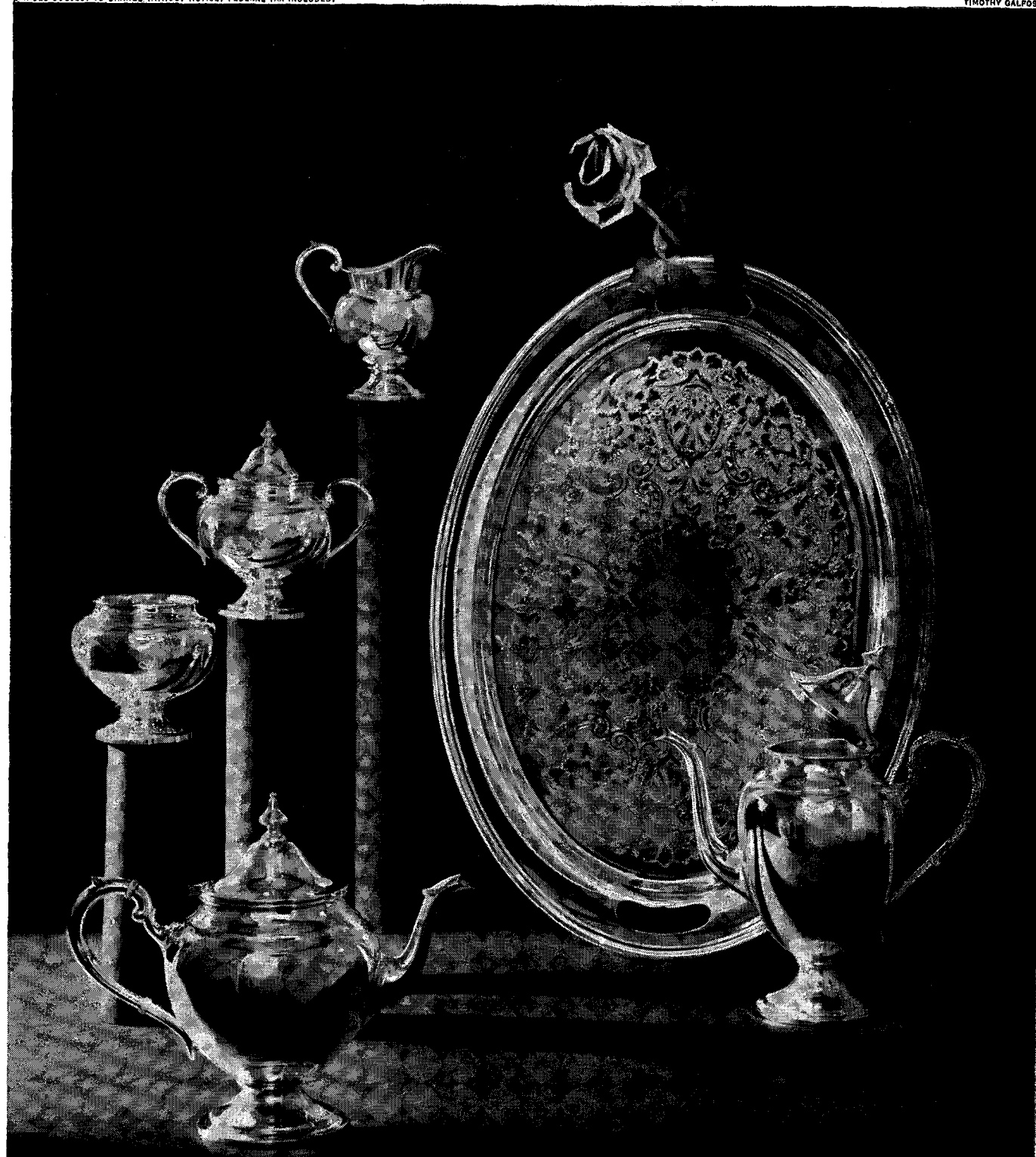
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TIMOTHY GALFOS



Puritan by Gorham

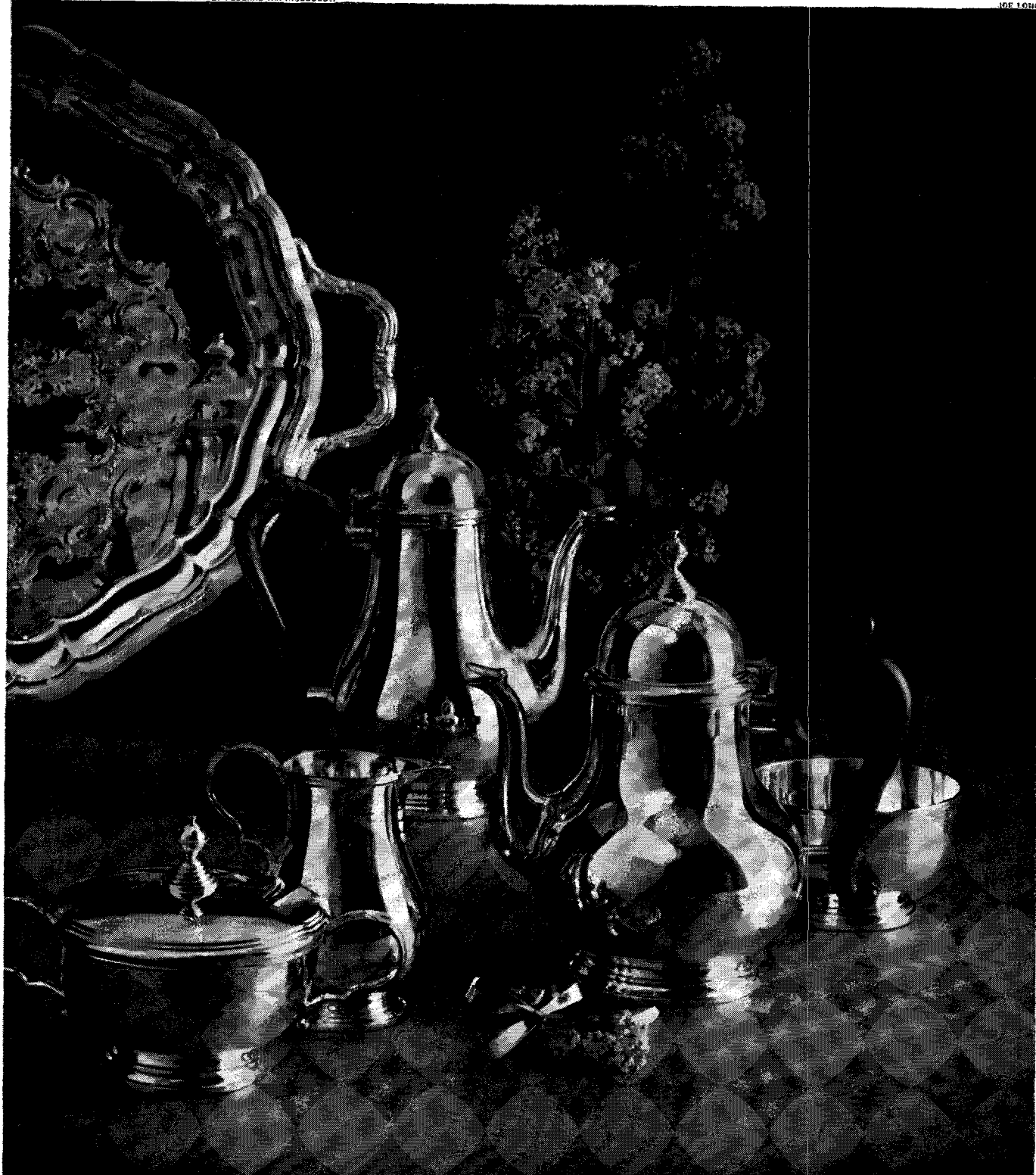
The charming simplicity of this graceful sterling service reflects the character and purity of early American design.

Five-piece service, \$385. Four-piece service, \$355. Silverplate tray (\$45.)
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 Sterling tray, \$325, less cost of plated tray.

130 YEARS OF LEADERSHIP



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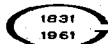


George I by Gorham

This handsome sterling tea and coffee service faithfully re-creates the traditional pear-shaped bodies and duck-neck spouts of English 18th century design.

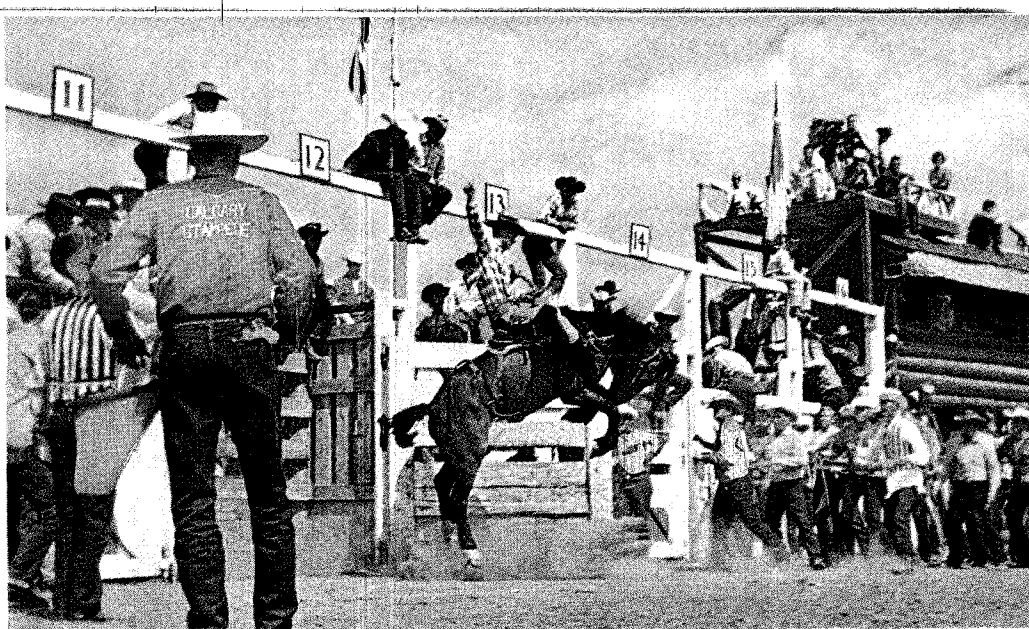
Five-piece service, \$635. Four-piece service, \$590. Silverplate tray (\$110.)
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Sterling tray, \$875, less cost of plated tray.

130 YEARS OF LEADERSHIP



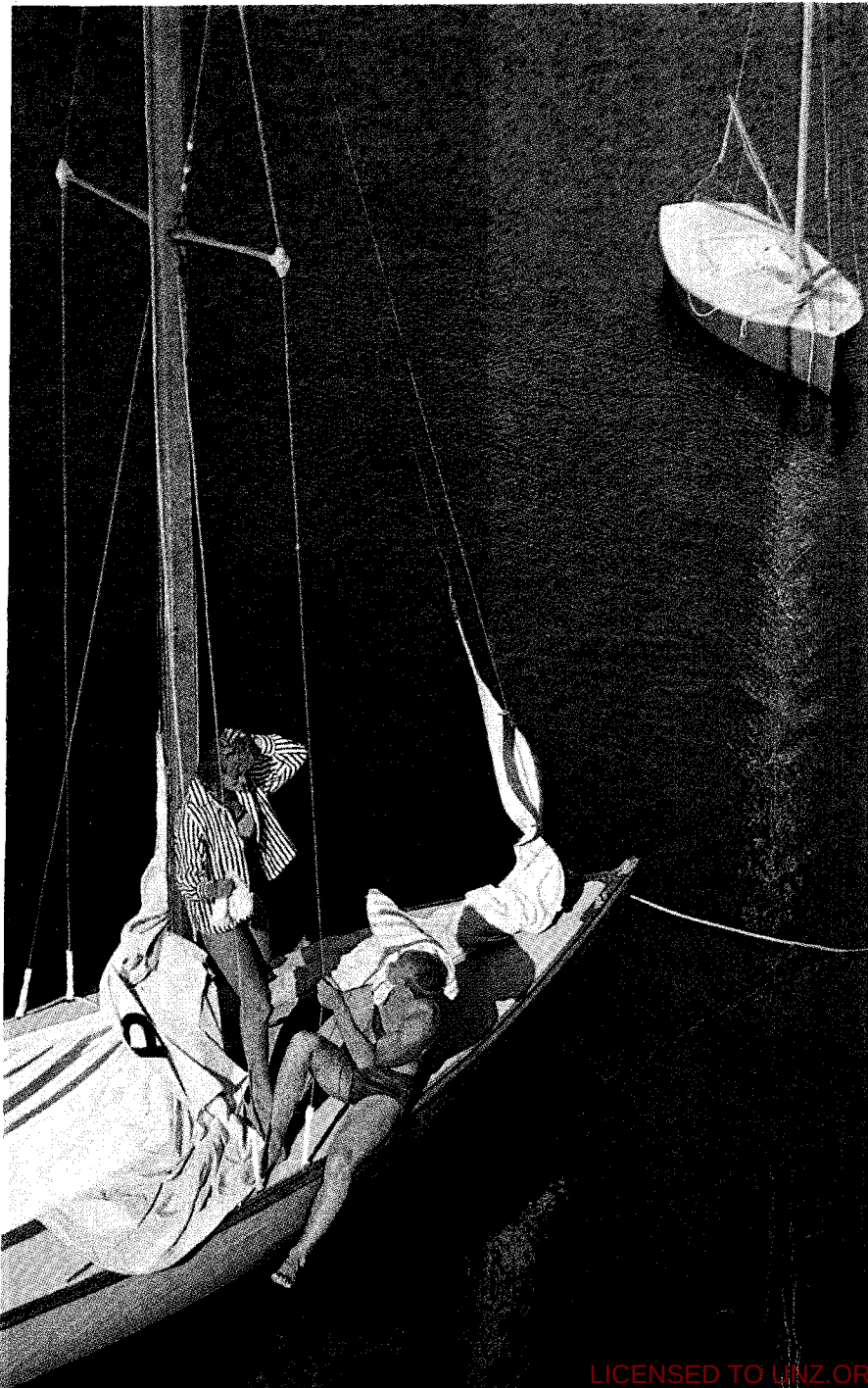
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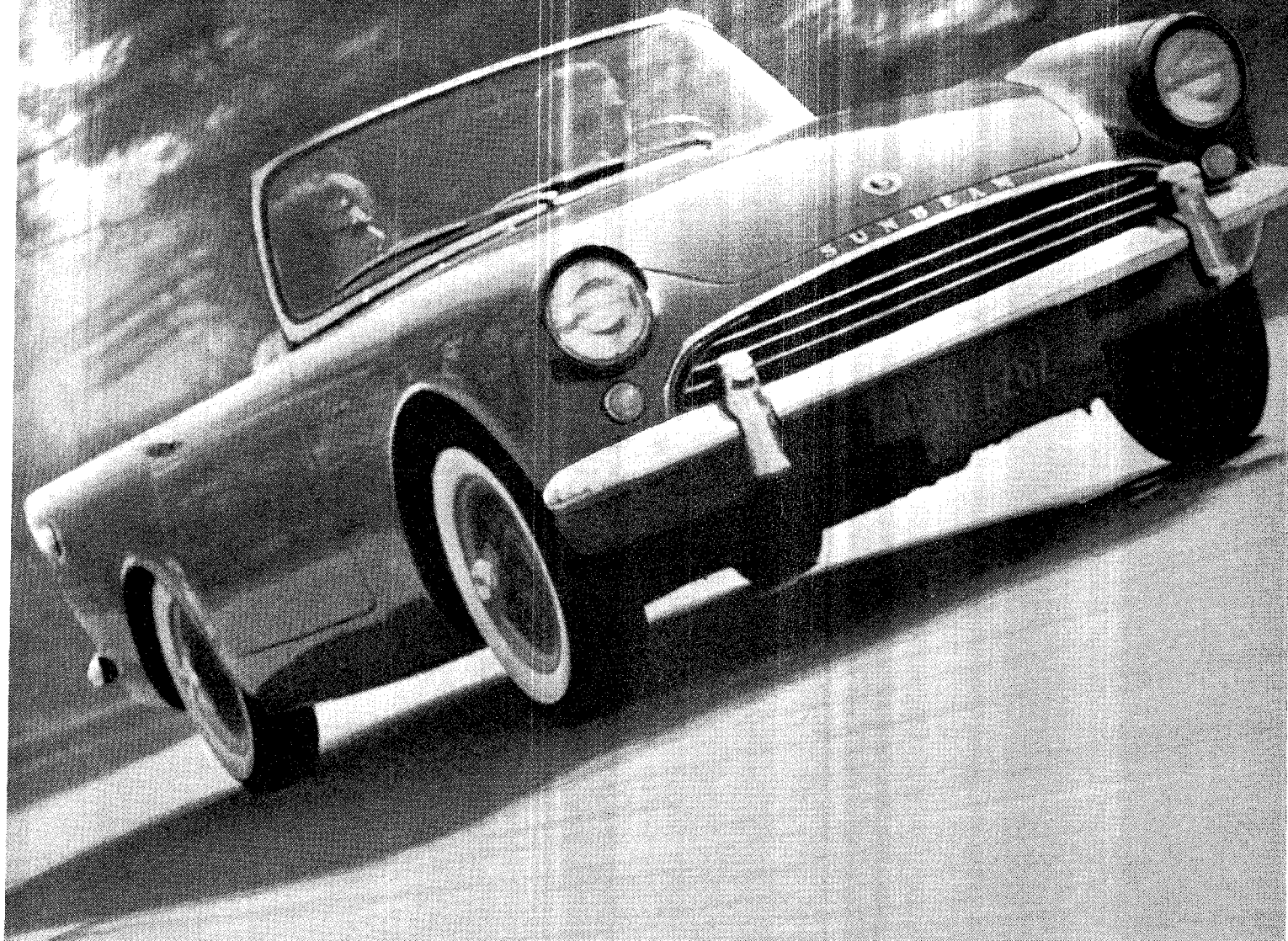
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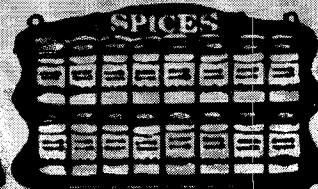
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COFFEE
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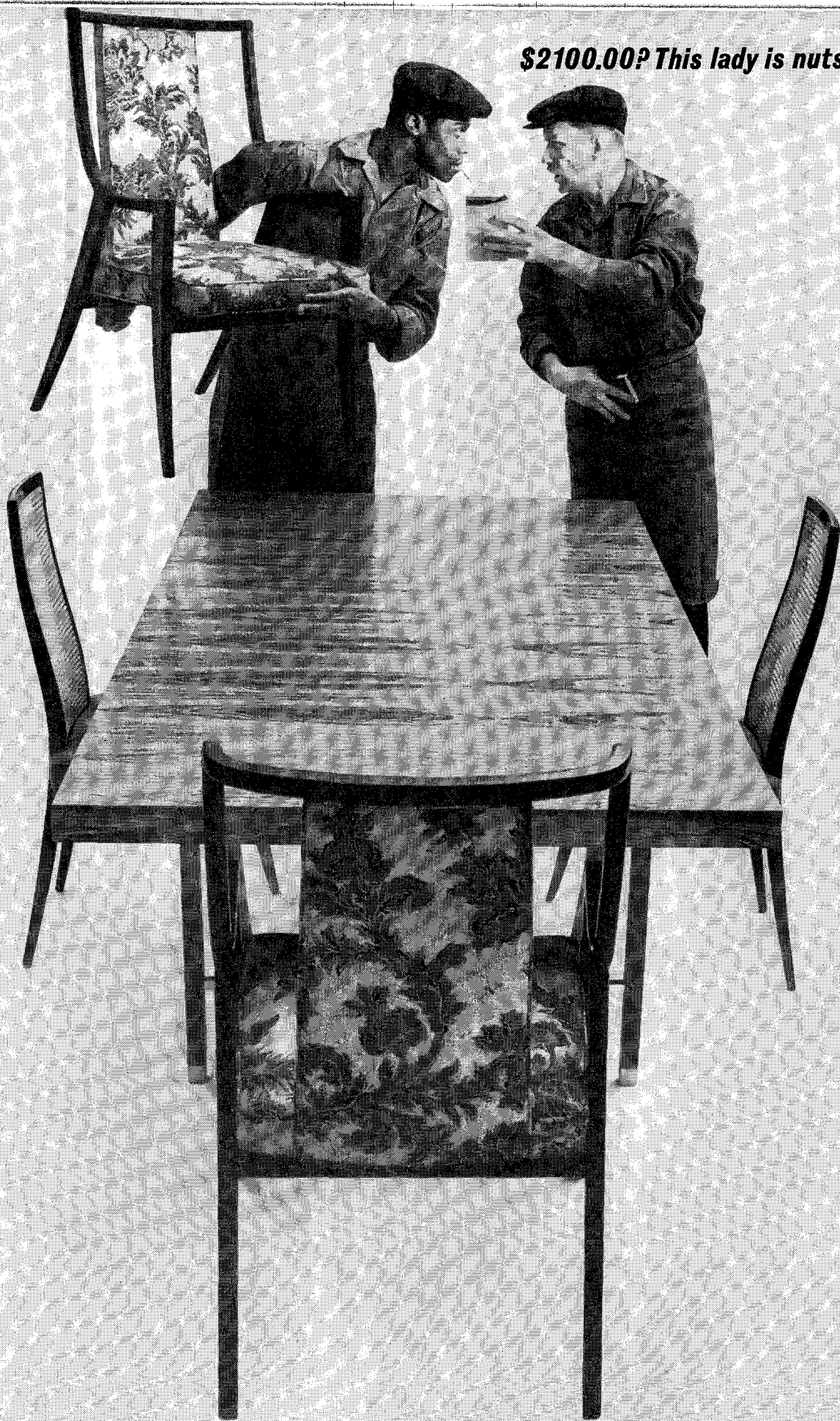
Try also as iced coffee, in Cafe Brulot, Frosted Viennese, or this: On a cool evening, warm a mug—pewter, if possible. Into it put a strip of lemon peel and orange peel. Add an ounce of dark rum and an ounce of Kahlua, the subtle coffee liqueur of Old Mexico. Fill with hot Antigua Instant and stir with a Spice Islands



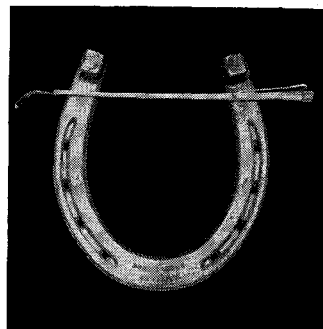
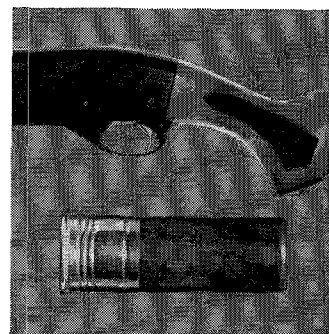
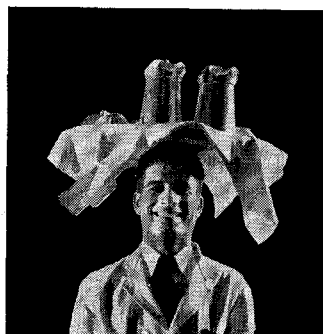
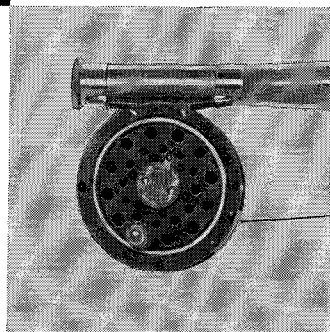
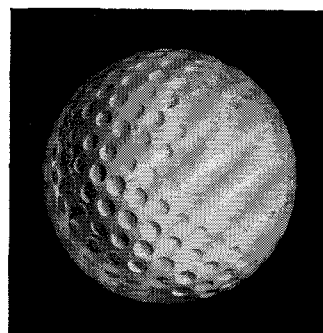
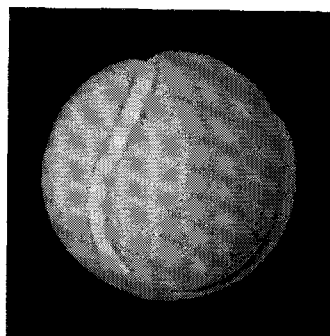
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\$2100.00? This lady is nuts.



(You should have heard the mover who uncrated the Modigliani. Oh, well.) This underpriced Probber table is made of a slab of mated rosewood, 40"x 80". Insert two 16" leaves and the grains still match perfectly; a glance doesn't detect separation. As for the satin luster of the wood, Harvey Probber achieves it with an astonishing machine called the human hand, sanding, scrubbing, rubbing for 90 days. The table base is solid brass and mahogany; the cane-back side chairs are ebony-finished mahogany; the upholstered end chairs are solid mahogany; the price-tag, paper. There are companion wall cabinets, breakfronts and commodes, too; all made so well you can will them to your grandchildren intact. Though they'll probably prefer money. **Harvey Probber**



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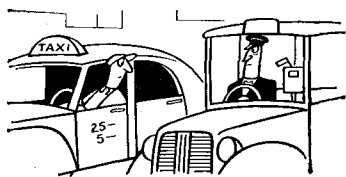
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

COUNTLESS writers have celebrated the earthy wisdom and deep philosophical insight of the average New York cabdriver. His reputation is as secure as dogmatic reiteration and literary art can make it. Despite occasional misgivings, we have always subscribed to the notion ourselves, and if we have frequently found a hackie's utterance to be something less than oracular, we have put it down to the difficulty of maintaining a perpetually high level of discourse amid the excitements and perils of midtown traffic. After all, perhaps even Socrates, in an earlier and simpler epoch, had his off days and foolish moments. Who knows what may have been tactfully omitted from the Platonic record? A recent occurrence, however, has badly shaken our faith in the intellectual powers of our mobile savants. What happened was this. A London cabdriver was sent here to drive around town in a London cab as part of a stunt to help drum up tourist trade for England. This eminently sensible machine was standing in front of the British Travel Association, on Fifth Avenue, when a New York hackie



pulled up to inspect it. His opinion was deferentially solicited by a newspaper reporter. And, presumably summoning up all his powers of judgment and all his professional experience for so important an occasion, the hackie declared the London cab to be "compact and cute—but *too small* for New York traffic." The italics are ours, mentally added while we fidgeted in the cramped back seat of a taxi whose front and rear were bulbously extended by yards of useless ornament. At the time, we were immovably embedded in a traffic jam.

And the more we pondered the statement, the more we marvelled. For sheer wrongheadedness, we have never seen its match. O wretched sophist, unworthy driver, our hat is on to you!

Commodore Safari

THE sound of the word "colonel" always makes us straighten up, and we were stiff as a ramrod within five minutes of our appearance at the fifty-seventh black-tie stag dinner of the Explorers Club, held at the Commodore the other night. "I'd like you to meet Colonel Daniel D. Streeter, editor of our quarterly, the *Explorers Journal*," a beribboned member of the dinner committee said to us as we picked up a slice of iguana tail at a long table placarded "Exotic Hors d'Oeuvres."

We fell into conversation with the Colonel, and learned that he had gone fossil hunting for the Museum of Natural History in 1903, when he was eighteen, and has been pretty much on the go ever since. "There's Colonel Charles Wellington Furlong over there. He crossed the island of Tierra del Fuego shortly after the turn of the century," he said as we selected a boa-constrictor canapé. "Three tribes of Indians lived there in those days, but they're all extinct. Colonel Furlong is eighty-six. He's been a member fifty-three years. Would you like to meet another of our older members, Colonel Louis de Milhau? He's said to be the only man ever who had his own valet at Harvard his freshman year."

We glanced at a plate of raw Armenian lamb eyes and said we would.

"I went to Iceland with Stefansson in 1905, the summer of my junior year," Colonel de Milhau said after Colonel Streeter had introduced us. "He was an instructor at the Peabody Museum, in Cambridge, but our expedition was entirely unofficial. We crossed the Sprengisandur desert of Iceland on Icelandic ponies. It was absolutely untouched. Not a footprint. The next

year, I financed a Peabody expedition to the headwaters of the Amazon, in Peru. I rode a horse over the Andes to an elevation of sixteen thousand five



hundred feet. In the interior, I shot monkey and ate it. It tastes like rabbit, and rabbit tastes like chicken, so it tastes like chicken."

"What followed?" we asked.

"I got married and went to work," he said. "Lawyer."

We asked Colonel de Milhau, who was wearing a well-cut dinner coat, how about the valet, and he said, "My father, a surgeon, was in the Regular Army before the Civil War, in which he was brevetted a brigadier general in the Union Army. The family then lived in New York. When my father was stationed in Atlanta, after the war, a former slave joined him as a personal servant, and he stayed on with the family for years. When I went to Harvard, he went with me."

We then turned to a man in a clerical collar, who proved to be Father Daniel Linehan, S.J., director of the Weston Observatory, in Weston, Massachusetts. "It's the geophysical observatory of Boston College," he said. "I've been in seismology since 1933. I made measurements of the thickness of the ice at the South Pole in 1957, and I also helped locate the tomb of St. Peter, in Vatican City."

"Have some buffalo meat," we said.

"It's Friday," he replied, declining. "They *always* have these dinners on Friday."

Colonel de Milhau rejoined us and said, "There were eighty-eight members when I joined the Club, in 1908. Now there are over a thousand."

Two strolling African drummers, in costume, passed us, drumming. We



"The cost of living is up again! What the hell kind of a recession is this?"

caught up with them in a musical lull and asked where they came from.

"Nigeria," said one, and handed us a card reading, "African Continental Art & Cultural Center. Specializing in Imported African General Merchandise. 1322 Southern Boulevard, near Freeman St. Station, Bronx 59, N.Y. Please write for an appointment."

We presently gained the ballroom, along with nine hundred other diners, and sat down next to a man whose identification card (cards were worn by one and all on their breast pockets) proclaimed him to be William A. Hyman.

"I'm a space lawyer," Mr. Hyman said. "I presented a Magna Carta of space before the Congress of the Inter-American Bar Association at Bogotá, Colombia, on February 1st of this year. It was adopted. I also specialize in insurance here on earth."

We asked what sort of problems a space lawyer concerned himself with, and he said, "If a Russian test missile veers off course and crashes into the heart of Stockholm, who is liable for damages to the injured persons and to the widows and orphans of the dead? If two satellites collide in orbit and fragmentation rains on the Empire State Building and destroys it, is there any legal redress? Against whom?"

We settled down to turtle soup, roast

beef, Caribbean-shark salad, and an evening of slide-illustrated talks on rockets and nuclear submarines.

SIGN in a recently opened Yorkville shop specializing in ladies' wear: "THIS IS NOT A RUMMAGE SHOP."

Genial Germs

LOOK up "virus" in practically any dictionary and you will get a pejorative reading. Look up Dr. René Dubos, a famous microbiologist and professor at the Rockefeller Institute, as we did the other morning, and you will get a very different picture. It is Dr. Dubos's contention that viruses are often benevolent, and, indeed, conducive to the good looks, as well as the good health, of the infected host. Not long ago, he delivered a series of lectures at the New School on "The Unseen World: Structure and Function," and we called on him in his laboratory, which faces the East River, as a result of having read a statement of his in the *New School Bulletin*, to wit:

I am a microbiologist—one of those specialized scientists whose professional jargon is almost meaningless to the rest of mankind. On the whole, men appreciate the social services of my profession. But

while they may admire its technical achievements, they do not find in them any deeper value. Microbiology, like other sciences, is usually regarded as having no relevance to the feelings and aspirations of the man of flesh and bone.

Yet, never in my professional life do I find myself far removed from the man of flesh and bone. It is not only because microbes are ubiquitous in our environment, and therefore must be studied for the sake of human welfare. More interesting, and far more important in the long run, is the fact that microbes exhibit profound resemblances to man. They resemble him in their physical makeup, in their properties, in their responses to various stimuli; they also display associations with other living things which have perplexing and illuminating analogies with human societies.

It was in answer to our request for an example of such an association that Dr. Dubos's

aforementioned contention came to light. Waving pictures at us, he adduced several instances right off the bat. "The so-called 'flamed' tulip—crimson and white, the product of a virus—became so much the rage in the sixteen-hundreds that single bulbs sold for as high as fifty-five hundred guilders," he said. "The association of microbe and plant often produces a novel beauty. Many new varieties of other flowers, such as the pansy and the camellia, also derive their desirable characteristics from viral infections." He went on to cite lichens as another happy example. "Lichens are formed by two different organisms—algae and molds, or fungi," he said. "In association, these organisms acquire new properties that transcend anything you find when you analyze them separately: all kinds of complex structures with extreme differentiation of parts; chemical substances from which perfumes and dyes are derived; and a vigor that enables them to live and multiply on rocks and to resist levels of heat, cold, or desiccation so extreme as to be incompatible with the survival of algae or fungi *not* living in association."

We asked how such desirable combos as lichens and infected pansies could be equated with human society, and he said, "Well, microbes contain many

chemical compounds similar to those found in man; they are capable of profitable associations with one another, as, I hope, men are; and the association of men and animals with microbes is often a useful one. Some germs are known to be beneficial to animals, and doubtless are to men, although human documentation is, of course, unavailable. Certain plant viruses appear to benefit their insect vectors, or carriers. For example, aphids that are fed on sugar beets infected with a virus seem to be more fecund than those fed on healthy plants. And consider the kitchen cockroach. It carries the microbe of a kind of rickettsia, belonging to the microbe family that causes typhus in man. Cure the roach of this infection, and it gets weak and small. It's possible now to raise animals in a germ-free environment, but these animals are really not quite normal. They demand complicated diets and are vulnerable to disease. The same thing is probably true of man. Remove the germs from the human gut and the individual would suffer."

We asked Dr. Dubos how he got into microbes—he has written half a dozen books on the subject and has been lavishly bemedalled for his discoveries—and he said the whole thing was an accident. "I was born in Saint-Brice, just north of Paris, where my father was a butcher," he said. "He died in the First World War, when I was seventeen. I got a fellowship at the Institute of National Agronomy, in Paris, and then, in the early twenties, worked for the Department of Agricultural Intelligence of the League of Nations, in Rome. I saved up my money—I supplemented my salary by doing translations and by guiding American tourists around—and came to this country when I was twenty-four."

"Why?" we asked.

"Because it was the land of unlimited possibilities," Dr. Dubos replied. "On the way over, on the old De Grasse, I ran into a couple I had guided around Rome. The husband turned out

to be a professor of agricultural microbiology at Rutgers, and he persuaded me to go there and study in this field. After taking my Ph.D., I got a Rockefeller Institute fellowship, and I've been here ever since. Wonderful view."

We looked out of his north window at New York Hospital, and he said, "It's modelled after the Palace of the Popes, in Avignon, where the papal court resided in the fourteenth century. Be sure to visit Avignon next time you're in France."

INTernational INTELLIGENCE: A radio announcer in Guatemala recently translated Stephen Foster's "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground" as "Massachusetts en el Frío."

Symbol

IN case you haven't noticed, the old six-story Grand Central Terminal office building has been demolished, and

in its place, on three and a half acres behind the Terminal, a New York investment builder named Erwin S. Wolfson, in partnership with a London investment builder named Jack Cotton, is putting up a fifty-nine-story octagonal building (address: 200 Park Avenue) that will have the world's largest number of enclosed square feet of commercial office space—two million two hundred and seventy thousand. More than a quarter of these square feet—six hundred and thirteen thousand, on sixteen floors—have been rented by Pan American World Airways, and the skyscraper will, as a consequence, be named the Pan Am Building. And because Mr. Wolfson, a thoughtful, modest, athletic, alert, fresh-air-loving man of fifty-nine who majored in philosophy at college and has since plunged into a variety of educational pursuits, has a keenly wistful eye on the arts, he has, while adroitly arranging with his right, or practical, hand for the financing of the building (banks' construction loans of sixty-five million dollars and a mortgage of seventy million dollars, just to give you an idea), with his left hand knowledgeably engaged the celebrated talents—in addition to those of the building's architects, Emery Roth & Sons—of Walter Gropius and Pietro Belluschi, to work on the building as design consultants. That's just the beginning, because Wolfson, now that his business hand has so efficiently freed the other, plans to go to work and join his business monument to the arts. To this heroic end, Wolfson last week invited us to march with him as he marched Drs. Gropius and Belluschi, and a young sculptor named Richard Lippold—creator of the golden radiating structure called "The Sun" at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, of the silvery brass-and-steel structure called "The Moon" at the Museum of Modern Art, and of the cloudlike cluster of polished-bronze rods suspended on stainless-steel wires above the bar at The Four Seasons restaurant, among



"I baptize thee John Fitzgerald."

other wire-sculpture works—over to the office of Pan Am President Juan Trippe, in the Chrysler Building, for a conference on the possible purchase of a Lippold creation expressive of Pan Am to be placed in the building's Vanderbilt Avenue entrance lobby, which is to be thirty feet high, forty-four feet deep, a hundred and three feet wide, and set back seventy-eight feet from the Vanderbilt Avenue curb. If things worked out, Lippold's sculpture—thirty feet high and eighty feet across—would be in the center of this large hall.

"I have no idea how Trippe will react," Mr. Wolfson said to us as we set out, "but this means a lot to me, and he's such a nice guy I think he'll listen." The architectural members of the delegation seemed faintly uneasy: Dr. Gropius, founder of the Bauhaus in pre-war Germany, former chairman of the Department of Architecture of Harvard's Graduate School of Design, and now member of an architectural firm called the Architects Collaborative, wearing a beret and looking, at seventy-seven, energetic, literally highbrow, noble, suntanned, bow-tied, and as powerfully definite as a face on Mount Rushmore; Dr. Belluschi, born in Ancona and raised in Rome, dean of the School of Architecture and Planning at M.I.T., devotee of quality and humanism in architecture, and a gray-haired, gray-brush-mustached, gentle-voiced, patient man. Mr. Lippold, a pale-faced young man with wavy gray hair and got up in a chocolate-colored suit with cuffs, a tan shirt, and a golden necktie, looked confident, and ready, if necessary, to fight.

Up we went, via express elevator, to a high Pan Am floor, where everyone took a seat at a long, massive conference table with Mr. Trippe and a Pan Am vice-president named Willis Lipscomb, who were, like Wolfson, neatly dressed in business grays and blues. The table was filled out by additional comers—René d'Harnoncourt, director of the Museum of Modern Art; Alex Cvijanovic, an architectural colleague of Gropius; Ivan Chermayeff, a young expert on the lettering on buildings; Edward Larrabee Barnes, design consultant to Pan Am; and a few others—who lent a solemn, Cabinet-like air to the gathering. Dr. Gropius removed his beret.

The first note was struck by Lippold. "Positively baronial!" he said, giving

the table a cavalier slap and looking for a response from Mr. Trippe, who returned a small, reluctant smile.

Wolfson cleared his throat and politely and briskly got the meeting down to business. "There's no point in my saying anything now," he said. "I think Dr. Gropius should tell us what he thinks of Lippold's idea for the sculpture." All heads turned toward Mount Rushmore.

Dr. Gropius took a deep breath and said, "It is a way of making sculpture many of us think is beautiful." He held up a drawing of the planned sculpture—very abstract. "It symbolizes the globe of the world."

"Yes," Trippe said, cordially but not batting an eye. "I wish we had some way of seeing how it would look."

"I want to tell you," Dr. Gropius said. "All my life, I have tried to co-operate with painters and sculptors to create work for buildings that would be at one with the buildings, and this is the first time it has happened. Lippold's sculpture comes to one with our building."

"Yes," Trippe said again, cordially, and gave a nod to Vice-President Lipscomb. "We have a twofold problem here," Trippe went on. "I have a board of directors to reckon with, and when I showed them this flat picture they didn't go for it. We have several directors interested in art, but we've got a lot of doubting Thomases who just don't go for it. And then we've got a large number of directors in need of education in modern art. I don't know if I include myself with them or not." He smiled apologetically at Dr. Gropius. "Couldn't we get something better than just this flat picture?"

"It would cost almost as much to make a scale model as it would to make the sculpture," Dr. Gropius said. "But I think Lippold should talk now."

Lippold stood up, giving the baronial table another slap—much gentler this time. "I'd like to read my own description of the sculpture, because it explains my thinking," he said. "But first I want to tell you, a few weeks ago I got my father and mother, who are in their late seventies, to fly for the first time. I got them to take a *jet*, from Chicago to New York. At six hundred and eighty miles per hour. And they had never flown before."

Trippe gave the sculptor a heartfelt smile. "And when I got them home," Lippold continued, "I showed them this drawing of the sculpture, and they said, 'Why, it looks like our *flight*.'"

A parent-loving murmur went around the table, and Lippold took a sheet of paper from an inner coat pocket and read:

"The forms in this work are derived from the performances and shapes of modern aircraft except for a sphere of the world in the center. From this sphere, a seven-pointed star radiates symbolically toward the seven continents (and seven seas), its long conical arms originating in Great Circles of the globe, like the routes followed in intercontinental travel. The central sphere is further developed by fragments of Great Circle areas suspended in the arms of the star, like parts of the world transported by means of swift air travel. The entire globe is thus made very spatial in character and less material, as one experiences it in an air age. Surrounding this world-sphere with its radiating elements are silver forms whose general character suggests the direct ascents and descents and flight patterns of jet aircraft, as well as wing and tail sections of modern planes."

Lippold was holding the drawing up with one hand, and as he continued to read, Trippe and Lipscomb leaned forward to look at it, as though trying to make out a wing or tail section.

"Two materials are used [Lippold read on]: a high-carat gold over bronze for the globe and star, and stainless steel for the silver-colored elements. These relate to the gray Travertine marble of the interior. The shapes have been chosen and placed with regard to the space of the lobby, in an effort to continue the unity of form of the architecture, and also to echo the unique angularity of the exterior of the building."

Lippold stopped reading.

Dr. Gropius said, "It goes up like a flower," and threw his arms open to indicate a flower.

"Perhaps this is a dumb question," Trippe said, "but where is the light?"

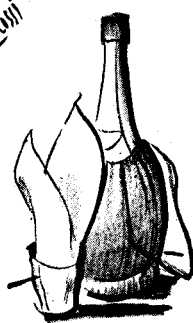
"Inconspicuously built in," Dr. Gropius said.

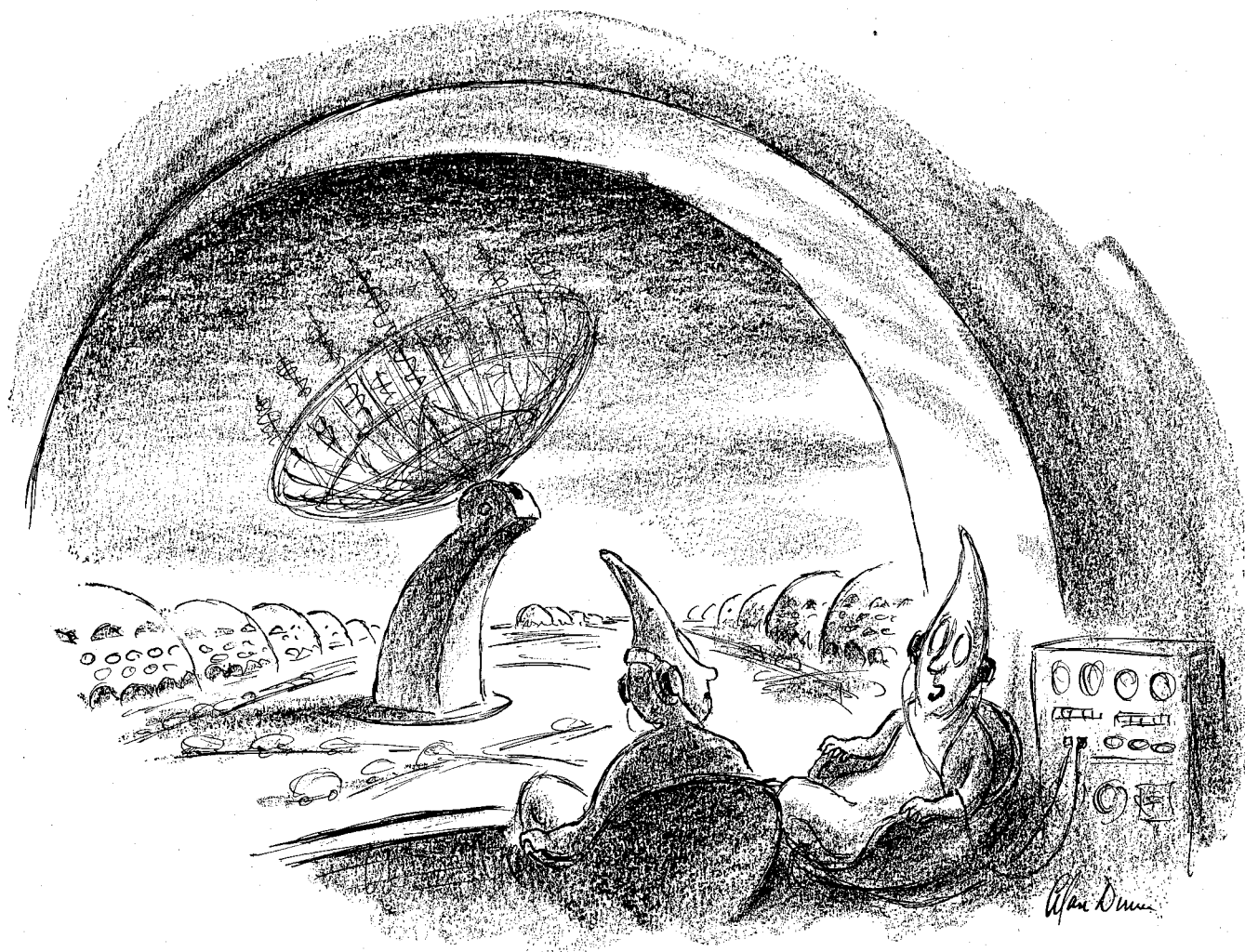
"One of the beauties of this is that it has size without weight," Dr. Belluschi added.

"Will this symbolic globe be held by wires?" Trippe asked.

"The whole thing is in a state of tension," Lippold said.

"Well, it's hard to tell," Trippe said, and again nodded to Vice-President Lipscomb, who threw Lippold a friendly smile and said, somewhat apologetically, "We've been doing considerable thinking about this versus a more literal approach. We ran a survey internally on the question to determine which would linger longer in the minds of the people who see it. The majority felt that a more literal approach to a





"I really can't make up my mind who I hope gets here first. As I understand it, it would be a question of which you'd rather join—the Communist Party or the Teamsters Union."

globe might capture the interest of the public on a more continuing basis."

"To be expected," Lippold said quickly. "It's people dealing with the unfamiliar. It's like asking somebody if he likes his own mother better than somebody else's mother."

Another parent-loving murmur warmed the table sitters.

"There are two ways of approaching it," Dr. Gropius said. "One is the realistic way—to show a great globe. The other is the *artistic* way. Art always tries to symbolize the *image* of what is behind the scene. This design will really make a hit with the people." He sighed deeply. "In the ticket room or someplace back somewhere, you could put the realistic globe, with the lines showing people where they fly from one place to another."

Wolfson began to look pleased. "Perhaps we ought to hear some other opinions now," he said.

"Mine?" d'Harnoncourt said. "I'm very happy to give mine. We were the first people lucky enough to have one of Lippold's space designs in our

lobby. I would say that *this* one would be one of the most important pieces of indoor sculpture of the twentieth century. If you want the impact of a great symbol, giving the feeling of speed through space, of expansion and lightness, you have it in this sculpture. No one who sees it is ever going to forget it."

Trippe and Lipscomb looked reflective.

"You feel as though you're *in* this sculpture," Dr. Gropius said. "You stand in the lobby and you're right in the sculpture."

"But are you sure people will remember it?" Vice-President Lipscomb asked.

"Let me ask you," Trippe said. "On modern art, I know the Rockefellers are for it. As a matter of fact, they took me on a tour of their museum when it was finished. But I wonder—about modern art, won't many people be offended by it?"

"I'll tell you a very amusing story," d'Harnoncourt said in answer, smiling paternally at Trippe. "I saw David the

other day. You know the very, very modern paintings he put into the new branch of the Chase National Bank? And he told me his people at first made nasty remarks about the paintings, and now none of them wants to have the things taken away."

Trippe gave a mild laugh at the story.

"People who do not ordinarily like abstract art like *this*," Wolfson said.

"Where would you put your signature?" Trippe asked Lippold.

"This needs no signature," Lippold said.

"Tremendously interesting," Trippe said. "I've been partly educated. Now I've got to put it up to our doubting Thomases."

Just in Case

ONE of our pals the other day found himself in a Los Angeles living room that was equipped with two grand pianos. "Why two?" he asked. "Both the children take lessons," said his hostess.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO J. K. LASSER'S "YOUR INCOME TAX"

MANY foreigners, hankering after a deeper understanding of the United States and perhaps unable, for one reason or another, to get there, read histories of the country or the novels of J. P. Marquand or William Faulkner. The very earnest and affluent may even have a go at Galbraith. The trouble with such sources, excellent enough in their way, is that the accounts they give are all to some extent colored—by the personal interests and predilections of their authors, by national sentiment, by the requirements of the story or theme, by the narrowness, in some cases, of the section of life chosen for examination. You do not feel you are getting America in the raw, in all its heaving, polymorphous reality.

There is one book, however—far too little known outside American drug-stores—that lays the country bare, in all its rich complexity, before the eyes of the foreign student. Being an Englishman, I only came upon it recently, although I understand it is a best-seller. It is "Your Income Tax," by J. K. Lasser. There is no sentiment about Mr. Lasser. He deals in facts. "A husband and wife filing a joint return are a single unit" is the nearest he comes to romanticism. A wholesomely realistic attitude to life informs such passages as "You get a full \$600 exemption for the year even if the child is born on December 31. But a stillborn child cannot be a dependent. The exemption is allowed only for a child that has been born alive if but for a moment." No personal predilections, no narrowness of vision blur the outlines of the picture he draws of a whole civilization in action. Acrobats (who are entitled to deduct the expenses of physical training) are neither more nor less the object of his passionless regard than, say, a son who "secures his father's placement in a religious home for a lump-sum payment of \$9,600." Here, as in no other work I know, the bare bones of a whole subcontinent—its strengths and weaknesses, its social habits, its mores—lie open to the reader's critical eye.

I cannot yet claim to have read, much less digested, the whole of Mr. Lasser's thoroughgoing tax guide, but here are a few further items—paraphrased, even telescoped here and there for conven-

ience and brevity, but not, I think, misrepresented—that caught my foreigner's eye on a first flick through:

... you get a further exemption if you or your wife are over 65 or if your visual acuity, though exceeding 20/200 in the better eye with correcting lenses, is accompanied by a limitation in the fields of vision such that the widest diameter of the visual field subtends an angle no greater than 20 degrees.

Expenses are deductible for meat cutters' special white shoes.

Even on a joint return you get no exemption for supporting your wife's aunt's husband.

You can *not* deduct as medical expenses:

- Toothpaste
- Wigs
- Illegal operations
- Cost of bottled water to avoid drinking fluorinated city water
- Swimming pools

The cost of cakes provided for bazaars can be deducted as a charitable contribution.

Baby-sitters' fees can be counted as support contributions, but "donors who give blood to charities cannot deduct the fair market value of the blood."

"Electing to avoid gains sometimes does not pay" (J. K. Lasser's italics).

You may deduct:

- Hurricane losses
- Damage to tropical plants
- Breeding fees and bad debts
- Losses due to termites or volcanic eruptions
- Cost of theatrical wigs

Bonds bought after 1957 whose first call date falls within three years of the purchase date are amortized to maturity.

If a widow remarries, she can be an exemption on the deceased husband's return and on her present husband's return. "To secure this double credit the widow should have no income and not be an exemption of anyone save both husbands" (i.e., if I follow Mr. Lasser correctly, she should not simultaneously be, e.g., the dependent grandmother or cousin of some third party).

Don't forget to deduct lobbying costs, jockey's uniforms, egg crates, fan-mail

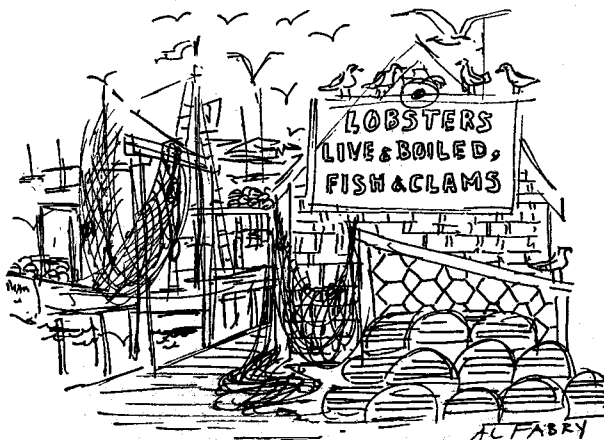
costs, worthless securities, watch-repair costs (if your work makes it necessary to know the time).

Do *not* deduct fictitious sales, graft payments, sewer taxes, or gradual sinking of farms.

There is enough here, I believe, to indicate the riches available to a patient inquirer who wants to hear the genuine heartbeat of America. Marquand at his most illuminating never limned so essentially American a character as Mr. Lasser's Smith (§14.07 in my 1960 edition), who, with a taxed income of \$180,000, saves himself a clear four dollars by donating a hundred dollars' worth of securities to charity.

What of the over-all picture that emerges of life in those United States? On the whole, I find it reassuring, even though there are dark patches. Far too many Americans have been putting their graft payments down as business expenses. It is difficult to contemplate with entire satisfaction a country where widows remarry in a hurry to secure a "double credit" and where sons shuffle their fathers off into religious homes for a mere \$9,600. But no nation is perfect, and you have to look at both sides of the picture. Mr. Lasser knows that America is not entirely populated by the kind of people who try to sneak the cost of bottled water into their returns; it is implicit in his book that there are millions of simple, homely folk, too, who would ruin themselves, but for his timely warnings, by including in their gross income such items as damages resulting from breach-of-promise lawsuits, compensation for loss of life, and hams given away by employers at Christmas. It is no calculating, money-mad people that peers out at us from these two hundred-odd closely packed pages.

ALL the same, I believe that "Your Income Tax" could be widely disseminated abroad without seriously undermining the immigration policy of a country that has been plagued in recent years by too many foreigners wanting to come and live in it. I see no risk, if Mr. Lasser's book were given wider circulation abroad, of a fresh rush of would-be immigrants to America. On the contrary, I believe U. S. consuls overseas (whose constant concern, as every applicant for a visa knows, is to insure that visitors to the States will enjoy their stay and then get to hell out of it again) would be well advised to



scatter J. K. Lasser pretty freely around their embassy waiting rooms. It would be a bold man who would still seek his fortune in the United States once he had grasped the complexity of the arrangements he would have to make in order to keep some portion of it from the Treasury Department. Speaking for myself, I just have not the qualifications or the stamina required to secure the maximum legal deductions and exemptions or to argue the case effectively with the authorities. A kind of strong, intensely stay-at-home shudder comes over me when I contemplate the sort of letter I might find myself writing, with J. K.

Lasser propped up in front of me, in or about my second year of residence: Commissioner of Internal Revenue, SIR:

I regret the delay in filing the enclosed return, but the fact is that the sixty-five-year-old widow I married last year (down in Florida, if you remember, where she helped me to "consummate"—if I may borrow a word from J. K. Lasser—my business plans) gave birth to a beautiful exemption on December 31st, of all days, just when I had my hands full turning her aunt's husband out of the house as a non-deductible dependent, and in hurrying off to make sure that the child lived long enough to qualify, I inadvertently damaged some tropical plants that had been carelessly left in the front hall at an angle greatly exceeding ten degrees from the center of my field of vision. Calculation of the loss naturally held me up, which explains why I was running too fast down the drive of my non-hobby farm to save myself from slipping into a sudden subsidence (of volcanic origin, I believe) and suffering injuries as shown on page 2 of Form 1040—an accident that would never have happened, so I am assured by one of the dependent cousins we have here, had I been wearing the meat cutter's white shoes that I have since bought as being essential to my business. We were all at sixes and sevens after this mishap, coming on top of my wife's prenatal expenses, so that it was late March before I could get round to totting up the cost of cakes



"If we doubled our pleasure and doubled our fun, we still wouldn't have anything."

sent to bazaars during the festive season, and I have only just caught up with my amortization, the weather being so unsettled and everything.

Even so, I might have been on time with this return had it not happened that, while I was checking to see whether there was any profitable way of electing to avoid gains, the legs of my desk collapsed through the depredations of termites, and in the resulting confusion my tax guide flipped over to a section that had previously escaped my notice—viz., depreciation of furniture used in entertaining. This opened up an entirely new world to me. Did you know that "a recent case allowed a taxpayer to depreciate furnishings bought for a rumpus room used in entertaining business customers and employees"? We have no rumpus room here, being new to the country, and, anyway, the sort of business customers who drop in will rumpus anywhere, say what we will. The whole house is our oyster, you might say, depreciationwise. You ought to see the dining-room table after Pargeter has finished drawing plans for improvements—called "repairs" and therefore deductible—to my pigsties on it. That reminds me to mention that there was one hell of a destructive party here on New Year's Eve, including cigar burns on my dependent stepson's deductible jockey's uniform (he weighs ninety-eight pounds) and dirty footmarks on the billiard table, all of which I shall have to carry forward to next tax year, having no further room on the

form. So you see how it is! With the best will in the world, a fairly recent immigrant cannot absolutely guarantee to have his return filed right bang on the due date.

The wig claimed for on page 2 was blown off in a hurricane. Do I get double credit for this? Also, can I claim the time spent skimming through J. K. Lasser as a deductible expense at, say, half the current rate for baby-sitters per hour? If so, it may turn out that *you owe me*.

Yours to maturity,
H. F. ELLIS

COMP. RELIGION

It all begins with fear of mana.

Next there comes the love of tribe.
Native dances, totems, animism and magicians thrive.

Culture grows more complicated.
Spirits, chiefs in funny hats,
And suchlike spooks are sublimated
Into gods and ziggurats.

Polyarmed and polyheaded,
Gods proliferate until
Some ethic-minded sages edit
Their welter into one sweet Will.

This worshipped One grows so enlightened,
Vast, and high He, in a blur,
Explodes; and men are left as frightened
Of mana as they ever were.

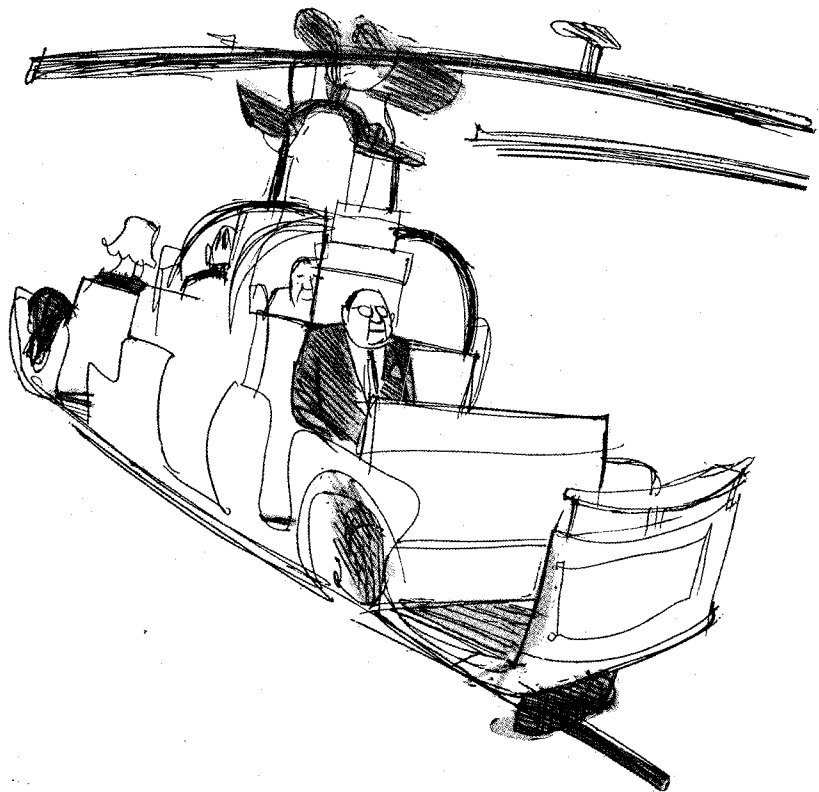
—JOHN UPDIKE



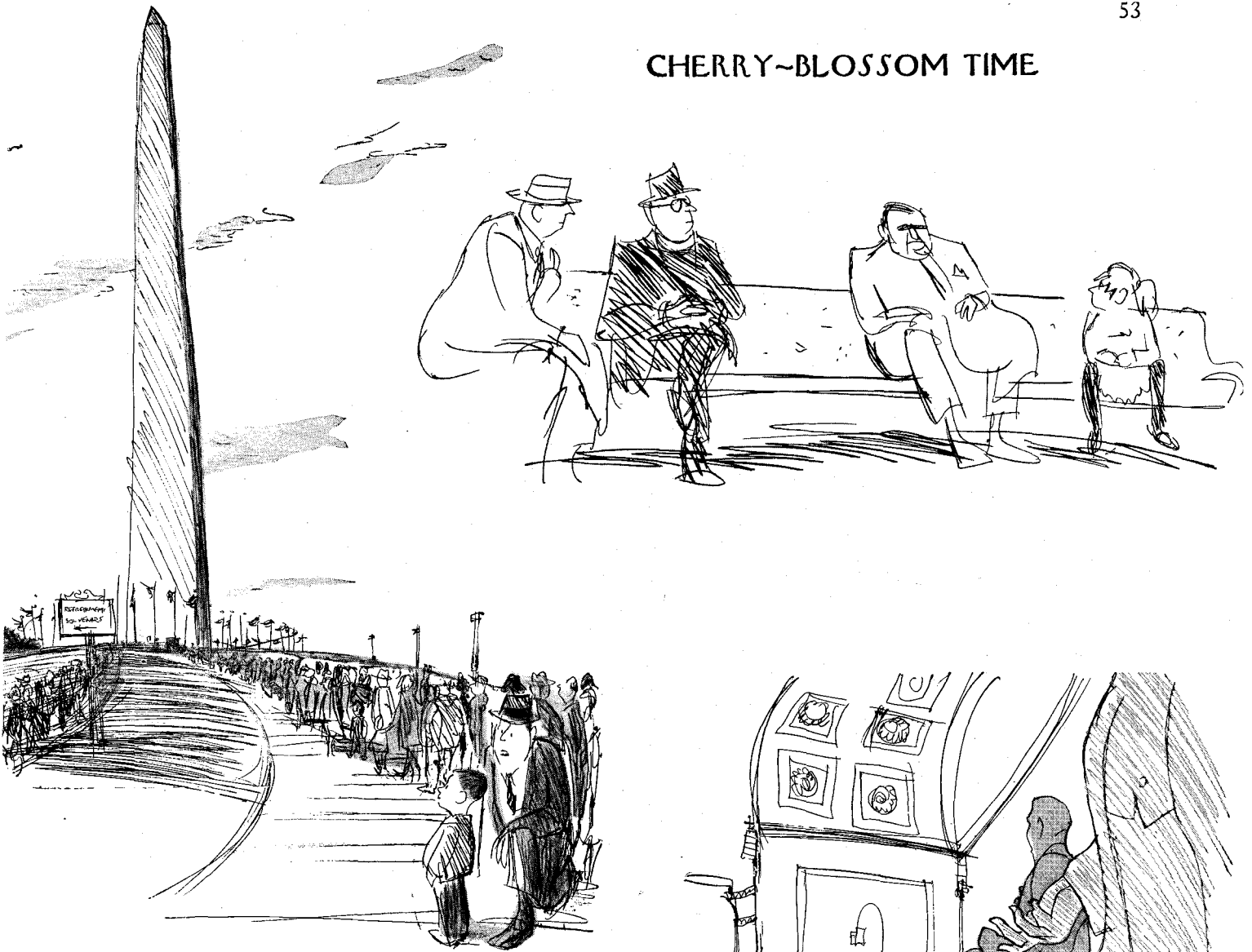
"Where's the F.B.I.?"



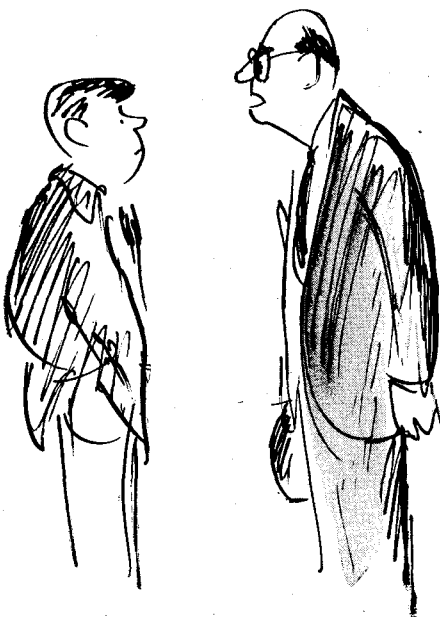
"And this, I suppose, is where all the hanky-panky goes on."



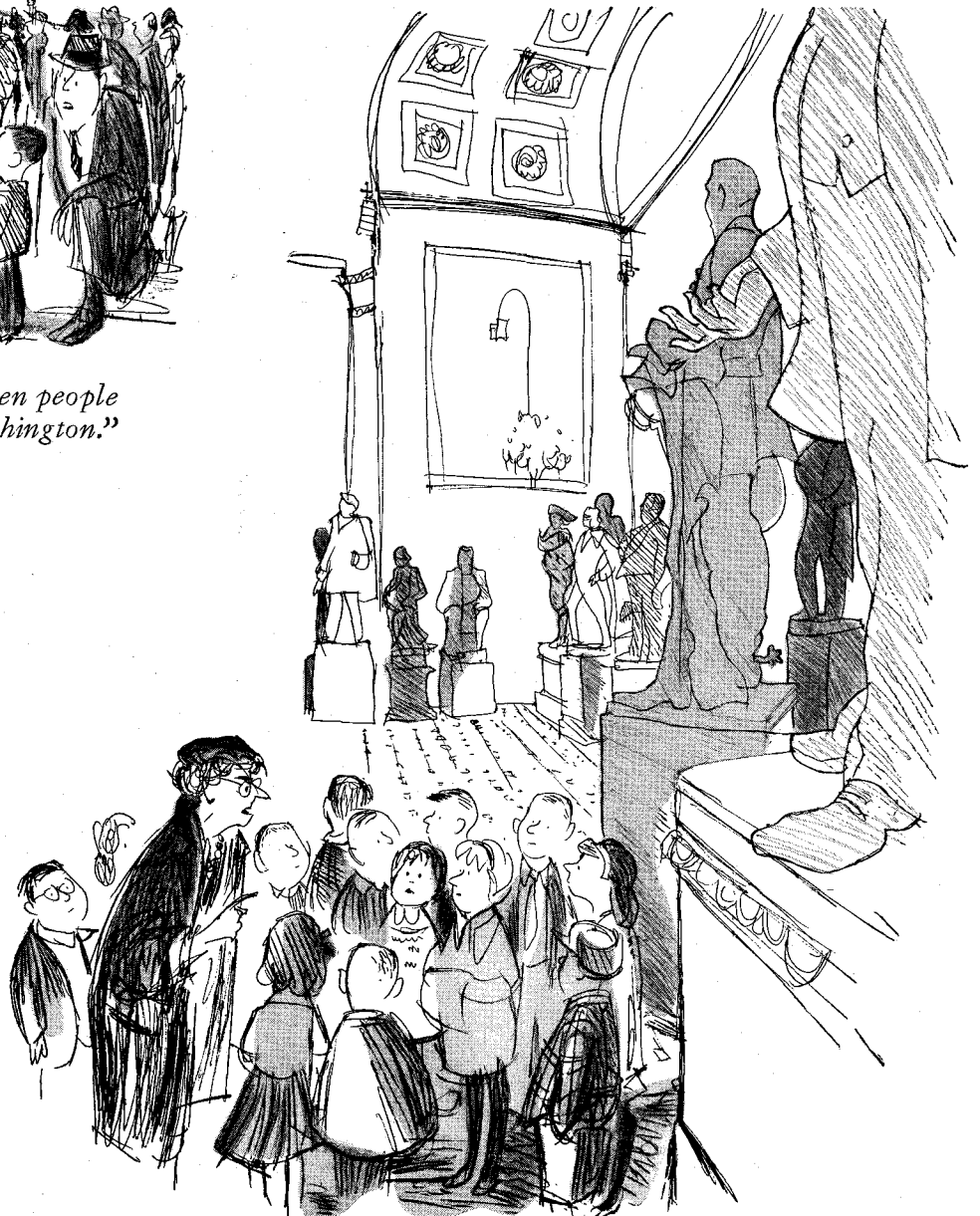
CHERRY-BLOSSOM TIME



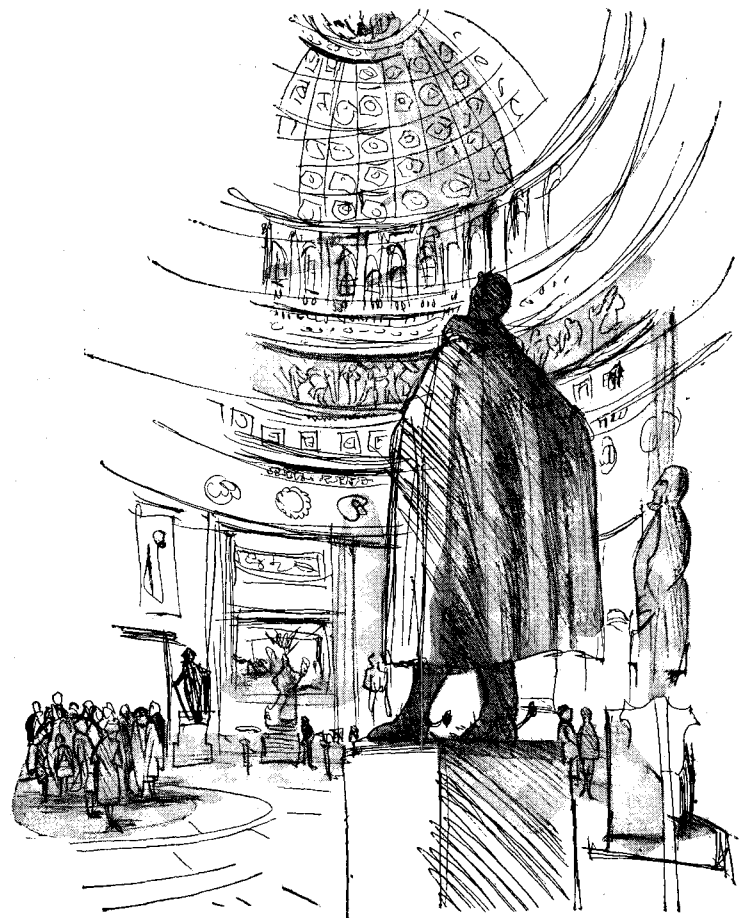
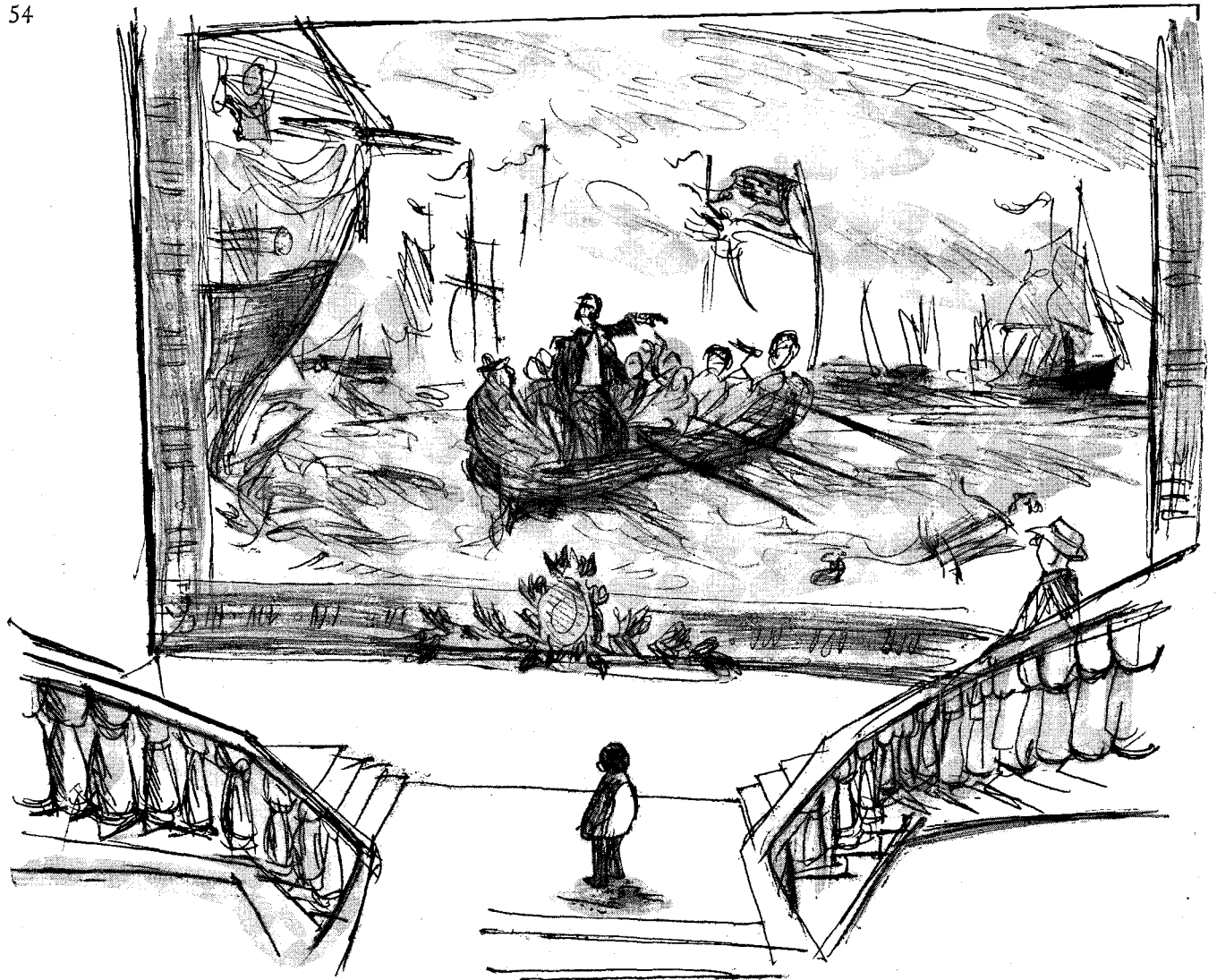
"Nobody lives in there. It's so that when people see it they'll remember George Washington."



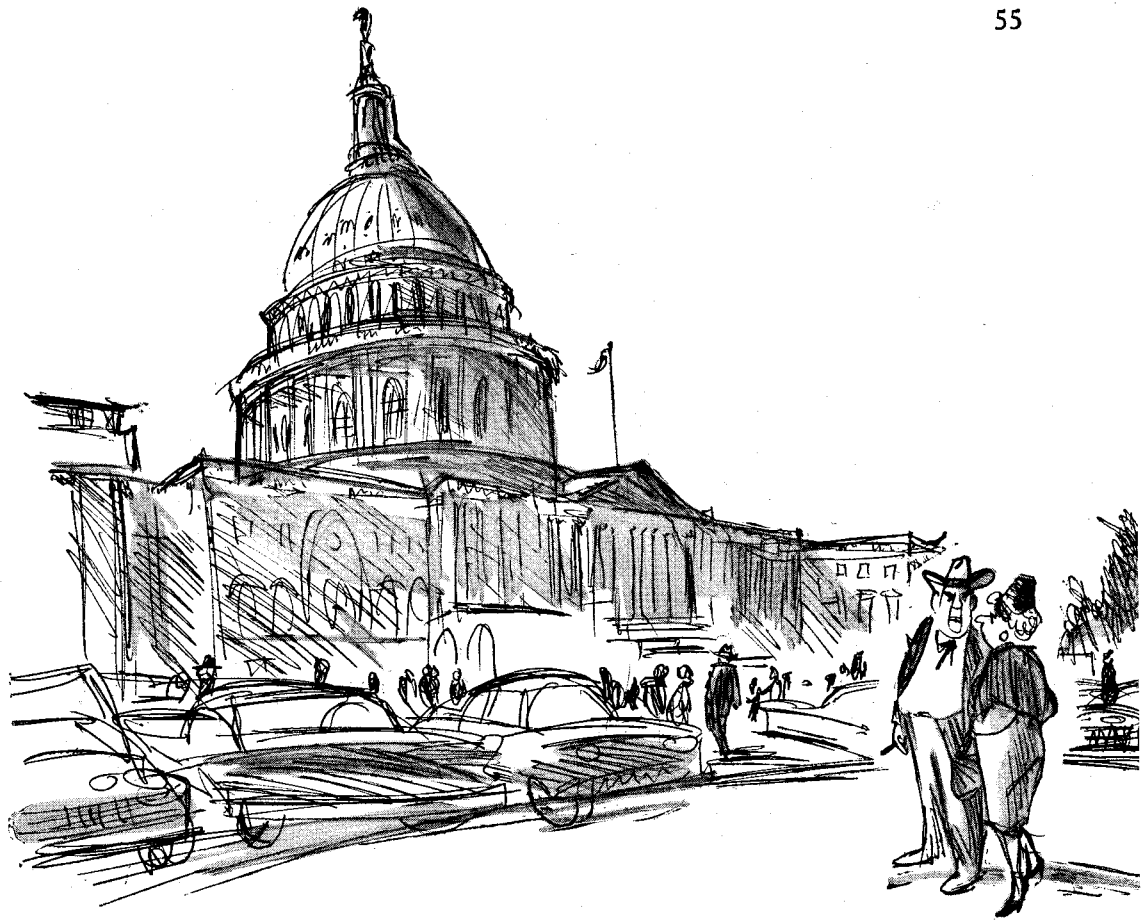
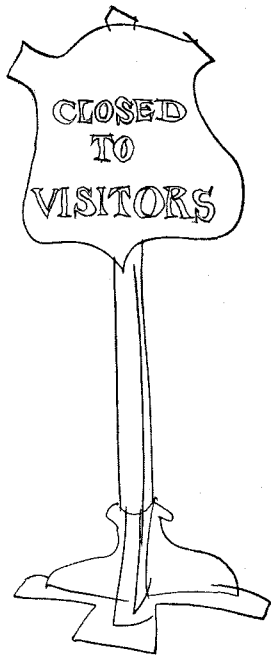
"If you really and truly think the National Gallery of Art is a drag, Irwin, perhaps you'd better march right back to the hotel!"



"No one leaves Statuary Hall till we find Ronald Baughman."



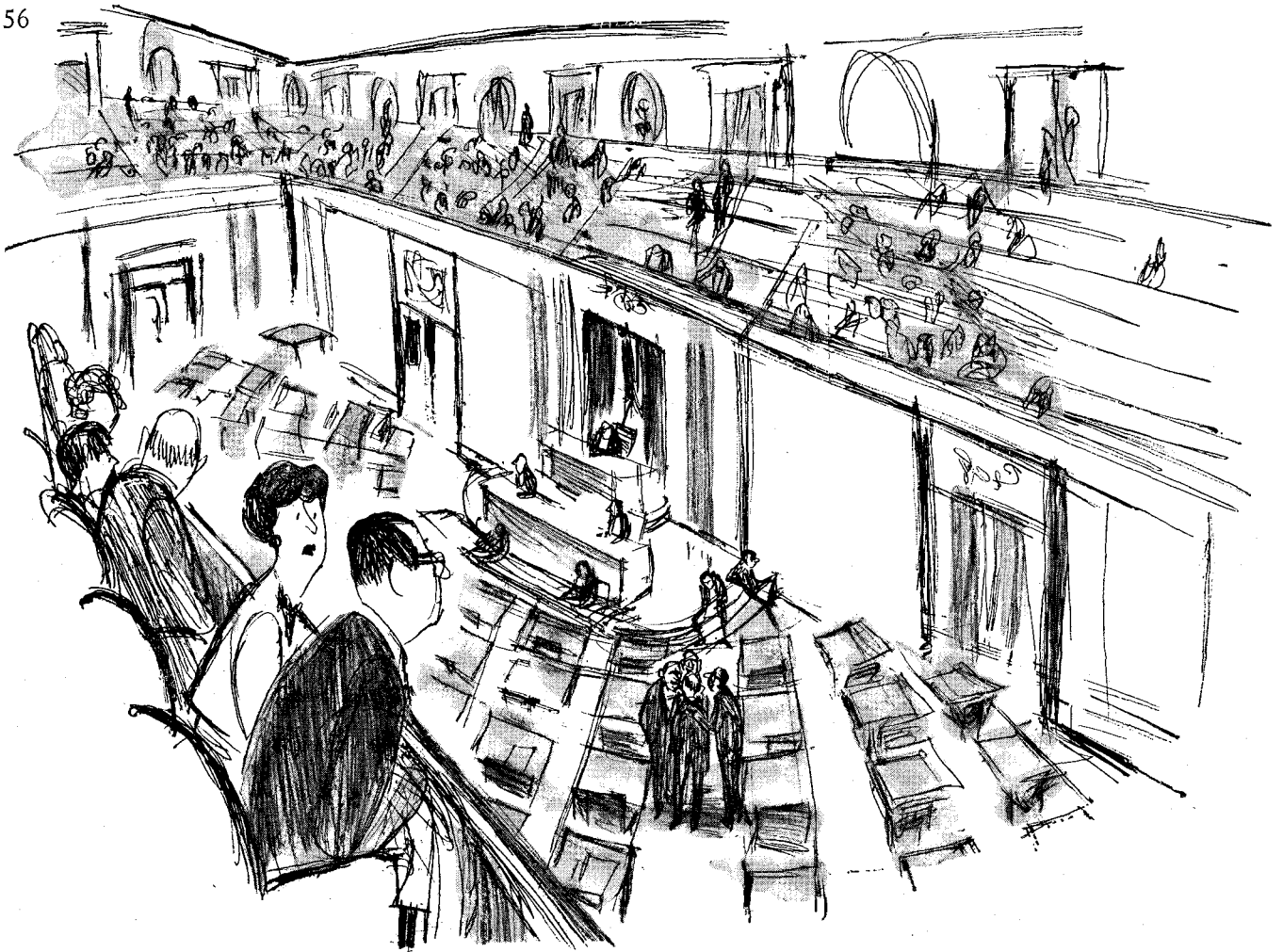
"But suppose we do get to shake hands with him. Then what do we say?"



*"It's a real comfort, honey, to know
that Barry Goldwater's watching out for us in there."*



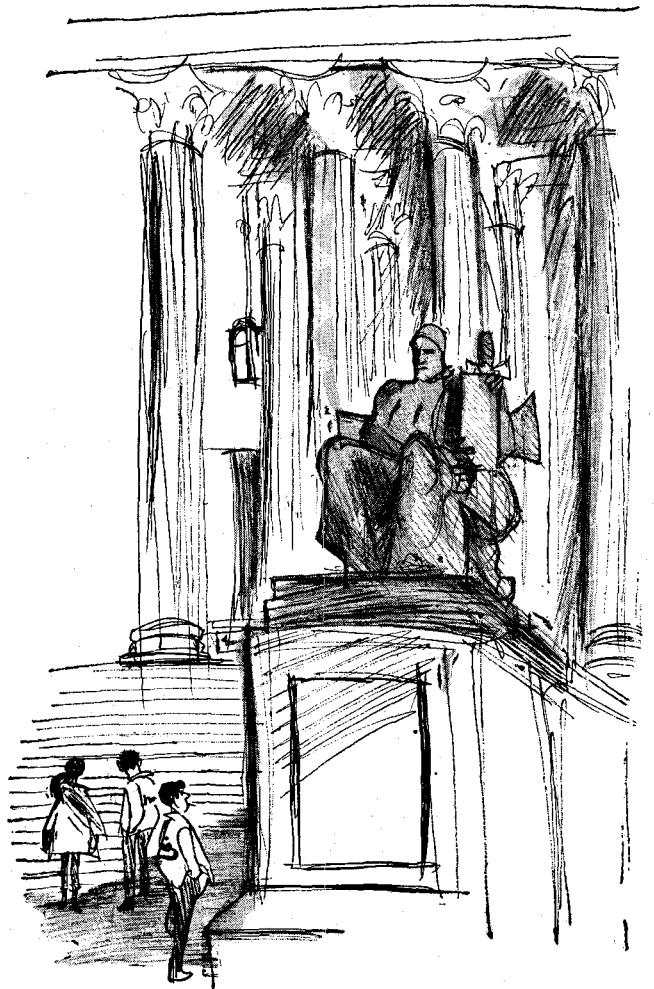
"We'll settle for him or her or Caroline or the baby."

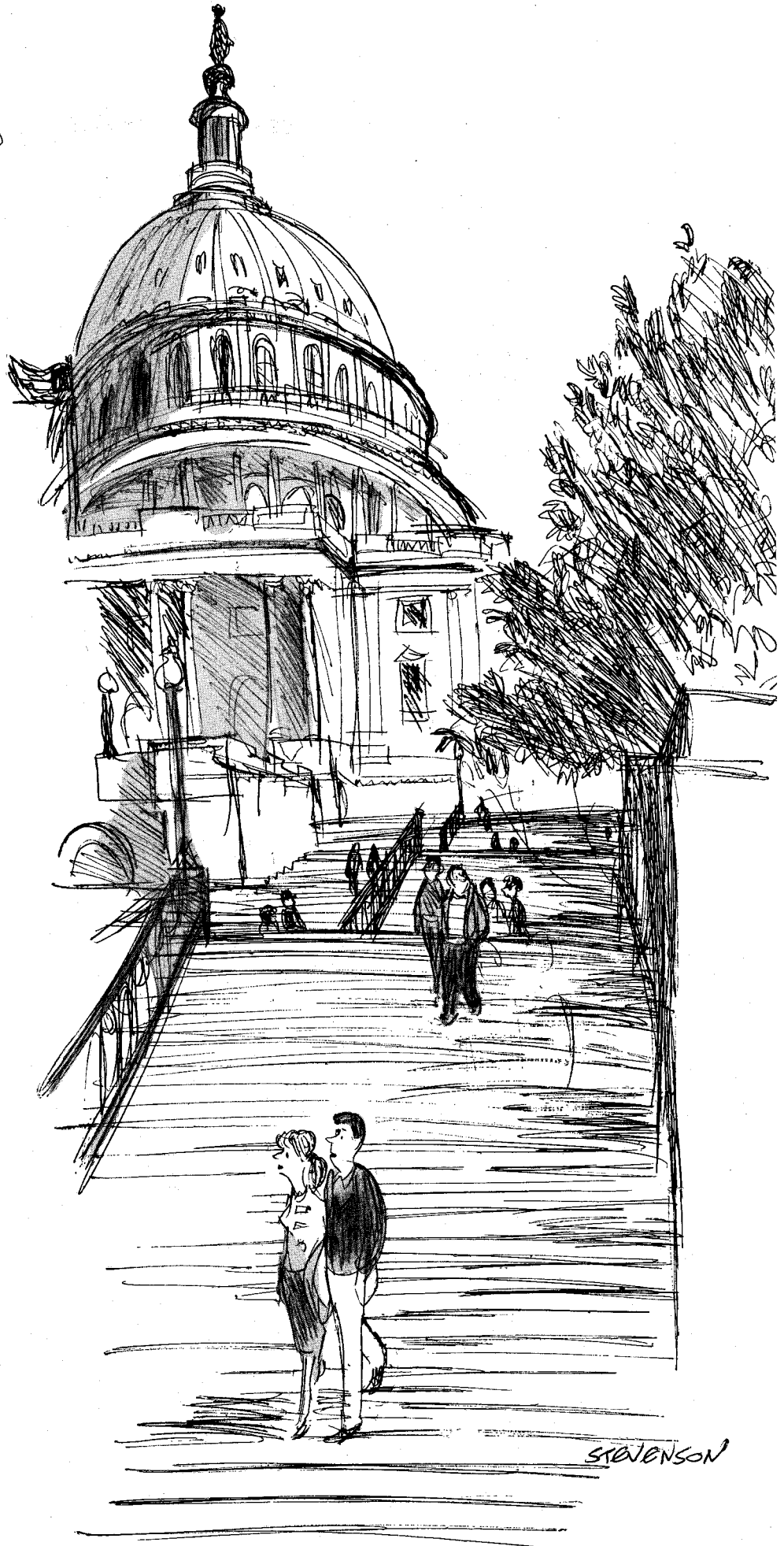
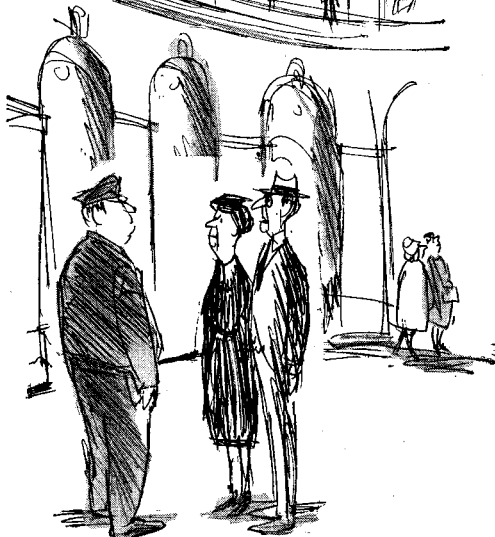
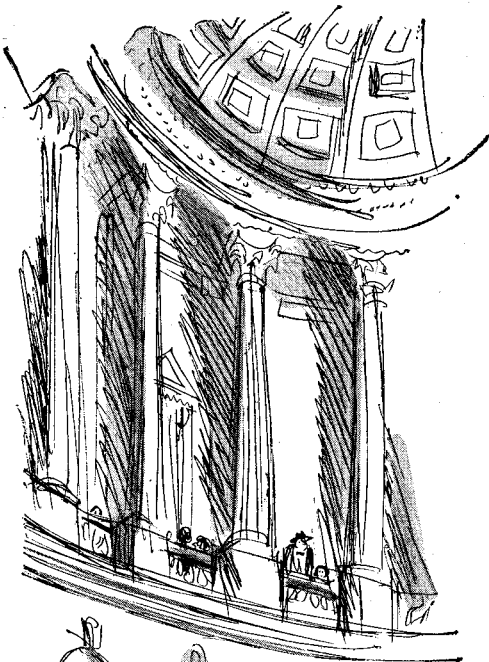


"It doesn't look like any New Frontier to me."



"What if right this minute somebody came over and told us they needed two more guys for Touch?"





*"We're from New Hampshire,
and we're looking for Senator
Bridges' office."*

"I think I'll run for the Student Council."

WOOLLAHRA ROAD

IDA was supposed to be having her nap, but when she heard a horse and cart coming down the street she got off the bed and climbed on the window seat to look out. The milkman came in the morning, and it was too early in the afternoon for the baker; a cart at this hour could only mean a hawker—and, sure enough, it was a man selling clothes props. The decrepit cart was laden with saplings of eucalyptus, roughly stripped and forked at one end.

"Props for fourpence." The horse dawdled down the road, pausing at each gate. "Props for fourpence." Nothing moved in the street, not even a dog. The day was hot and very dry. The prim gardens, the lank gum trees were deaf, motionless. "Props for fourpence." The cry was growing fainter.

The child, bored, went back to fetch a paint book and her doll, Rosie, from the crumpled pink coverlet. Returning to the window, she took up a crayon and did a little more work on a house she had been drawing. She added a plume of smoke to the chimney, be-

cause, although she could not remember ever having seen a smoking chimney, her picture books were full of them. Here in Australia, it seemed to have been summer all her life—breathless, burning days of drought. The pictures of smoking chimneys were like the snow scenes that arrived on cards from England each year during the Christmas heat wave—brief representations of that other, authoritative world where seasons were reversed (it was implied, correctly), and where children wore gaiters and mufflers and lived indoors.

The front garden, which the window overlooked, was on the shady side of the house, but even there the soft turf had died in the drought and been replaced by crisp, resistant buffalo grass, which also grew on the more exposed sides of the house. The steps were bordered with pink and blue hydrangeas, and with beds of fuchsia and daphne. Palm trees stood on the lawn. At the end of the short drive were red hibiscus and trees of wattle and frangipani. At the side, a wall covered with wilted

Dorothy Perkins roses separated this house from the Armstrongs'. Sometimes the Armstrong boys, Rex and Leslie, came to play. Rex was eleven and enormous, and quickly got bored with Ida because she was so little. He wore gray knickerbockers, and a blazer with a crest, and a straw boater circled by a broad, striped ribbon. The Armstrongs had kept Rex in a good school—"in spite of everything." The Armstrongs had lost all their money.

It was 1935, and Ida was four years old.

She would have liked to go into the garden, but her mother would be annoyed if she didn't sleep, and in any case the back of the house was more amusing. The back garden was huge, and had beds of flowers and vegetables and an orchard. A swing had been built in the orchard, and if you were swung high enough you could touch the mandarin trees by extending your feet. Beyond the orchard was a field of high grass forbidden to children because of snakes. The snakes occasionally came into the garden and had to be killed with a heavy stick that was

kept in the garage for the purpose. The grass of the field was cut down from time to time by Alfie, the man who did the garden, and lost cricket balls would turn up then, or an old kite, or singed rocket butts left over from Empire Night. The grass was never burned off now, because of the danger of fire.

Even the orchard and the garden had their perils. There were bees in the grove of Buddleia. In the mornings, kookaburras perched on the lowest branches of the trees, looking for lizards or worms, and would burst out laughing right over your head. And there was a gray goanna, like a short, thick snake, harmless but horrible, that came to the kitchen door to be fed by the maid, Marge, with raw eggs.

The perils of the back garden were so attractive that Ida turned her back on the window and slid down from the wooden seat. Taking Rosie up by one china arm, she made her way out of the



"Of course you're wearing a mask. *I'm* wearing a mask. We're all wearing masks."

room. The hallway was dark—blinds were drawn and doors closed at this time of day—and she descended the stairs carefully, grasping the rods of the banister with her free hand. From the foot of the steps, she went through to the back of the house, where a screen door opened from her father's study onto a glassed-in veranda.

It was hot on the veranda, but there sat her mother, in a blue dress, sewing. Her mother, who was dark and beautiful and very loving, had strong, impatient opinions, and a quick temper that flared without warning and was felt through the house. Ida was both afraid to be out of her sight and afraid of making her angry, and she creaked the screen door open and looked cautiously around it.

But her mother just smiled and let her come and sit on the polished floor beside her and play with the colored silks and reels of cotton in the quilted box. Ida lined them up in their varying sizes and then in their different shades, and when she tired of that she simply sat leaning against her mother's leg, rubbing with one finger the round button on the high-heeled shoe. The sun burned on them through the glass; her mother came here to sew because of the light, but she hated the heat, Ida knew. She couldn't breathe, she said, until the southerly started to blow in the evening—the cool south wind that reached Sydney from the sea. She couldn't bear to see the garden wither in the drought. One evening, she went out and watered the lawn, although that was prohibited because of the water shortage, and a passerby, seeing her with the hose, had shouted that he would report her to the City Council. Her mother threw down the hose in a fury, and came inside and said she was sick of the drought and the depression. When Marge told her it would get cooler soon, in May, she just shook her head and said she was homesick. On



"They're just testing the sirens, folks. The public is not required to participate."

the study wall there was a photograph of a girl in a fur coat standing in snow, like the Christmas cards.

JOCK, the Airedale, who was nosing about in the field, suddenly began to bark and came running up through the orchard. The abrupt activity shook the trees, or so it seemed, and sharpened the light. The shoe button shifted out from under Ida's finger as her mother rose to look through the glass of the veranda.

A woman had come round the corner of the house and was walking very slowly toward the back door. She was dressed in black and carried a large, square hessian bag that flapped, almost empty, against her thigh. Her slow, slow walk carried her past the flowers and the vegetables and the barking dog, but she didn't look about her. By her face and her figure she was not old, but her walk was old. Her feet moved pain-

fully on the smooth flagstone path. The uneven hem of her dress reached, in some places, almost to her ankles. She wore a round hat of black felt, crammed down on her head.

The kitchen door opened as she reached it, and Marge looked out. The dog slipped inside, still barking in little short puffs. The woman spoke, not accentuating her words with any movement, clasping the thick loops of the bag against her hip. Marge—short, plump, and fair—came out onto the step and closed the door behind her because of the flies. The voices came indistinctly through the hot glass of the veranda. In a moment, Marge opened the door again and both women disappeared into the house.

Ida and her mother had moved away from the windows; they heard Marge's step before they could sit down again. Marge appeared on the veranda,

her face creased and uneasy. Ida knew, before she spoke, that her voice would be lowered. It was so low, in fact, that the child could scarcely hear.

"Walking all day," she said, "poor soul . . . this heat . . . she's looking for work" and ". . . children . . ."

Ida's mother stuck the needle into the sewing in her hand and put it down on the chair. Her face, too, was troubled. She went inside, through the study and into the hall, with Marge and Ida following, and down the corridor to the kitchen.

The woman was standing by the kitchen table, still holding her bag. She looked austere at the group in the doorway. The skin of her face and arms was brown and dry, but she had young features and, under the battered hat, limp, dark hair. She didn't speak, but sat at the table when she was asked, and drank a glass of lemonade straight down without stopping. When she had done that, she seemed to sag in her chair; she propped her elbow on the table and her brow on her hand, and closed her eyes.

At the sink, the two women were slicing and spreading, and Marge had brought a jug of milk from the ice chest. Ida stretched her own elbow onto the table's edge, staring and wishing that the woman in black had not come. Her arrival had turned everyone silent and queer, and she did not look at Ida or speak to her, as women usually did, but sat there, almost lifeless, with the brim of her ugly hat lowered over her hand. After a moment, the child drew away and sat down on a box of groceries that had been delivered that day from Anthony Hordern's. Beside the groceries, Alfie had placed a shined pair of her father's shoes, and, putting Rosie down, she picked up one shoe and began to play with the laces. The heavy shoe slipped between her knees and distended the floral lap of her dress, but she pretended to be intent on it, hoping that when she looked up the woman would be preparing to leave.

Instead, her mother was putting plates on the table and a glass of milk, and the bowl of fruit from the dining room. No one paid any attention to Ida, even though she had dirtied her dress with the shoe, which she now tumbled back onto the floor. The woman began to eat from a plate of cold meat, with sharp motions of her fork and knife. She showed no sign of going away. Marge was making the strong tea, dark and bitter even when it had milk in it, that they had every afternoon, and a cup and saucer had been set on the table. Ida saw with relief that her mother's tea tray had also been laid—the tray

TO MY FELLOW-MARINERS, MARCH, '53

That odyssey? We three left Amherst late
Saturday morning, got to the Met late
In Isolde's narrative (and also late
In Traubel's Bing career), had dinner late,
And kept on going, going. Two A.M.,
Hagerstown, gas stop. Then, till eight, one snoozed
In back two hours, one drove, one death-sat
And kept awake to keep the driver awake.
Morn, Roanoke, speedometer cable broke.
Afternoon, Blue Ridge Parkway, sinuous sloth
Through sloshing fogs, our car sea-serpentine
Past Scenic Vistas, Scenic Overlooks
Overlooked, unseen, passed at no miles per hour.
Late afternoon, finally down and out
To solid rain, red rutted soil, green grass,
And spring vacation on a mountain near
The house where, two years earlier, we three
Discovered west North Carolina and
World's Edge, whereoff winds menacingly swept
Into a funnel valley down beneath
The quaking house that safely held us, where,
One leading, all three reading parts aloud,
Two of us first read and loved "The Dead."
We found the house had burned. It still survives
Only in ashes, ashes of our lives.

—THOMAS WHITBREAD

with willow-pattern china and a plate of Arnott's biscuits that was carried to the back veranda every afternoon.

When the tea was ready, her mother filled the cup on the table and her own cup on the tray. In an undertone, she asked Marge to fetch some tinned food from the basement. Then she picked up the tray herself and went out of the kitchen so quickly that Ida, who was afraid of being left with the woman at the table, jumped up and scuttled out after her.

The dog, stretched out on a patch of uncarpeted floor in the study, scrambled

to his feet as they passed through, and pattered onto the veranda. He and Ida were allowed one biscuit each from the tea tray—which always meant one more. Ida took up her position by her mother's chair, wondering if the ritual would restore their afternoon. But her mother was not thinking of her; she was frowning over the dishes on the little cane table at her side. When Ida looked at her, she handed her a biscuit absent-mindedly, and broke one in half for Jock, and sighed.

THE mother and child might have been sheltering there, they were so still, when the kitchen door clanged at last and the slow, flat steps sounded on the path. The steps grew fainter, until they could not be heard at all, and Ida thought that her mother would smile now and give her the second biscuit. Even Marge was relieved, it seemed, singing in the kitchen a song she would not ordinarily have chosen: "K-K-K-Katy." She sang this only when she was unnerved, because it was disrespectful; Kate was the name of Ida's mother.

"...the only g-g-g-girl that I adore," Marge sang.

Ida looked warily at her mother, who smiled at last—almost with complicity—and reached toward the plate.

The singing suddenly broke off. "Oh!" said Marge. "Oh, Madam!"

As her mother started up, Ida had





"Caramba! If this had been for real, I'd have made a hundred and eighty million pesos."

once more the impression that the light changed. There was barely time to reach the doorway before Marge appeared there.

"Oh, Madam, please come!" she was saying. "That woman..." and they all hurried after her into the house.

The kitchen was orderly, the table cleared, instead of the scene of carnage Ida expected. You wouldn't have known the woman had been there. But where the shoes had lain, and the doll,

there was nothing at all—just the shiny green speckles of the linoleum.

"Rosie!" Ida howled in rage and horror. "Rosie!" Rosie, at that moment, was shuddering along Woollahra Road in a hessian bag, jostled by a pair of shoes. Appalled, the child flung herself round to be comforted, and as she did so it occurred to her that now her mother would get really, terribly angry—even worse than over the business of the hose, angrier than Ida herself.

But her mother seated herself at the table, where the strange woman had sat, and lowered her brow on her propped hand. She did not utter a word.

—SHIRLEY HAZZARD

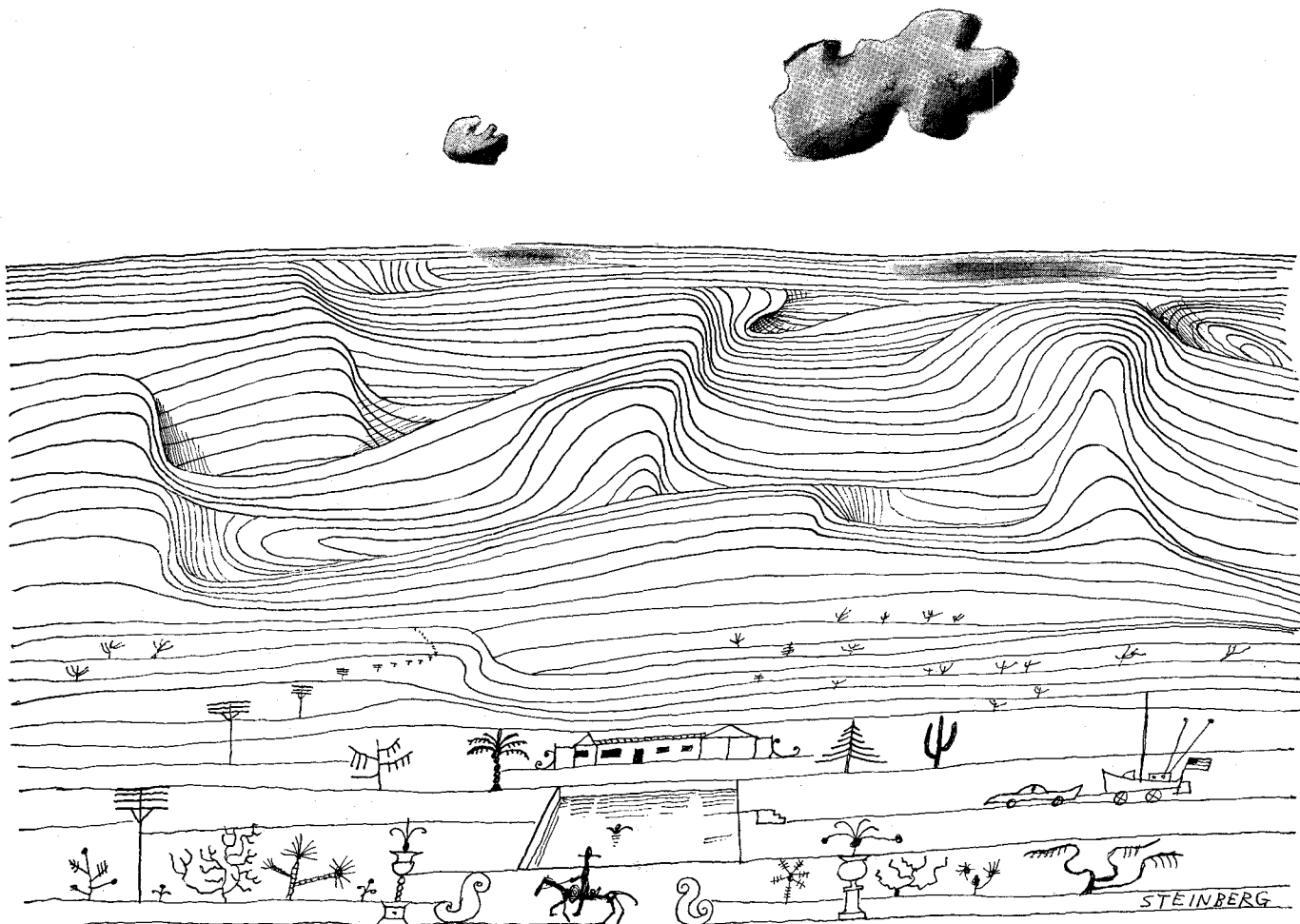
Heresy is a poor basis for choosing a candid photographer. See his work before you sign.—*From a list of suggestions to brides in the Boston Herald.*

And ask him a few pointed questions.

P R O F I L E S

THE SUPER-AMERICAN STATE

IV-YOU AND NON-YOU



JUDGED by the way we live now, Texas millionaires, taken together, are quite adequately housed. Still, it must be acknowledged that their shelter, compared with that of the less repressed rich who graced the American scene at the turn of the century—the original millionaires, so to speak—comes dangerously close to substandard. Consider the living accommodations of Leo Corrigan, a Dallas real-estate operator worth something over a half a billion dollars. He lives in a neat suburban house, built in 1929 on a hundred-foot lot, that has nine rooms and two baths, and cost forty thousand dollars. That is just sixty-six rooms, thirty-eight baths, and four million nine hundred and sixty thousand dollars less than went into the dwelling that Charles Schwab put up in 1905 on Riverside Drive. To be sure, Schwab's place had a few conveniences Corrigan has denied himself, such as a swimming pool of Carrara marble, a gymnasium, bowling alleys in one of the sub-basements, a billiard room with

ten tables, and a private chapel containing a marble altar that cost precisely what Corrigan paid for his house and lot. Another latter-day millionaire, Jake Hamon, lives a few miles away from Corrigan in a white Colonial frame house for which he put out forty-seven thousand dollars in 1946, or approximately seventeen million dollars less than Henry Clay Frick did for his block-square marble-and-limestone quarters on Fifth Avenue. The place that Algur H. Meadows, one of the richest oilmen in Texas, calls home is an English Tudor stone-and-brick structure, set on some five suburban acres, that real-estate men figure might sell for as much as five hundred thousand—the sum that another oilman, John D. Rockefeller, Sr., spent every year to maintain his seven-thousand-acre, thirty-million-dollar spread near Tarrytown. B. G. Byars, of Tyler, lives the year round in a house of sixteen rooms, or not quite half as many as Cornelius Vanderbilt provided

for servants in his five-million-dollar Newport cottage, which he used ten weeks of the year. Early in 1960, John Mecom, of Houston, picked up some cash by selling a fraction of his oil properties for an even twenty-seven million, but he has been content to stay on in his eighteen-room château-type residence, which would have fitted handily into Edward Stotesbury's hundred-and-thirty-room Whitmarsh Hall, in Philadelphia, with ample space left over to hold half a dozen other Super-Americans' residences, including the one belonging to H. L. Hunt, who is first in assets among his fellow-oilmen and lives in an outsize replica of Mount Vernon that needs painting.

In their preference for shelter that would have been considered embarrassingly modest by the original millionaires, the Super-Americans are simply reflecting the current tendency of the rich everywhere to favor the soft pedal in public performance. But here again some Texas millionaires carry the thing

too far, not only in holding on to old low-cost houses but also in building new ones. At a time when the national average spent on millionaires' new houses is, according to *Fortune*, roughly two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, a substantial number of Texas millionaires are skinning by with places that cost half that much. As a rule, the bargain hunters choose a contractor-built ranch-style house with twelve or fourteen rooms, an attached two-car garage, and a basic price of around a hundred thousand, to which twenty-five thousand is usually added for various extras, such as a swimming pool and sunken bathtubs. These unassuming structures, stretched out next to one another in suburban developments, are so similar in design that they can hardly avoid looking like de-luxe row houses. "For these people, buying a house is like buying a car," a Texas architect once said. "They want to see the finished product before they put down their money." The assembly-line quality of much Super-American housing makes a quick and puzzling impression on visitors who have a special interest in the subject, such as William Haines, the former movie star, now in the decorating business. How does it happen, he asked his Fort Worth friend Edmund Schenecker, the founder and president of one of the largest trucking concerns in the Southwest, that Texas millionaires exhibit taste in clothes, paintings, music, and many other things and yet build houses that are—especially in relation to the means available—generally quite ordinary? "Well, you've got to remember that down here we're not too far removed from the log cabin," Schenecker replied amiably.

While the majority of Super-Americans' dwellings may be as basically conventional as the log cabin, a host of others display a fine distinctive touch, the Scheneckers' among them. It was designed in the shape of a fan, and was decorated by Mr. Haines, who installed a waterfall over the dining-room fireplace. Haines was later engaged by the Scheneckers' friends the Robert Windfohrs to re-style their traditional

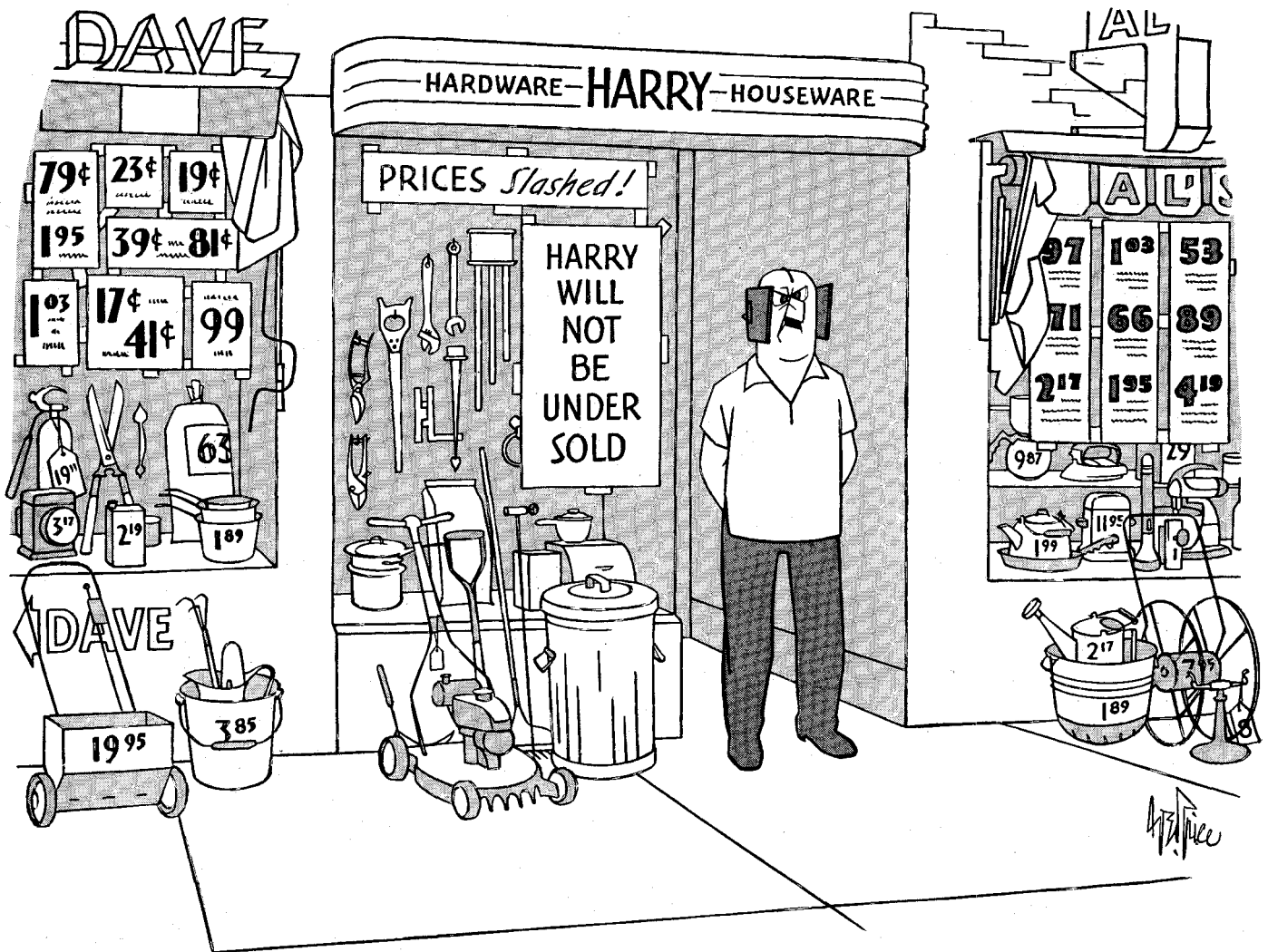
house, which he transformed into a Super-American show place by adding an enormous wing, known as the Pavilion, which is made up of a gallery, a solarium, a game room, and a bar, all with floor-to-ceiling glass windows and terrazzo floors, and all so subtly connected as to give one the feeling of being in a single airy, almost limitless room. In decorating the addition, Haines was not without the help of Mrs. Windfohr, a woman of taste and purpose who is sometimes referred to by her friends, with affectionate awe, as Anne the Great; a lifelong art collector, she had on hand a number of useful objects to set off the Pavilion, including some exquisite pieces of Oriental sculpture, and paintings by Rouault, Picasso, and company. Another remarkable Fort Worth dwelling, the Andrew Fullers' unmonotonous contemporary house, contains no square or rectangular rooms; instead, the library is circular, the dining room is diamond-shaped, and the rest of the rooms are otherwise variously formed in order to achieve what the architect considered the best use of the site. Frank Lloyd Wright is represented by two houses in Super-America; he came close to building more. At one time or another, several of the up-to-date natives toyed with the idea of having the Mas-

ter build them a place and some went as far as to commission plans, but the projects always foundered. In the last decade of his life, Wright finally came upon two Texas millionaires willing to go all the way—John Gillin, of Dallas, and William Thaxton, Jr., of Houston—and each, after the customary delay of a few years caused by unexpected construction problems, such as finding the building site to be of solid rock, has moved into his new abode, content in the knowledge that he inhabits not only, as Wright put it, "the finest residential example of organic architecture" but "one of the world's most beautiful homes."

Easily the most impressive collection of traditional houses in Super-America is situated in the River Oaks section of Houston, which dates as a residential area from the early twenties, when Will Hogg, son of the renowned Governor of Texas, and a few other prominent citizens founded the River Oaks Country Club and divided some twelve hundred acres around it into plots for members' residences. Developers subsequently built on all sides of the original tract, with the result that the area now generally known as River Oaks covers roughly five thousand acres. Wooded, intersected by wide,



"It's spring, but my fancy's not turning."



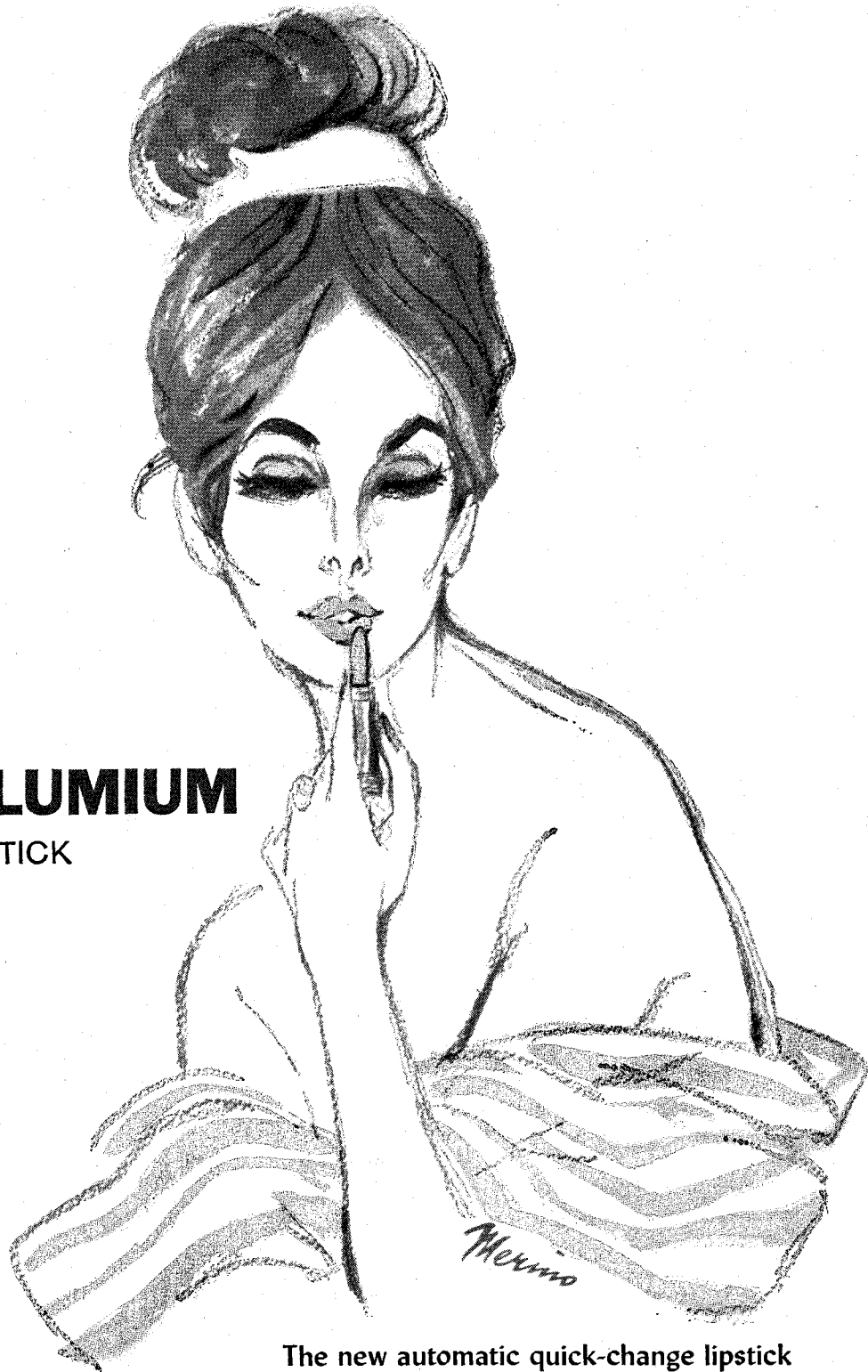
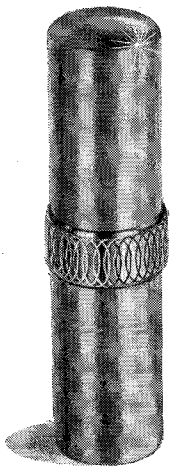
curving streets, and meticulously maintained, they are probably the most attractive five thousand residential acres in the country. They contain some five thousand houses, on pieces of property running from half an acre up to fourteen acres. An average-size lot sold recently for thirty-five thousand dollars. Houses in River Oaks also fetch respectable prices. The Herbert Townsends, upon moving to Paris early in 1960, put theirs—a five-year-old place with a master bathroom done in turquoise mosaic, “to match Mrs. Townsend’s eyes”—on the market for three hundred and forty-five thousand dollars. Others have cost more to build, such as the massive English Regency dwelling designed for Hugh Roy Cullen by John Staub, who was also the architect for the estimable residence of Miss Ima Hogg. An architectural reflection of its occupant, this little mansion, done in the manner of a Louisiana plantation house and situated amid fifteen acres of magnificent gardens, has great dignity and charm, and no pretension. These qualities are also apparent, and for the same reason, in the most appealing contemporary house in River Oaks—the hand-

some residence designed by Philip Johnson for the John de Menils. More than one guest approaching its classically simple façade of soft-red brick broken only by a pair of glass doors has found the house suggestive of a museum of modern art, and so has not, upon entering, been astonished to find that it is just that. The de Menils, both of whom are French by birth (she is from what an English acquaintance has called “the *haute-société-protestante* Schlumberger family”), are among the country’s leading collectors. Not all of their pictures are in their River Oaks house, for the de Menils (along with the majority of Super-Americans) have a few other places to live, including an apartment in New York and another in Paris. The de Menils have not, however, fully developed the knack that some indigenous wheeler-dealers have for diversifying their shelters as widely as their investments. In both respects, Clint Murchison has been a trail blazer. The place that he called home for about a quarter of a century was a comfortable twenty-five-room Dutch Colonial house just outside Dallas, which he had built by two brickmasons and a carpenter in

1936 for about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The house had nine bedrooms, one with eight beds—“so a group of us boys can talk oil all night,” Murchison once explained. Last year, he and his elder son John, who had been living with his wife and three children in a twelve-room house, did a little interfamily wheeling and dealing and wound up trading houses. When the elder Murchison feels like getting away from it all, which is often enough so that his wife has learned how to pack up on ten minutes’ notice, he has to make a choice. If he wants a very short trip, he drives out to his Bluebird Farm, about forty miles from Dallas. If he wants to fish, he climbs into his private plane and flies down to El Toro, his thousand-acre island in the Gulf of Mexico. If he wants to go to the track, he flies out to California and drops in at Del Mar, putting up in nearby La Jolla at the Del Charro Hotel, which he owns. If he hankers for privacy, he tells the pilot to head for Acuña Ranch, his seventy-five-thousand-acre ranch deep in Mexico’s Sierra Madre mountains. The Murchisons and their guests are obliged to fly into this retreat, since the nearest

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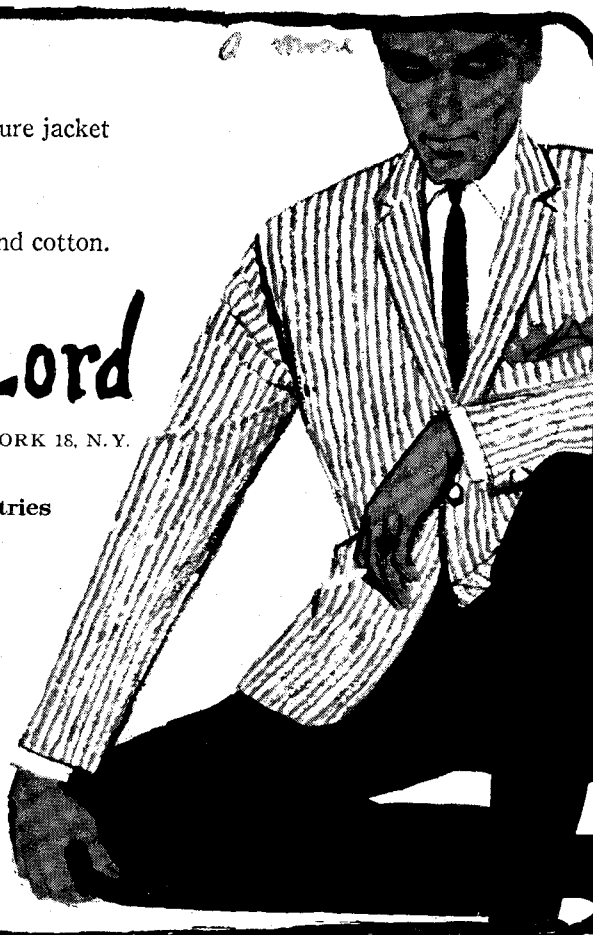
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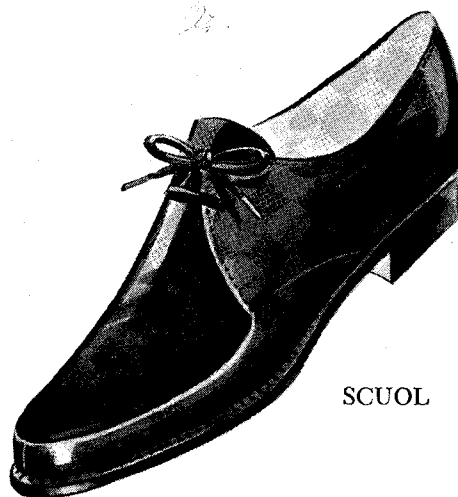
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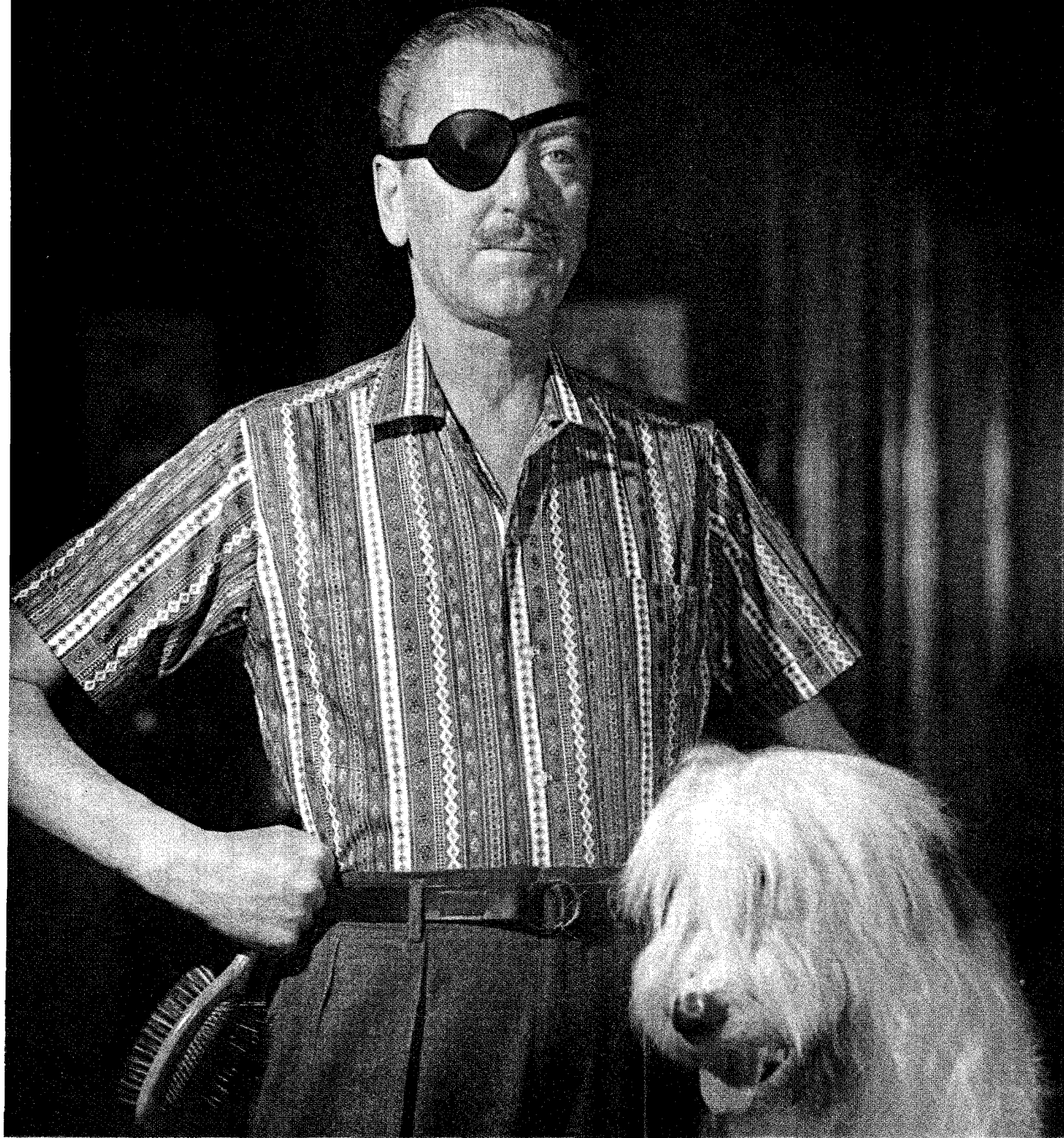
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highway is about forty miles distant and the ranch can be reached only over trails almost impassable by cars. When Murchison acquired the property, there was nothing on it but grassy hills, trees, and an abundance of deer, quail, wild turkeys, and other game. Under his supervision, a twenty-room U-shaped ranch house was built of native stone hand-carved by Mexican artisans. Practically everything that went into the house, aside from plumbing fixtures, kitchen equipment, and plate-glass picture windows—which were shipped from the United States and carted in—was made at the ranch from local materials. When, in 1953, Murchison developed an interest in using scientific methods to revive worn-out land, he wound up, not unexpectedly, with still another place, this one consisting of two thousand acres in East Texas near Athens, his birthplace. Marshalling a small army of men and machines, he cut a road system through the woods, cleared a thirty-three-hundred-foot landing strip, dammed a stream, made a lake and stocked it with fish, built a house for the manager of the property and a rambling glass-walled, cork-floored contemporary one for himself, and landscaped the place with transplanted oaks, magnolias, and pines. He also set out ten thousand pine seedlings and ten thousand strawberry plants. ("Clint does almost everything by ten thousands," one of his friends has explained.) The Athens property, which now has six privately stocked lakes, has been transformed from a sorry wasteland into a flourishing show place, and Murchison goes there often. "Some men got to have their feet in the city," he has said. "I've got to have mine in the soil." This sentiment is shared by John Murchison and his attractive wife, who have also built a contemporary house on the site, overlooking a swimming pool. Murchison's other son, Clint, Jr., likes to keep his feet firmly in Dallas, where he recently put up a one-story house that spreads over an acre of ground; contains two dining rooms and a children's wing, among other conveniences; and, according to informed estimates, cost about a million dollars. This figure includes the expense of landscaping the twenty-five acres around the house and the installation of three swimming pools, of varying depths, connected in a cloverleaf pattern. Since the majority of second-generation millionaires make an obvious point of choosing relatively modest shelter, the younger Clint's new quarters have raised an eyebrow here and there among his contemporaries. His older



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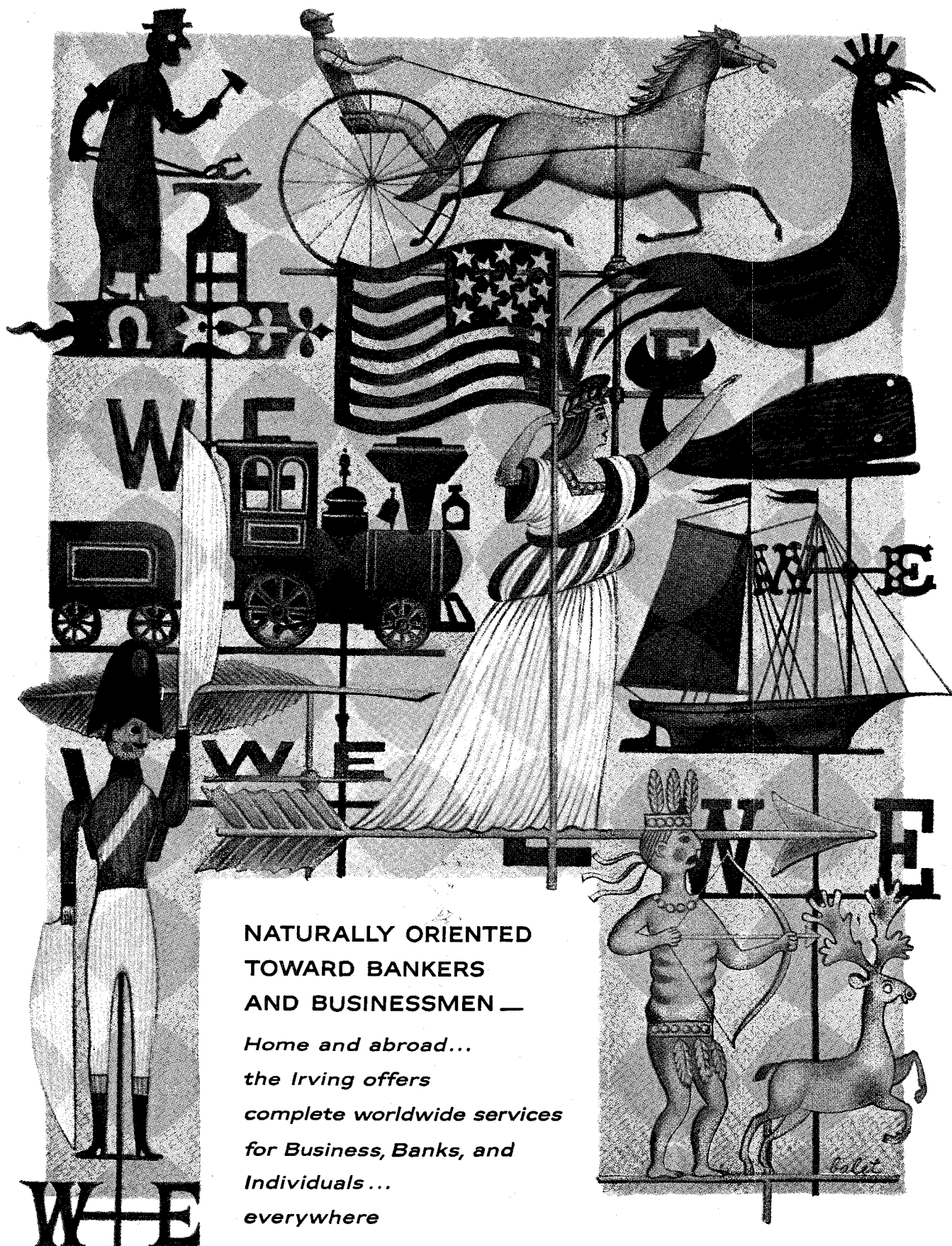
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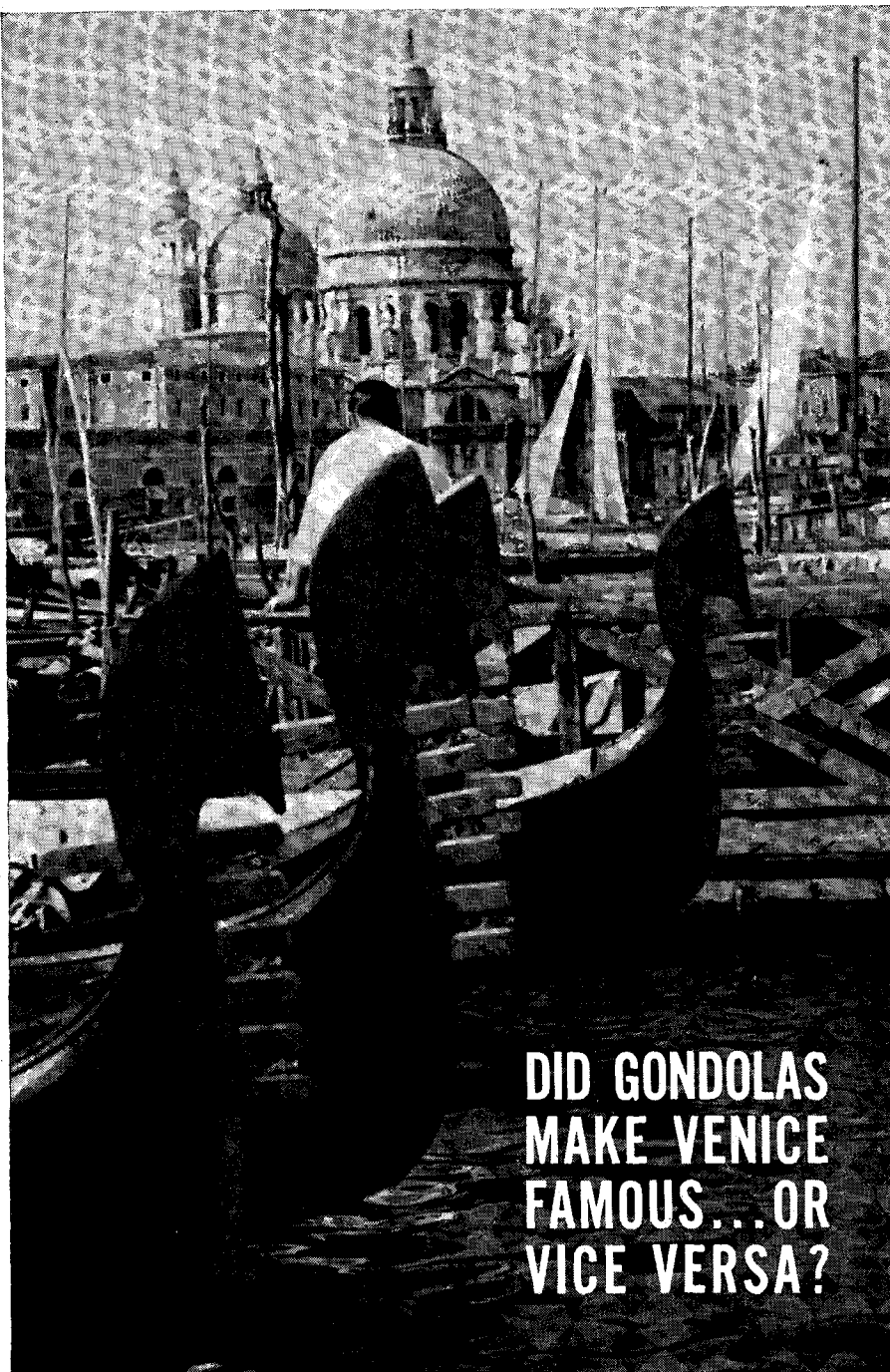
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friends are more understanding. "After all," one of them has said, "it's the only place he's got."

Perhaps because they have so many opportunities for practice, Texas millionaires often display an unusual talent for performing that indigenous American rite, the showing of the house. This rather formalized ceremony has been commented on by Europeans, who are likely to know people for years without once being invited to their homes, much less shown around them. "The Englishman," Walter Lionel George said, "is not accustomed to the spaciousness of American hospitality. We are not accustomed to being shown a house in detail—the labor-saving appliances at work; told the story of the pieces of furniture, of the pictures. The Americans are never weary of this, because their vitality is enormous." None are more vital than the hospitable Texas millionaires, who do a house-showing with remarkable thoroughness, even to opening closets for inspection. A Super-American in Wichita Falls invited a few hundred guests to a housewarming and, being unable to give each the usual personally conducted tour, considerately turned on the lights in all the closets and left the doors open, thus permitting a check not only on the house but on the owners' clothing, linen, and luggage. A visitor who had been treated to an exceptionally intensive house-and-grounds showing in Fort Worth was touched when his host, putting his hand on still one more doorknob, asked, "Would you care to see the basement?" (air-conditioning machinery, small gymnasium, indifferently stocked wine cellar).

It is not unusual for devotees who have witnessed house-showings in various parts of Super-America to come away with the impression of having seen, again and again, an almost identical collection of expensively furnished model rooms. The lack is not of taste, only of style. Often handsome, the houses are generally as impersonal as a calendar, and could belong to anybody with money. But not all of them, of course. The impeccable collection of Early American furniture with which Miss Ima Hogg has decorated her house expresses her innate sense of style no less than the ermine jacket she wears to the opening of the Symphony, and a relaxed assurance and a kind of careless grace are also implicit throughout the de Menils' house. Yet for every house that strikes a blow for a sane decorator policy there are a dozen that look as if they had been furnished à la Conrad Hilton, to suit well-heeled interchange-



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able tenants. The sense of standardization stems largely from the fact that, with a very few exceptions, most Super-American women have their houses done by decorators, whose word is followed with awed obedience. In a Dallas house, a decorator set a vase on the mantel; to make sure the ornament would always be returned, after dusting, to just the right place, the hostess immediately pencilled a circle around its base. In a Houston house, a decorator installed an exceptionally long sofa and scattered along its back a great many small pillows of different colors. "But what happens if they get mixed up?" the worried chatelaine asked. She was given a color chart showing the proper position of each pillow. The decorators' informal monopoly may also account for the fact that the interior colors in Super-American houses seem to be restricted to tones of sandy beige, like the landscape itself, and are therefore hardly productive of *esprit décor*. One spot of color in many houses is provided by an oil portrait of the owner, sometimes in the direct line of sight of a visitor coming in the front door. Another feature common to Super-American houses is a hi-fi system to provide music in most rooms and around the pool—which is also standard equipment. Still another, of course, is air-conditioning. All the millionaires' houses are supplied with an air-conditioning system, and some, like the Andrew Bradfords' new pink stucco Party House, in Midland, with two systems, in case one should break down. Since efficient air-conditioning depends on it, windows are generally kept closed and, in addition, are shaded with draperies, Venetian blinds, or awnings, and sometimes with all three. The result is that Super-America, which has more air-conditioned houses than any other state, is developing a race accustomed to living in perpetual semi-darkness. Super-Americans are also demonstrating that it is possible to sustain life over long periods while drawing only an occasional breath of fresh air, for it is not only their houses and clubs that are air-conditioned but also their cars, stores, theatres, diners and barbecue stands, garages, restaurants, hotels, banks and office buildings, museums, hospitals (human as well as dog-and-cat), and practically every other inhabitable facility. One day last August, the Dallas *News* columnist Paul Crume has reported, a Dallas matron, feeling that she had been spending too much time indoors, left her air-conditioned house, drove her air-conditioned car to the air-conditioned lodge of some friends at Lake Texoma, and spent a



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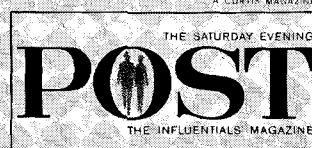
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Since the land, which in general is as ornery as the climate, also calls for conditioning, landscape architects come close to being Super-America's indispensable citizens. They are also apt to be among a millionaire's best friends. Marie Berger, who, with her late husband, Arthur, has probably done the most notable landscaping in the area, could, if she wished, spend all her leisure time in the company of millionaires with whom she has dealt professionally. Joseph Lambert, officially not a landscape architect ("Just a bushman," he says) but no doubt the most popular earth mover and shaker, is on friendly terms with so many millionaires that he drops their names as casually and inoffensively as he does a customer who shows a base inclination to put money before beauty. The California landscape architect Thomas Church is "Tommy" to a number of Texas millionaires whose earth he has transmuted. It is customary for a Super-American landscaper to refer to a professional assignment as "doing a garden," a term that, in local usage, means landscaping all the property around a residence, including the walks, swimming pools, fountains, dining patios, and other usual embellishments. Thus, to do a garden in Super-America generally demands more than a green thumb. For example, when Paul Moss, a lawyer and rancher who lives in drought-prone West Texas, asked the Bergers to do his garden, he said he wanted fifty-seven acres of lawn. Easily arranged, the Bergers said, though the occasional absence of rainfall for a few years at a time might make a maintenance problem. "If you can plant the grass," Moss said, "I can take care of it." The Bergers could and did, and so, with a sprinkling system supplied by half a dozen new wells, has Moss. To complement the E. L. DeGolyers' residence (described variously as a "massive fortresslike hacienda," as a "Mexican-style palace," and, by DeGolyer himself, as "a Los Angeles architect's idea of what a Mexican rancher should have if he struck oil"), the Bergers designed a widely celebrated tropical garden, complete with producing banana trees. The leading exhibit in the ten-acre garden of H. Lutch Brown, a San Antonio oilman, is a large walled area planted exclusively with white azaleas. In the past, Brown has lavished time and money on the garden, even building a plant to acidize the water used in it. Recently, however, his neighbors have heard he has become so concerned about



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the future of capitalism in this country that he is contemplating economy measures—shutting down the acidizing plant, among others—even though, according to another San Antonio capitalist, he replenished his cash position a while ago by selling one of his companies for ninety million dollars. Thrift was not the first consideration in the assignment handed the Bergers by Charles F. Urschel, another San Antonio oilman. Urschel—who figured in the news in 1933, when he was kidnapped by George (Machine Gun) Kelly and released after the payment of a two-hundred-thousand-dollar ransom—decided a few years ago to build a new house, and picked a site that had a splendid view but was otherwise somewhat unpromising, the entire tract being sheer rock. "There wasn't an ounce of topsoil on it," Arthur Berger once recalled. "That didn't bother us—we just brought topsoil in by the ton—but the planting was a little difficult." Since Urschel had specified a rather large garden, and one that wouldn't look brand-new, the Bergers first selected a hundred and fifty trees, varying from twenty to thirty feet in height and averaging twenty-five hundred dollars apiece in price. These were planted in holes blasted out of the rock at a cost of six hundred dollars a hole. The Bergers completed the job by planting two flatcarloads of magnolias, a few flatcarloads of azaleas, and scores of camelias (at three thousand dollars a bush), and adding various other adornments. "The Urschels wanted the garden finished at the same time as the house," Marie Berger later said. "The day they moved in, the house was filled with flowers from the new garden."

One of the most interesting houses in Super-America ("one of the most interesting houses in two hundred years," according to Lambert) was inspired, appropriately, by one of the most interesting women in Super-America—Mrs. Bruno Graf, who lives with her husband in a stunning Dallas edifice that she once described, with characteristic candor and good humor, as "a monument that Edward D. Stone built to himself—with my money." Mrs. Graf's ability to joke about money, and occasionally to act as if she agreed with Gene Fowler that it is something to be thrown from the rear platform of railroad trains, sets her apart in a society that honors wealth but is afraid to be caught having fun with it. "Josephine is an original," one of Mrs. Graf's friends has said. "She likes to put on the dog,

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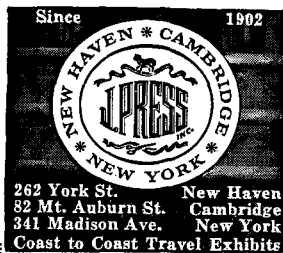
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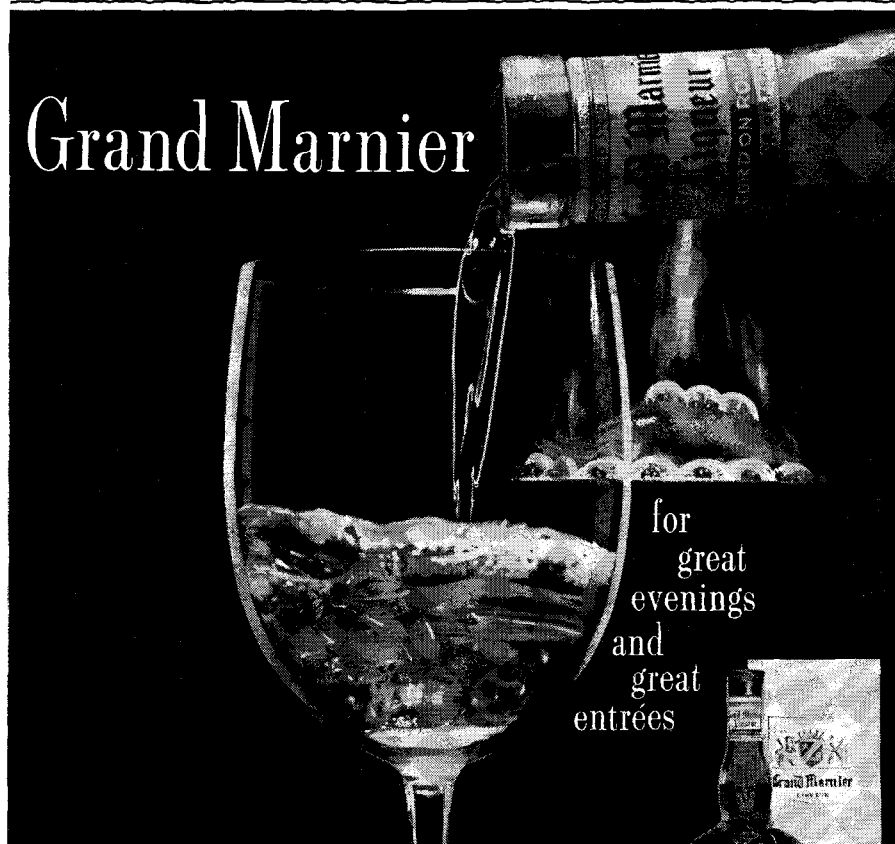
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of course, but she knows she's doing it, and she doesn't care what anybody says or thinks about it. She happens to be one of those rare basic people." A tall, handsome, high-spirited woman with blond hair and an easy smile, Mrs. Graf makes a point of being smartly groomed and impressively jewelled. Although she was annoyed when two hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamond rings, bracelets, and clips were stolen from her house a few months ago, the loss did not noticeably impair her resplendence. "When you see successful people like me," she once remarked, her fingers glistening, "you might think everybody in the oil business is successful. But more people have gone broke, by far, than have made a success." Mrs. Graf's own success can be traced to her meeting with John W. Herbert III, a New York millionaire's strong-minded son who kicked over the social traces to make a fortune of his own in the Texas oil fields. "He arrived in style, driving a white automobile, as I recall," Jake Hamon, who became Herbert's close friend, has said. "He brought along some of his daddy's money, and before long he'd put it in the ground. He was a wild Indian. If you went out with him for an evening, you had to plan on ending up fighting your way out of some place or else getting thrown out bodily. I must say this for Josephine—when she married Jack, she helped tame him. She also took good care of all of her kin. Her daddy died eating." Mrs. Graf's own recollections of this period tend to be marvellously compact. "There I was working in the oil fields," she once said, "and the next thing I knew I was going all through Europe with all my diamonds and my personal maid." After Europe, the Herberts settled in Fort Worth (or Cowtown, as the city is often called locally), became the parents of two daughters, bought a cattle baron's mansion, and, under the direction of John Staub, remodelled it into an eighteenth-century English town house. With the help of agents operating in New York and London, they assembled such an imposing collection of desks, secretaries, sideboards, sofas, tallboys, mirrors, and other furniture and decorative accessories of the late-Georgian period that their house became a kind of Chippendale-Sheraton museum. They didn't neglect the grounds, either. The estate, consisting of two hundred acres, was developed in a semi-formal English style, with tier upon tier of natural terraces leading down to a lagoon upon which swans glided peacefully. Cowtown thought

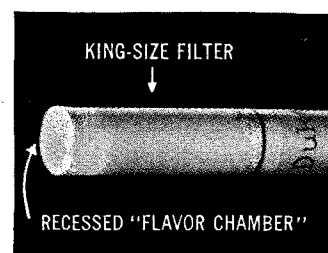
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all this was putting on the dog indeed.

Soon after the outbreak of the Second World War, Herbert, then forty-two, enlisted in the Army Air Forces and was assigned to the Southwest Pacific as a captain in Intelligence. "The minute he decided to go into the service," Mrs. Graf has said, "I started sitting down next to him at his desk to learn the business. 'When I come back,' he said, 'I want to pick up the same operation I had before—no outside stockholders.' So when he left, I took over the active management of the business, and went to the office every day." Arriving home from the office on the afternoon of December 24, 1942, she sat down to look through her Christmas cards and other mail, which included a letter that began, "The officers and enlisted men of the Third Bombardment Group join me in extending to you our deepest sympathy on the loss of your husband on November 24, 1942, while on combat mission in New Guinea. Captain Herbert was one of our best officers, and we all share your sorrow." This was the way Mrs. Graf learned of her husband's death; the customary official notification by telegram was never received. Herbert's will named his wife as the principal beneficiary; she became president of the Herbert Oil Company ("I had prepared myself, so I knew how to take over") and continued to pay close attention to its management. In January, 1947, she was married to Bruno Graf, a gray-haired, distinguished-looking European, courtly in manner and witty in conversation. Though he found the Georgian mansion congenial, he was somewhat put off by Cowtown, and Cowtown by him. He knew little and cared less about cattle, a sacred subject in Fort Worth, and his knowledge of oil was limited. Furthermore, he spoke with an accent—always a danger signal on the frontier. More suspicion was aroused when it became known that he preferred reading and piano playing to hunting and fishing. Most alarming of all, he kissed ladies' hands. As a consequence, Graf was not unduly exposed to Cowtown's usual cordiality. "Fort Worth was not a good place for Bruno," Mrs. Graf says. "They can be very rough over there. There was nobody for Bruno to talk with." In a search for a more beneficial conversational climate, the Grafs picked up and moved to Europe, where they planned to live permanently. "We had a penthouse in Lausanne, and it was all very beautiful," Mrs. Graf has remarked, using her customary verbal shorthand. "However, we missed the

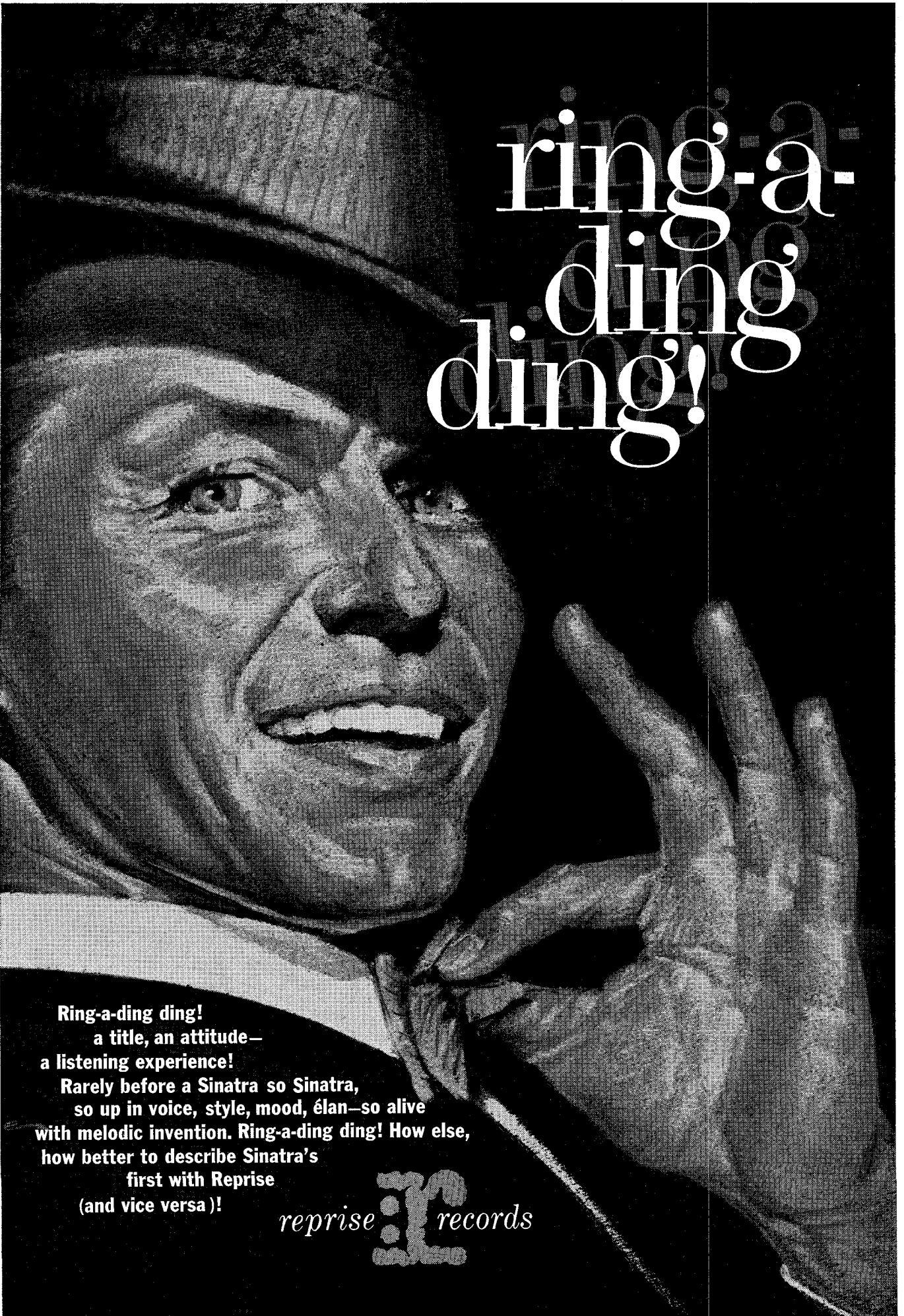


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AND THE MUSIC
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TO KEEP ME WARM**



naturalness. We noticed it when we came back, and the bellboys would come into the room and say, 'How are you today?' It would never be like that in Europe. We were glad to get back." While in Europe, they had decided to sell the house in Fort Worth, and upon their return Mrs. Graf did so—to an independent oilman named Ralph Lowe, for four hundred and fifty thousand dollars. To avoid paying a capital-gains tax on the house transaction, Mrs. Graf decided to build immediately a new, more expensive residence in Dallas, and chose as her architect Edward D. Stone, the designer of the American Embassy in New Delhi and the American Pavilion at the Brussels World's Fair. "When I told them what I wanted," Mrs. Graf recalls, referring to her first meeting with Stone and his associates, "they said, 'You're an architect's dream.' What I wanted was marble floors throughout, a circular dining room floating on water, an indoor swimming pool, and hi-fi all through the house." She engaged T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbings to design the interior (she had parcelled out the furnishings in the Fort Worth house between her two daughters), and Thomas Church and Joseph Lambert to collaborate on the landscaping. While the house was under construction, the Grafs divided their time among their place at Southampton ("I've been going there for more than twenty-five years," she says), their twenty-second-floor apartment in the Sherry-Netherland ("From my terrace I can see the sun rise over the East River and set over the Hudson"), and a rented apartment in Dallas ("Bruno wanted to be around to learn all about the plumbing and electricity, so he'd know about maintenance. The electrical installation was as complicated as Los Alamos"). Though five or six dozen artisans worked on the job steadily, progress was not rapid, because practically everything that went into the house was custom-made—the fifty-four-inch squares of white marble veined with gold for the floors; the seventy walnut doors, all with gold-and-ivory doorknobs; and the pair of white porcelainized-aluminum gates at the entrance, as well as the furniture, the rugs, the lighting sources, and a piano for the master of the house.

In view of the talent and money poured into the project, it is not surprising that the finished job has a way of inspiring those who see it to descriptive flights: "astonishing virtuosity;" "Pompeian splendor;" "conceived in a dimension of time encompassing the past, fulfilling the present, and foreseeing



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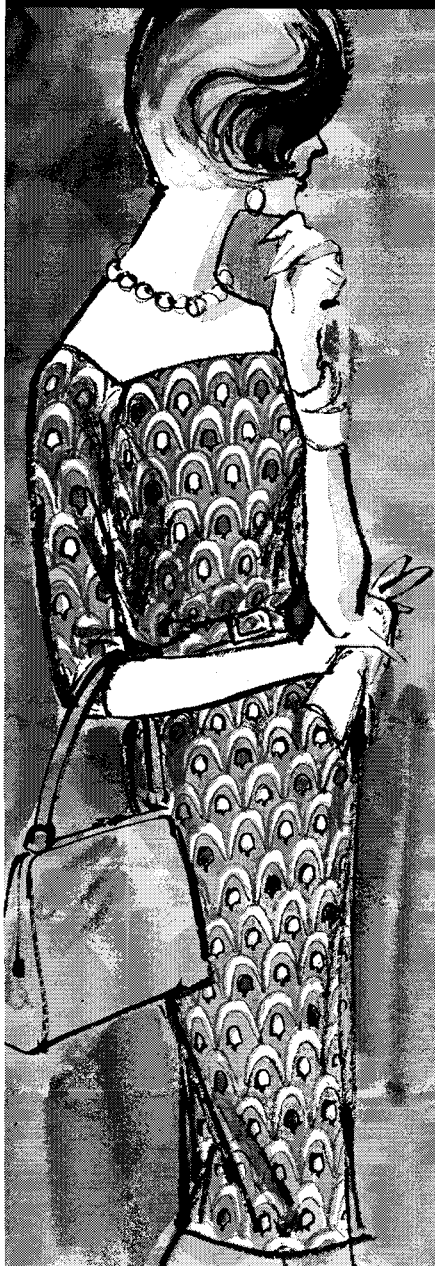
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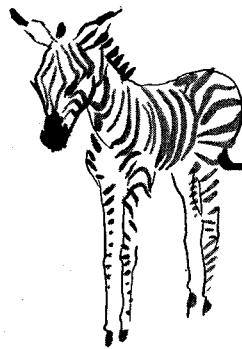
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the future;" "an enchanting environment of rare and timeless beauty;" "a heritage for future generations." The structure inspiring these encomiums is a large white two-story building with the superbly substantial yet light and lacy look that has become Stone's hallmark. From the street, one approaches the house through the graceful white gates, which open into a big formal courtyard enclosed by white boundary walls to provide privacy for the ground floor. The second floor is shielded with Stone's customary veil of delicate white concrete grillwork. Walking through the double entrance doors—which, like the other doors in the house, reach from floor to ceiling—one enters a sensuous world of marble, gold, and walnut. From the foyer, one walks across a marble bridge spanning an illuminated pool of blue-green water, eighteen feet wide and forty-five feet long. In the center of the pool is the floating dining room that Mrs. Graf specified—a circular slab of marble, seventeen feet in diameter, for which Robsjohn-Gibbings designed a circular table of pale-gold walnut. Since there are no visible supports for either the dining island or the bridge, both give the illusion of floating on the water. Beyond the dining room is the living room, which, like the library, at one side, and the music room, at the other, is a dramatically handsome exhibit of hand-turned furniture, specially woven fabrics, and custom-made rugs. And beyond the living room is an oval indoor swimming pool of white Venetian tile. "When you go into the pool," Mrs. Graf explains, "you push a button, and the level of the water goes down six inches—that's so it won't splash." On either side of the pool are dressing rooms, and next to each is a guest suite, consisting of bedroom, bath, and walled private garden. From the swimming pool one looks through a wall of glass onto the exquisitely planted and furnished main terrace and garden court. Throughout, the ground floor has an air of extraordinary spaciousness, resulting from the fact that no walls separate the foyer, the dining room, the living room, and the swimming pool. Instead, they are set apart by airy floor-to-ceiling walnut grilles that in themselves are works of art. No matter which of the living areas a visitor happens to be in, he finds himself surrounded by a combination of elements that convey a sense of



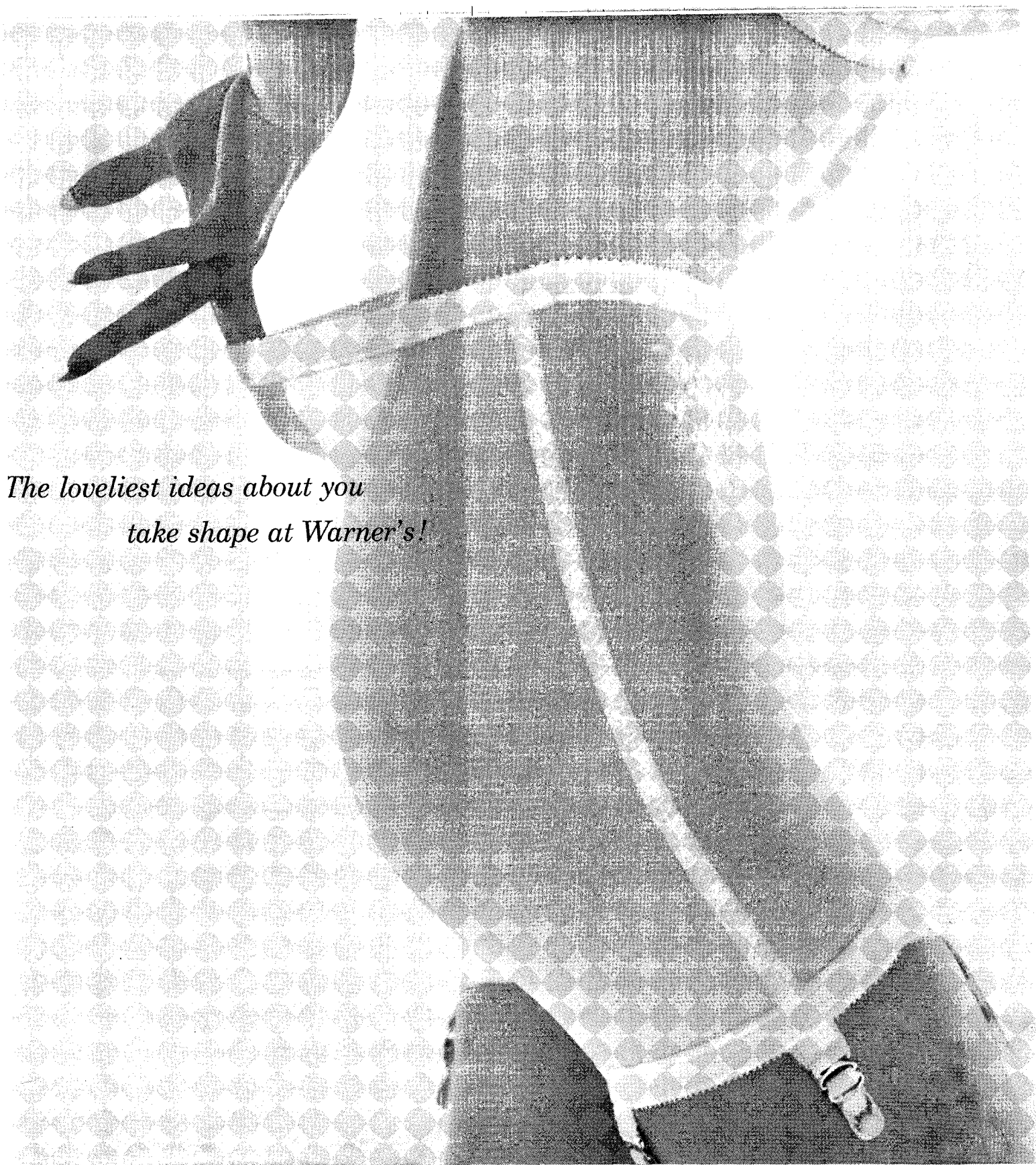
Swire

delight in life. The air is also charged with a feeling that the entire premises could at any minute explode into an elegant white-tie revel. A highly developed interest in comfortable living is also reflected on the second floor, which, except for servants' quarters, storage space, and a kitchenette, is devoted entirely to the Grafs' bedroom, dressing rooms, baths, and secluded terraces. The bedroom, designed and furnished for use during the day as a living room, is twenty-seven feet square, and flanked on one side by a terrace almost as large and on the other by one three times as large. "We have all this space outside our bedroom because Bruno said he wanted a lot of area for walking and exercising in the morning," Mrs. Graf has explained. Except for an early Mondrian in each guest room, the Graf house, unlike the typical Texas millionaire's residence, does not go in for modern art. "I'm not going out and buy a Braque—a dead fish on a platter—just because that's the thing being done," Mrs. Graf said when she was planning the house, and she didn't. She also followed her own inclinations in the housewarming. In place of the customary gala, the Grafs launched their house with a series of small dinner parties. Among the guests at the first were the Russian-born oilman Paul Raigorodsky

and two Russian friends. While admiring the Imperial Russian crystal chandelier that hangs over the dining table, one of Raigorodsky's compatriots made a misstep and fell into the pool. Dinner was postponed while the host took his dripping guest upstairs and outfitted him with dry clothes, including a

dinner jacket. Upon finishing dinner, another guest, the gray-haired Dallas banker and philanthropist Karl Hoblitzelle, pushed his chair back from the table too vigorously and went over backward into the water. As before, the host retrieved the guest and retired with him to the dressing quarters. In the interests of keeping aquatic activities confined to the main pool, the Grafs gave some thought, after the first party, to putting a railing around the dining island. "We decided against it," Mrs. Graf said later. "If anybody falls in, he can't get hurt very much. Besides, not having a railing is more chic."

Nowadays, it is also considered chic by Texas millionaires to live in houses designed, like the Grafs', to operate with a small staff. "The other house



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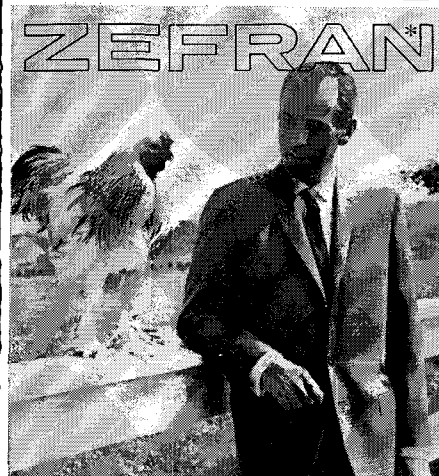
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had ten servants inside," Mrs. Graf says. "Here we won't have to bother with the servant problem. You can always get cleaning help, and if we had to, we could do the rest ourselves. We have this tiny upstairs kitchen, with a three-burner stove and so on. If the servants didn't show up, we could just prepare our own breakfast." The problem of servants—or help, as we usually say in America ("a sop to the republican conscience," Roger Burlingame has noted)—is hardly confined to Texas millionaires, though they are inclined to believe that, like everything else, it is bigger in their case. "We have always been accustomed to a more plentiful supply of servants than people in the North," Mrs. Edgar Tobin, of San Antonio, has remarked. "And so, naturally, the decline is harder for us to adjust to. At any rate, it's hard to maintain an establishment these days. Here in San Antonio we're lucky if the butler has on a white coat. It's different in Houston. People there still have butlers in livery." In the opinion of Mrs. Herbert Gambrell, of Dallas, the word "butler," as generally used in Texas, is a high-toned term for a servant who could more accurately be described as an "all-purpose houseboy." By whatever name, a man who performs varied inside and outside chores is the standard servant in a Texas millionaire's household. In addition, most millionaires also employ a colored woman who cooks and does some cleaning. The usual staff consists of two live-in houseworkers and occasional by-the-day help. For the most part, the help is colored, although Mexicans are employed as domestics in San Antonio and other sections near Mexico, and as gardeners in many areas. A couple is paid about a hundred dollars a week, a cook forty-five, a maid thirty, and a good all-purpose houseboy about sixty. A reliable nurse or governess is hard to come by at practically any price. The help are treated in the paternalistic tradition of the South; kindness is mixed with an implied insistence on the servant's knowing and keeping his place. When they entertain, millionaires in Texas, like those on the Philadelphia Main Line and elsewhere, augment their regular help with servants hired from a floating labor supply. This practice is so widespread that nobody in Dallas is surprised when, for example, he is served by a colored butler named Gentry three times in a single week at different parties. "Margaret Simmons used to say that she could measure her social popularity by the number of times she saw

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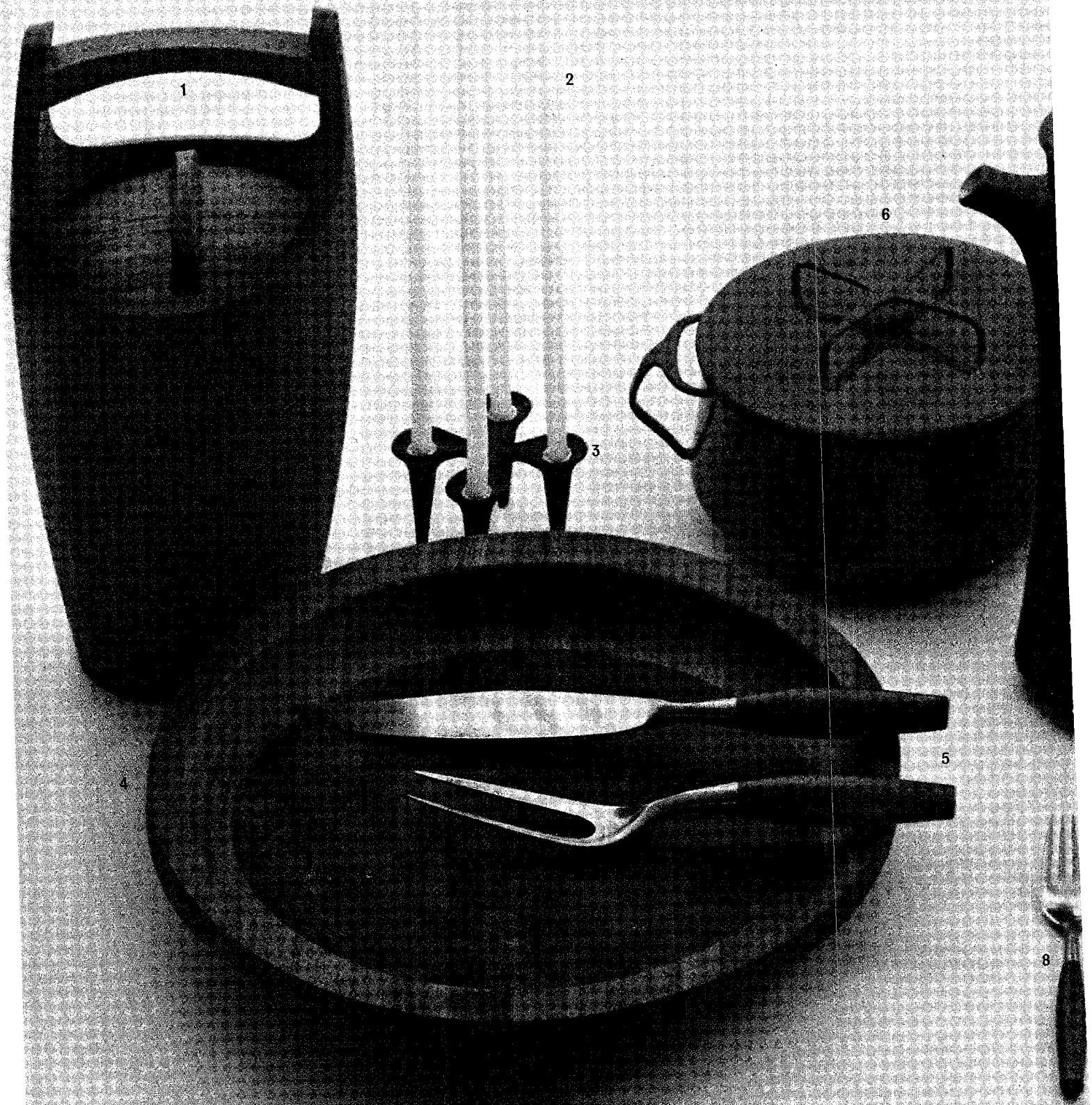
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one is prune)

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Gentry in the course of a week," Joseph Lambert once remarked.

MOST Texas millionaires believe that the scarcity of servants and the trend toward smaller houses account for the decline in at-home entertaining that has occurred in recent years. Whatever the cause, the small at-home dinner party is going out all over Super-America. Entertaining at home is more popular in Fort Worth than in Dallas, although the dining rooms of few Fort Worth millionaires seat more than twelve. (However, Mrs. Robert Windfohr and Mrs. Andrew Fuller, two Fort Worth hostesses who hold to the older tradition, can, and frequently do, seat two or three times that many guests at dinner.) In Houston, Miss Ima Hogg is the most prominent devotee of the old-fashioned at-home dinner party. "She always serves champagne when entertaining guests at dinner," Alvin Romansky, a frequent guest, has remarked, "and she also has finger bowls on little doilies. You don't see that so much any more." Nor does one often see intimate, stylish refreshments of the sort with which Mrs. Rose Lloyd entertains her friends. Small, bright-eyed, and witty, Mrs. Lloyd grew up in Louisiana, the daughter of a banker and plantation owner. After years of world travel (beginning at fourteen), she moved to Dallas in 1913, and built the house she has since occupied—a stately white terra-cotta mansion, in which she installed the complete drawing room from her family's Louisiana plantation house, including wall coverings of specially woven French brocade. Mrs. Lloyd likes to entertain eight or a dozen friends, who, after cocktails in the drawing room, move to the solarium, where, seated four at a table, they dine on one of Mrs. Lloyd's favorite menus—caviar, served on silver plates with small mounds of chopped egg and diced onion, and champagne. Two colored waiters are assigned to each table; they see to it that no guest has an empty plate or glass until he requests it. Moreover, a guest who does not down his champagne soon after it is poured finds his glass replaced by another, which is then filled with wine that is properly chilled. In San Antonio, entertaining at home is more popular than in either Dallas or Houston, and of a noticeably different nature. "Entertaining here is likely to take the form of a big, casual buffet dinner," Mrs. Edgar Tobin has observed. "It's just another reflection of the easier kind of life we have in San Antonio." Everywhere in Texas, the outdoor barbecue, usually considered a



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man's province, is a popular form of entertaining, and can be managed, as Jack Vaughn does, for six or eight guests around his swimming pool, or, as R. E. (Bob) Smith does, for two or three hundred guests around the barbecue pavilion on one of his ranches.

Whether the millionaires give their parties at home or, as is more usual, at a club, they tend to be large. The cocktail party in Texas, no matter how simple, approaches an informal dinner, for, besides the usual hors d'oeuvres, guests are served such substantial fare as cold meats, slivers of hot barbecued beef on hot biscuits, salad, cheeses, dessert, and coffee; furthermore, a hostess doesn't consider such an affair a success if it breaks up before eleven. As a preface to the elaborate buffet at her cocktail parties, Mrs. A. Pollard Simons customarily serves her guests caviar and sour cream and *blinis*, washed down with ice-cold vodka in chilled glasses. Before the night-game opening of a recent Southern Methodist University football season, Mrs. Ralph Howell gave a cocktail party for twelve hundred guests in Food Hall, an exhibition building on the State Fair Grounds; drinks were served from sixty-foot-long tables attended by a dozen bartenders, and the food, consisting of barbecued beef, baked ham, ranch-style beans, hot rolls, cake, and coffee, was dispensed from two large catering trucks that had been driven into the hall. Many Texas millionaires like to concentrate their entertaining in one big annual affair, such as the one that the J. Alvin Gardners and the John Kettles, neighbors in Dallas, jointly give each year. They combine and decorate their gardens—one year the décor was that of a French sidewalk café—and invite sixteen hundred guests for a sit-down dinner and dancing to music provided by two orchestras. Since Texas millionaires like parties, they do not mind travelling a bit to take in an event like the Gardner-Kettle entertainment, which usually draws a dozen guests from Houston, thirty from Wichita Falls, a hundred from Midland and Odessa, and a hundred and fifty from Fort Worth. (The larger delegations often arrive in chartered buses.) A highlight of the Dallas social season is the Jake Hamons' annual costume party, at which the hostess once made her entrance on an elephant, and one of the most talked-about parties in Houston in recent years was the Robert Vernon Kings', at which the guests showed up dressed as Roman slave girls, gladiators, and senators (one senator wore cowboy boots under his toga), and disported themselves



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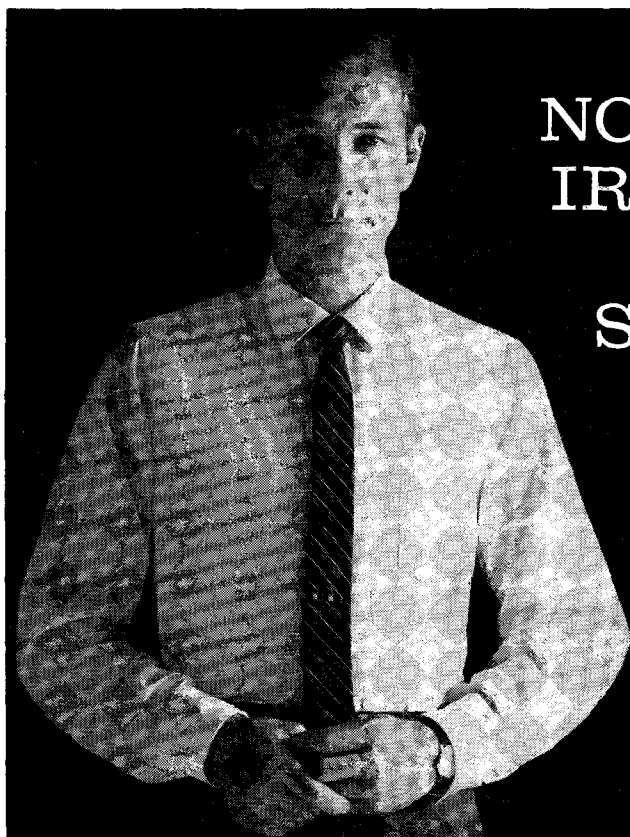
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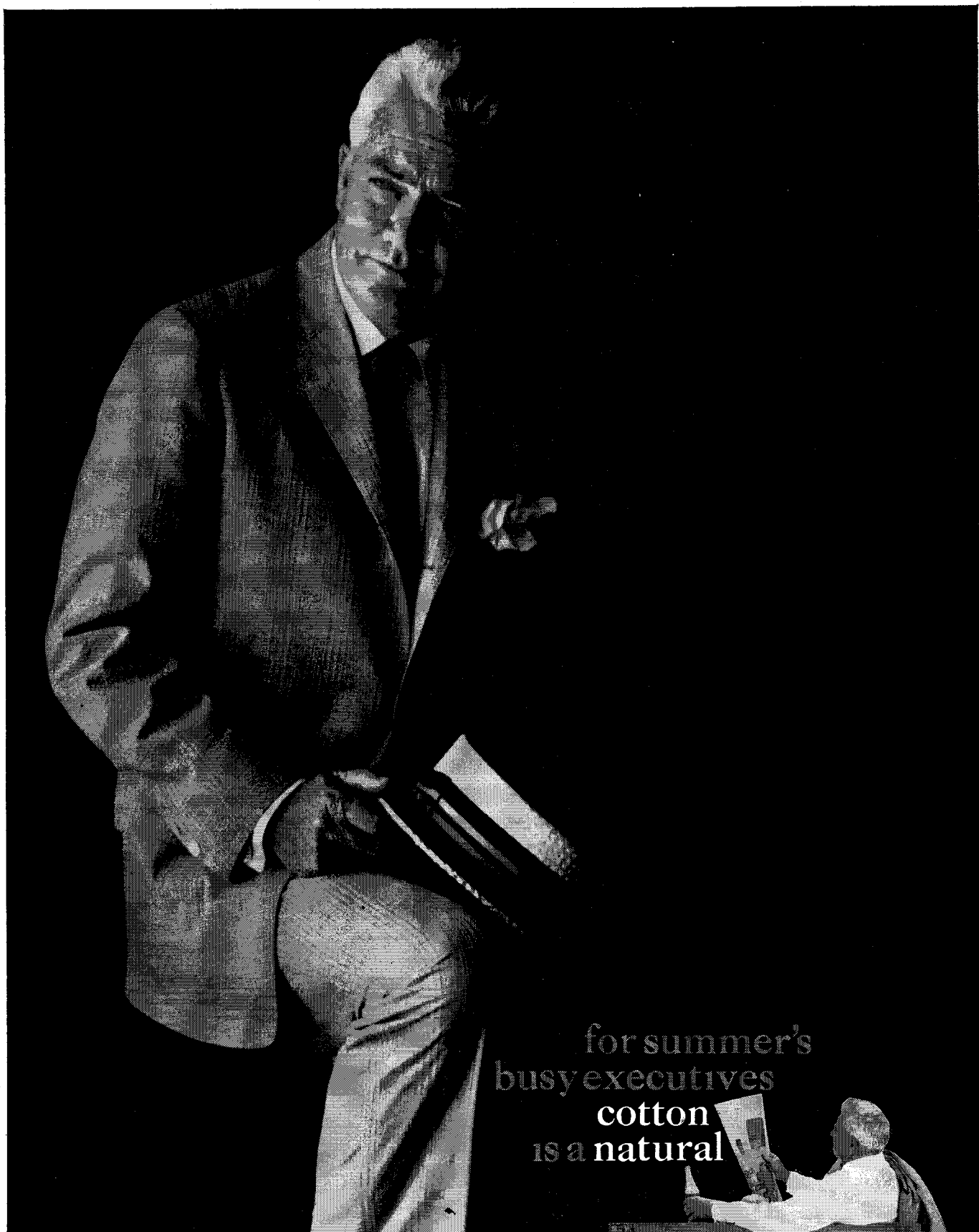
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until dawn in ancient-type revelry, including dining on steaks served on flaming swords. A more typical masquerade party was one that the Christian Holmeses, of San Antonio, gave shortly after the publication of Nancy Mitford's "Noblesse Oblige," a copy of which was thoughtfully made part of each invitation. The society page of one local paper later reported the success of what it called the Holmeses' "You and Non-You Party."

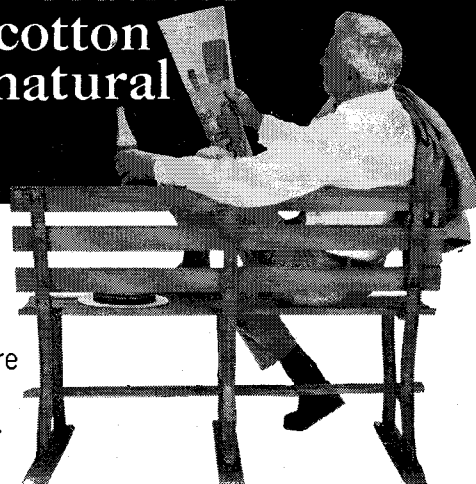
Though all Texas millionaires are party-prone, the ones in Dallas verge on being party addicts. "Party giving is the primary avocation in Dallas," Lon Tinkle, who has nothing against festivity, has remarked. "When I came here in 1936," Joseph Lambert, a native of Shreveport, said a while ago, "the parties were all done, you might say, with loving hands. Now the usual big parties and even the smaller cocktail parties have more formality, more grace, and a greater sense of elegance." Lambert's own part in this transformation, as well as in shaping other sides of the municipal personality, has been considerable. In addition to his work in landscaping, he is active in industrial decorating, antiques, and real estate, and also figures large in the civic and cultural areas—the Museum of Fine Arts, the Theatre Center, the Symphony, the Park Board, the annual Dallas Arts Festival, and so on. Moreover, he is the busiest planner of debutante parties, weddings, and similar divertissements in Dallas. What Lambert has described as "the largest wedding in ten years" was that of Miss Nancy Ann Smith and James Kirksmith, in 1957. Naturally, Lambert handled it. Miss Smith, an attractive, vivacious blonde with an accent that prompts New York taxi-drivers to start off by asking her how things are down in Texas, is the only niece and one of four surviving relatives of the late Sid Richardson, a bachelor who bequeathed thirteen million dollars to be divided among his kin. How much he may have turned over to Miss Smith, who was a favorite, during his lifetime has long been a matter of lively speculation. Though Miss Smith had many suitors, who came from all over, she picked Mr. Kirksmith, a tall, good-looking native who, as Lambert puts it, "is in investments." They were married at St. Michael and All Angels Episcopal Church, and Lambert was responsible for everything connected with the event except the selection of the groom. The reception, for a thousand guests, was held at the Brook Hollow Golf Club, which Lambert redecorated to look like an eighteenth-century Eng-



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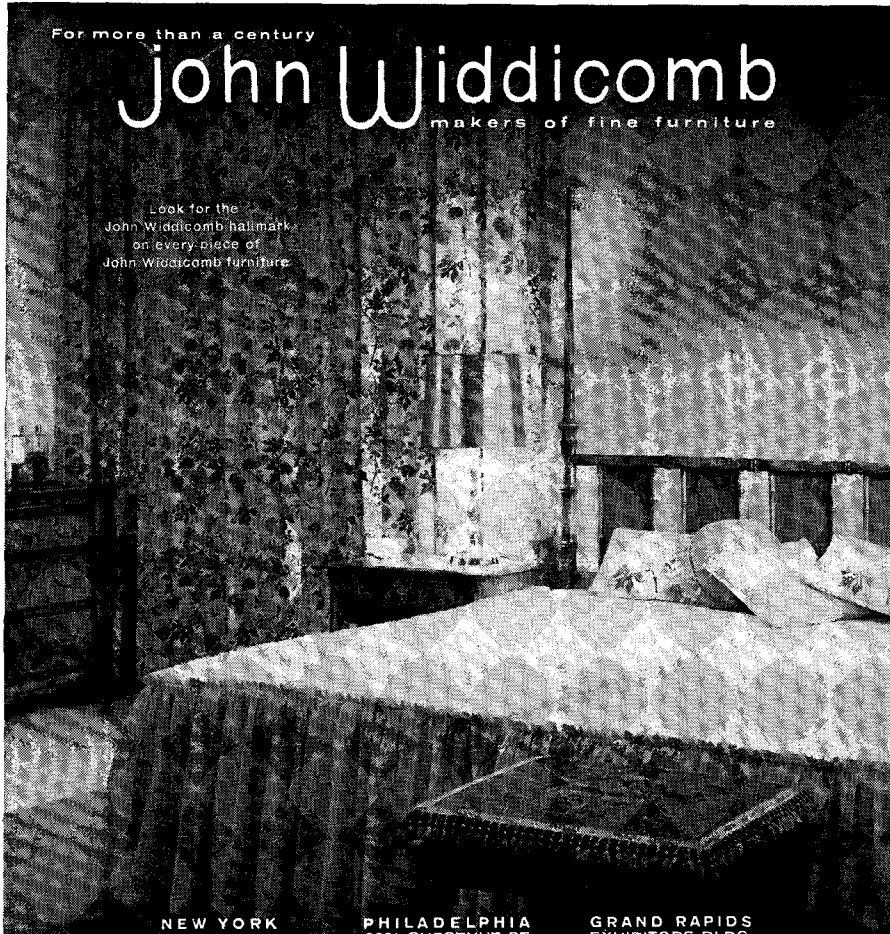


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lish garden. The winding drive from the street to the porte-cochere of the clubhouse—a distance of about a city block—was lined on either side with hundreds of hurricane lamps mounted on steel rods and spaced at intervals of eighteen inches. (Six men were assigned to relight candles snuffed out by the wind; altogether, three hundred and fifty in staff were laid on for the event.) To create a garden effect in the ballroom, Lambert used a hundred and ninety-three dozen camellias, eleven hundred and seventy Easter lilies, forty-three dozen gardenias, a thousand bride's roses, six hundred and fifty sprays of white stock, fifteen dozen white freesias, a thousand white snapdragons, a hundred strings of hothouse smilax, fifteen hundred stems of peach blossoms, five hundred bunches of violets, two thousand azaleas, fourteen dozen white lilacs, a dozen pink magnolias, five flowering white peach trees, and a dozen flowering crab-apple trees. Three thousand feet of laurel roping, intertwined with camellias, was hung around the molding of the ceiling. The flowers and trees were assembled from Los Angeles, San Francisco, Chicago, Mobile, Birmingham, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Belgium. Sixty tables were set up, each decorated with candelabra (Lambert used approximately four thousand white-beeswax candles indoors, and gave two men the exclusive chore of keeping them lighted) and a centerpiece of camellias and gardenias entwined with smilax. In addition, violets were scattered generously over the tables. "It sounds terribly sweet, but, after all, it was a wedding," Lambert remarked not long ago in recalling the event. "It pains me to have to add that the Kirksmiths were divorced last year."

The flight of entertaining from the home has stimulated the building of country clubs, where a hostess can give a party for twelve or twelve hundred by making a phone call. Perhaps the finest specimen of such a labor-saving institution is Fort Worth's Ridglea Country Club, a one-story structure that sprawls over a hundred and twenty-five thousand square feet, cost two million dollars to build and furnish, and serves as a home away from home for twelve hundred members and their families. The front doors—sheets of glass fourteen feet high and eight feet wide—open into a foyer containing lush tropical foliage planted around a body of water described by members as a fishpond. Guests are warned not to dip their fingers in the pond, as it is stocked with eighteen-inch bass that bite. The cocktail lounge, to the left of the foyer,

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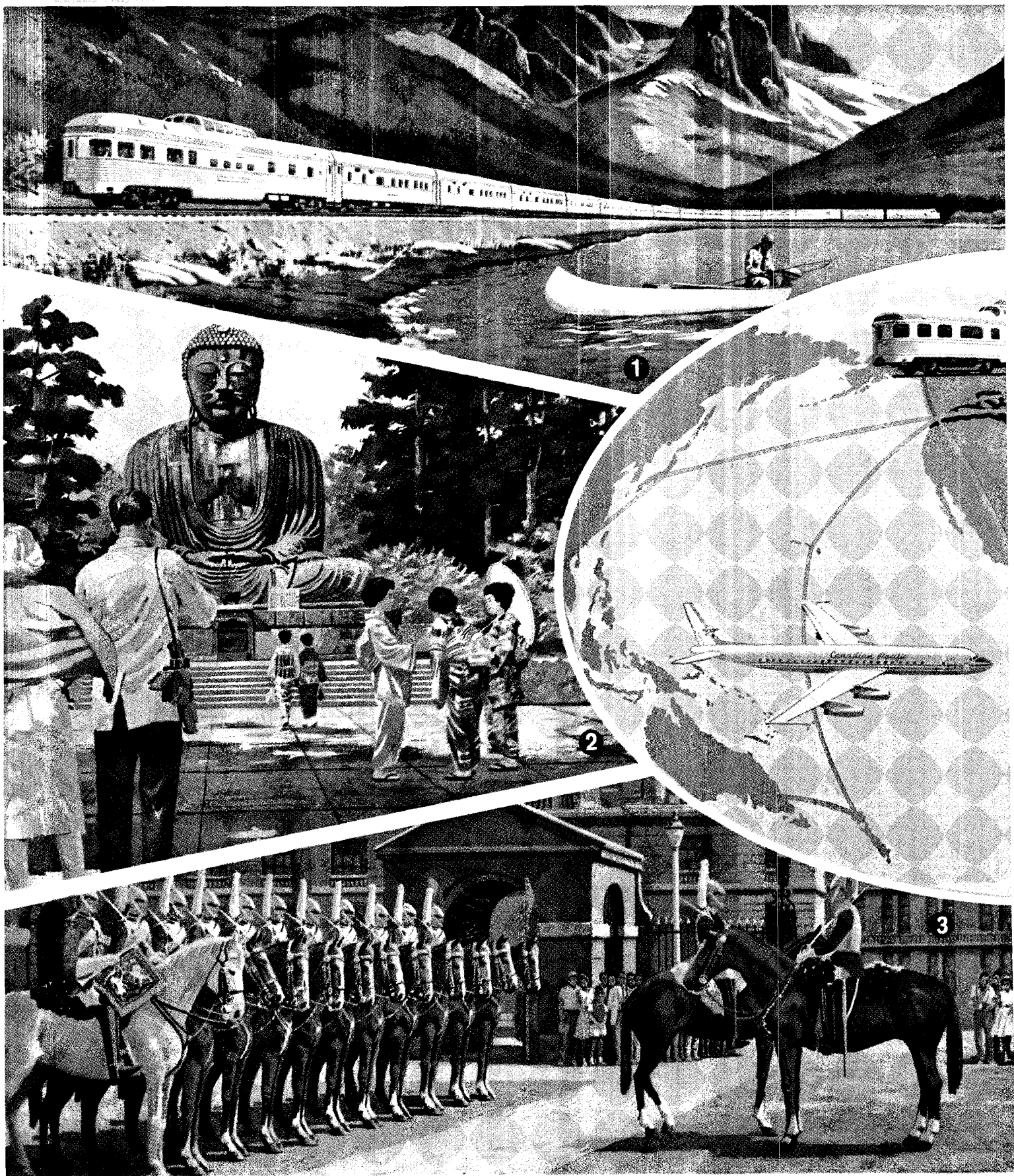
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A classic setting for a classic drink: Daiquiris at La Casa Blanca. Photo by Tom Hollyman.

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—writes Mary Meacham, who discovered the driest of all Daiquiris in Puerto Rico.

IMAGINE my husband, a staid scientist and a staunch defender of the rum highball, getting excited over a cocktail.

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rum is distilled at extra high proof. Frankly, I think it has to do with Puerto Rico's sunshine and mountain water."

My husband, in San Juan for the American Radium Society Convention just sipped his Daiquiri and beamed. Sometimes he *can* be quite unscientific. Thank heavens.

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has a walk-in fireplace, a grand piano, and an organ, and seats two hundred. To the right of the foyer is the Blue Room, used primarily as a ladies' card-room and for small parties of sixty or seventy. A member who walks from the Blue Room, at one end of the building, to join a friend in the Men's Grill, at the other, covers two hundred and thirty feet, or slightly more than three-quarters the length of a football field. A feeling of having been reduced to the size of a pedestrian in an architect's scale drawing comes over a visitor when the sliding doors that separate the various dining and drinking areas are recessed, creating an unobstructed expanse in which fifteen hundred people are often seated for dinner. A stranger can be heard laughing across this crowded room, but it takes binoculars to see her. Besides the clubhouse, which has locker rooms not only for men and women but also for boys and girls, Ridglea offers other comforts not always found at home: a Teen Room, equipped with a soda fountain, a jukebox, television, and the like; a swimming pool large enough for official A.A.U. meets; and a nursery, attended full time by two registered nurses and three assistants, where members can leave offspring from 9 A.M. to 8 P.M. daily, and until they feel up to calling for them after an evening party at the club.

WHILE the country clubs do not put gastronomy before golf, the fare that many of them serve shows evidence of a belief that food can do more than allay hunger. This is rare in Texas, where good public eating is harder to find than oil. That Texas is a feeder's wasteland not only strikes most visitors (a survey conducted by the Texas Highway Department revealed that only three per cent of people visiting the state were "impressed" by the food) but is generally acknowledged by those of the natives who do not consider ranch-style beans the ultimate taste treat. "Texas has a black eye about food, and deserves it," Mrs. Rose Lloyd has said, with brisk authority. In a concurring but more extended opinion, Stanley Walker has written, "I used to have a theory that it was almost impossible for an honest Chinese or halfway intelligent Italian or Frenchman to cook a really bad meal. I was mistaken about this; in Texas they can botch it." The chief failings of Texas cooks, Walker reported after long study, are that "they rely too much on the skillet . . . are too close-fisted with butter . . . ignore wine and most herbs . . . have a horror of fat meat, except salt pork, but use quantities



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of lard for frying . . . are not venture-some, and fear all deviations from the ordinary." The widespread, almost morbid aversion to experimenting with food continually irritated Miss Willie (her father had expected a boy) Sterrett when she was the proprietress of the S & S Tea Room, the luncheon rendezvous of the Dallas millionaires' wives. "They won't try anything new, and they won't change," she once complained, sputtering like a pinwheel. "They won't eat fish. Here we are, overnight from the Gulf, and they have no interest in sea food. It's just pure damned ignorance. They don't know what a scallop is. I had a customer ask me if a scallop was like an oyster. If I brought out a new dish, I named it after some hotel. That made it sound familiar, and then maybe they'd try it. Maybe. If these women would try to be a little cosmopolitan, you wouldn't have to practically break their arms to get them to take something they haven't been eating since they were kids." Texans, being the country's largest producers of cattle, naturally start eating beef at an early age, and as the years go by they often develop the belief, which they do not keep secret, that steak—particularly Texas steak—is slightly superior to ambrosia. Considering the tall talk, visitors are almost always disappointed and sometimes bitter when they discover that Texans, putting profit above palate, invariably ship their best steaks to Chicago and New York and retain for themselves the humble T-bones. If Texans are cruelly limited in first-class restaurants, the fault is not so much in their chefs as in themselves, for a people gets the kind of cuisine it deserves. In recent years, however, restaurants with a cuisine in the French tradition have been established in Texas. They are two in number—Maxim's, in Houston, and La Vieille Varsovie, in Dallas. Once a traveller in Texas leaves the cities, he is, as in America generally, at the mercy of cooks and countermen who, to judge by the food they serve, are barely able to conceal their homicidal instincts. In Texas, the roadside specialty (also widely purveyed in dismal little *bistros* in the cities) is a sort of barbecued beef that leaves on the tongue a lasting, distinctive, acrid taste, suggesting gunpowder. Another specialty is Wop Salad, the localism for a mixed green salad. A traveller becomes accustomed to picking up a menu, like the one in the Scharbauer Hotel Coffee Shop, in Midland, and being confronted with the intelligence "Wop Salad served with all entrees listed below." With any luck, a sojourner will be treated to a few native

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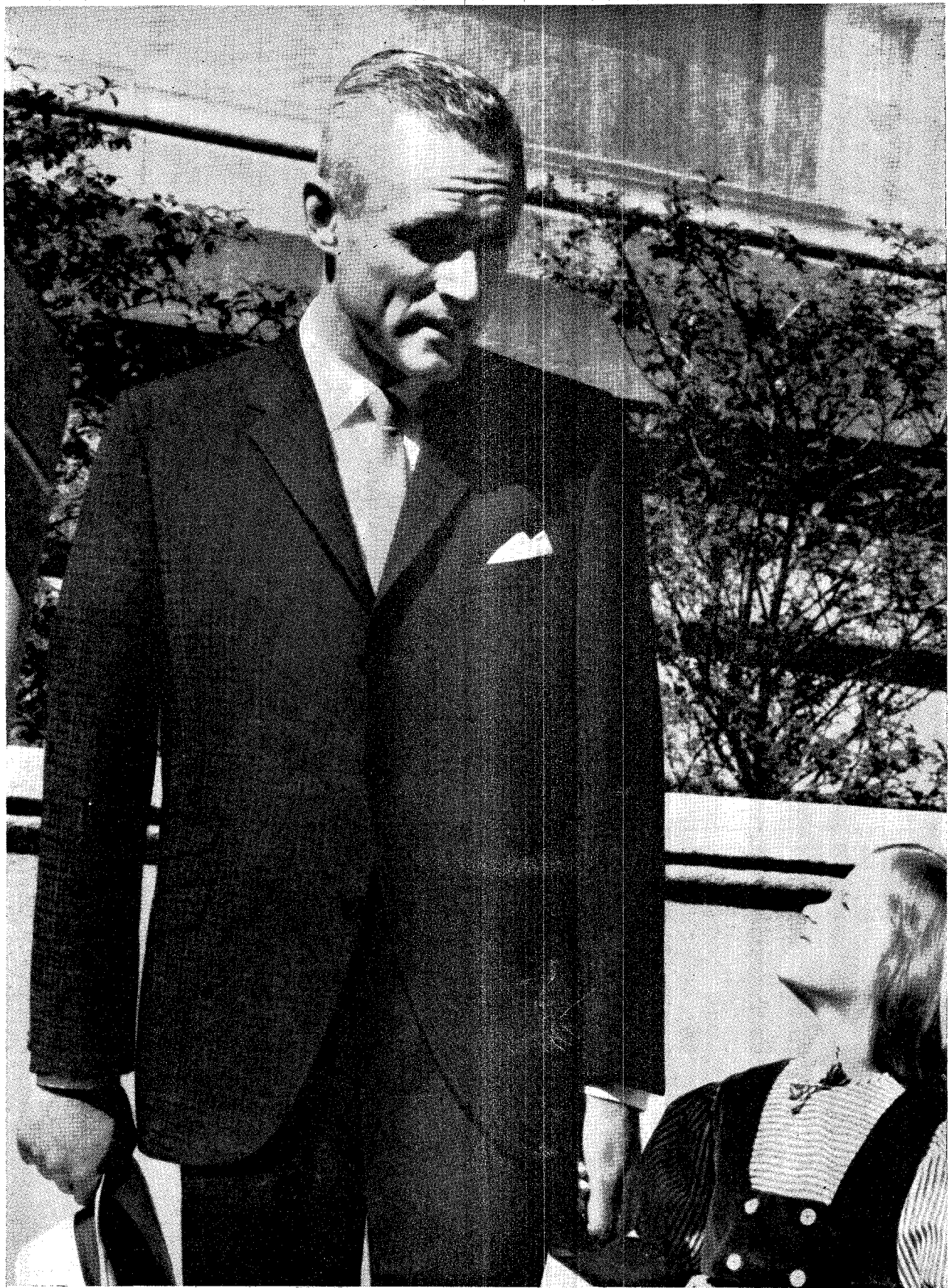
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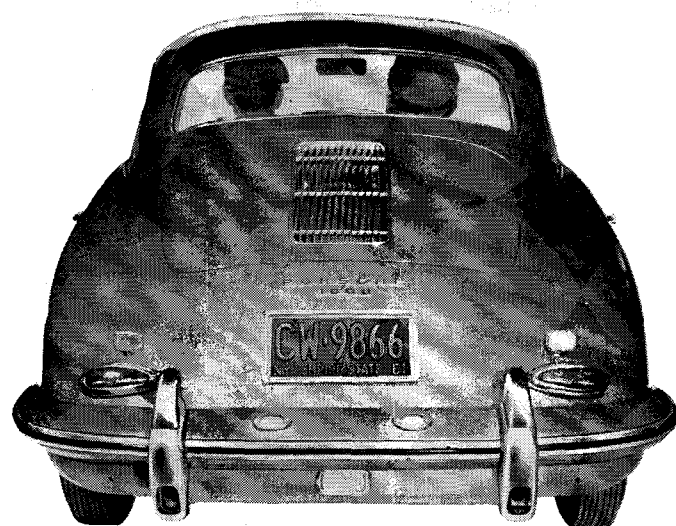


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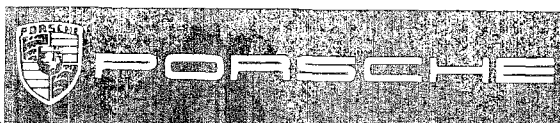
specialties, such as Mincemeat Mother-in-Law and Son-of-a-Bitch Stew. In the end, he may wind up feeling that in Texas, as Taine found to be true in England, "one is simply and wholesomely fed, but one can take no pleasure in eating."

One can drink well enough in Texas, however, even though more than half the state is legally bone-dry and nowhere is it lawful to sell liquor by the drink. Furthermore, even in wet counties it is forbidden to consume liquor between 12:15 A.M. and 7 A.M. on weekdays and between 1:15 A.M. and 1 P.M. on Sundays. Nevertheless, Texans annually get away with more than eight million gallons of hard liquor, five million gallons of wine, and a hundred and twenty-five million gallons of ale and beer. This performance appears even more respectable when one considers that it is turned in with no help from some forty per cent of adult Texans, who are teetotallers. Just as the passion for spirituous liquors has always been most evident on the frontier, so has that area always been an important battleground in the struggle between people who drink and those who don't, and don't want others to, either. The temperance strife has been going on in Texas at least since 1876, when the Texans wrote their present constitution and included a provision for local-option elections, which allow citizens in any community to decide by direct popular vote whether the sale of liquor should be permitted in their locality. The exercise of this right has produced a colorful wet-dry economy. Of the state's two hundred and fifty-four counties, a hundred and thirty-two—more than half—are legally dry; the rest are wet in degrees ranging from the eighteen that permit only four-percent beer to the hundred and one that permit distilled spirits. To complicate the drinker's life further, certain sections of some wet counties are dry. Because of the statute making it illegal to sell liquor by the drink ("You can buy a carload," the local adage says, "but you can't buy an ounce"), the bars and cocktail lounges that are a conspicuous part of the American landscape do not exist anywhere in Super-America. Even in wet territory, a visitor without connections is obliged to buy a bottle if he wants a nip, and he must take the bottle with him if he wants a drink before dinner at a restaurant. He soon learns that to walk about holding an exposed bottle of liquor is considered extremely bad form. A brown paper bag is de rigueur for this purpose, as a visitor discovered who approached the dining



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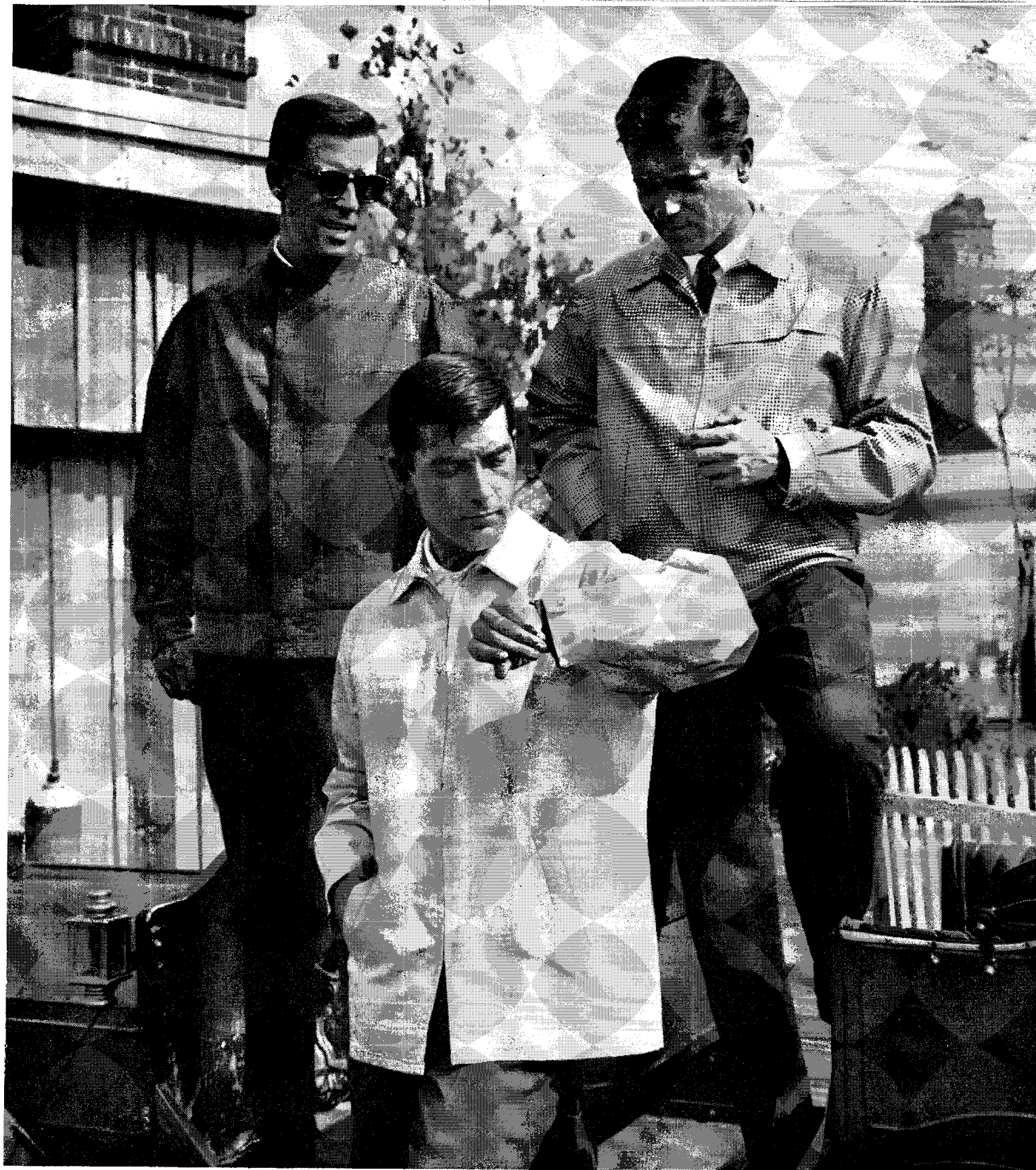
After coffee... enjoy the drier liqueur

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room of the Dallas Statler Hilton with a naked bottle of Scotch in his hand; at the doorway, a captain courteously but firmly relieved him of the offending article, put it in a brown paper bag (a supply of bags is kept on hand for such emergencies), and ushered him and his decorous parcel to a table. To a new immigrant, it is an arresting sight to observe a throng of people in evening dress entering a hotel en route to a party; most of the men and many of the aging, unaccompanied matrons unconcernedly display the distinctive brown badge identifying them as members of the drinking class.

The crazy-quilt pattern of prohibition in Super-America sometimes proves an inconvenience to outsiders, like the thirsty untutored traveller who, registering at the Carlton Hotel, in Tyler, asked the desk clerk where he could get a drink. "Twenty-six and a half miles from here," the clerk replied. Natives and experienced travellers avoid getting caught in such untidy situations by carrying a supply of liquor with them when heading into dry territory. Department stores and specialty shops stock a variety of containers for transporting liquor in amounts ranging from a half pint to a gallon. A Houston matron who gets around the state carries a handbag of her own design that contains a small bottle for gin, a smaller one for vermouth, and a still smaller one for cocktail onions. As a matter of everyday practice, however, elaborate precautions to insure the availability of a drink are unnecessary, for in spite of the widespread prohibition, it is about as difficult to buy liquor almost anywhere in Super-America today as it was in the United States during those immaculate times when the Eighteenth Amendment was counted among the national treasures. For one thing, a preponderance of the population live in the wet areas—which include all the important cities except Tyler and Lubbock—and so can buy as much liquor as they wish from package stores. People living in dry areas make occasional visits to the nearest oasis or, if that is inconvenient, patronize the bootleggers who abound and in many places compete quite openly for trade. In Lubbock, whose population of a hundred and fifty thousand makes it the largest of the dry cities, some four thousand bootleggers, according to Jim Mathis, of the *Houston Post*, do an annual business estimated at fifteen million dollars. They solicit trade by distributing business cards that carry their phone numbers and such reassuring slogans as "Never More Than Fifteen Minutes



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from Your Door," or "We Can Satisfy Your Every Need," or simply "Don't Fuss, Call Us." Those who call must be prepared to pay fifty cents for a can of beer and anywhere from eight to fifteen dollars for a fifth of whiskey. With the bootleggers have come, not unexpectedly, the hijacking of rival stocks, the machine-gunning of competitors, moonshining (this last, though, is on a relatively small scale; "Texans," the *Houston Post* remarked, "prefer their illicit liquor bonded"), the bribing of sheriffs, and all the other stigmata, including wholesale public approval of lawbreaking, that characterized national prohibition. "We drink wet and vote dry," the natives remark. This dissembling attitude toward prohibition is nicely reflected in its enforcement. Although the state annually takes in nearly thirty-five million dollars in taxes on alcoholic beverages and in similar revenue, the legislature refuses—despite an almost comically obvious need for additional men and equipment to cope with the bootleggers alone—to appropriate more than a million and a half dollars to administer and enforce the whole prohibition enterprise. Consequently, the enforcement of the liquor laws is handled by a hundred and thirty-five liquor-control agents (known locally as L-men), or less than one per county. They are paid three hundred and fifty-six dollars a month and are obliged to supply an automobile for use in their work.

The legal ban on selling liquor by the drink has resulted in the creation and wild proliferation of an indigenous local institution known as the private club, the main function of which is the serving of liquor by the drink. In their utility, abundance, variety, and atmosphere, the private clubs are reminiscent of the old speakeasies. Since the statutes contain no provision specifically authorizing the incorporation of organizations that serve intoxicants, the clubs for many years sought to secure a semblance of legality by being chartered, for a fee of fifty dollars, under Subdivision 9 of Article 1302 of Title 32 of the Business Corporation Act, which gives permission "to support and maintain bicycle clubs and other innocent sports." Furthermore, because Texas corporations are indexed in the state's records by name and not by the purpose for which they were organized, nobody knew exactly how many private clubs were in operation until January, 1961, when the Liquor Control Board required them to get a permit, issued by the Board without charge. As

of the first of the year, six hundred and thirty-one permits had been granted. Though the Board's records do not reveal how the private clubs are distributed around the state, there are, according to the informed opinion of Coke Stevenson, Jr., Administrator of the Board, approximately three hundred registered private thirst-slaking clubs in Houston, two hundred and twenty-five in Dallas, thirty in San Antonio, and twenty-five each in Fort Worth and Austin. Smaller towns and cities, including some in dry territory, usually support a club or two. As a convenience, many hotels maintain their own clubs, in which guests are automatically enrolled upon registering, and several of the more expensive restaurants have installed a similar facility on their premises. The clubs come in all prices and sizes. The Meadowbrook Club, in Fort Worth, which charges an initiation fee of fifty dollars and monthly dues



of two, is a one-room spread accommodating about sixty members; the International Club, in Houston, which charges an initiation fee of twelve hundred dollars and monthly dues of eighteen, consists of a cocktail lounge, a grillroom, a private dining room, a cardroom, and a to-all-intents-and-purposes night club seating three hundred and fifty and featuring entertainment by performers like Lisa Kirk, Joe E. Lewis, and Herb Shriner. The same quality of entertainment is provided by Glenn McCarthy's Cork Club, the most famous of them all, and by the Tidelands Club, which both share with the International Club the distinction of being the headquarters of Houston's café society. It is customary for convivial millionaires to belong to private clubs in all the major cities they visit regularly on business or pleasure. In Dallas, their choice is apt to be the Cipango Club, which occupies a mansion located a couple of miles from the center of the city and is very aggressive about keeping people away from its door. The atmosphere in a private club, which is generally relaxed, naturally gets tense when L-men kick in the door and stage a raid, as they often do if undercover work has revealed evidence of curfew violation or the serving of drinks to non-members. As a rule, only the smaller places get into trouble with the L-men. However, club life in Dallas took a lively turn in April, 1960, when the 3525 Club, referred to locally as "super-swank," was raided twice within three weeks. On both occasions, not only the managers, waiters, and entertainers but all the

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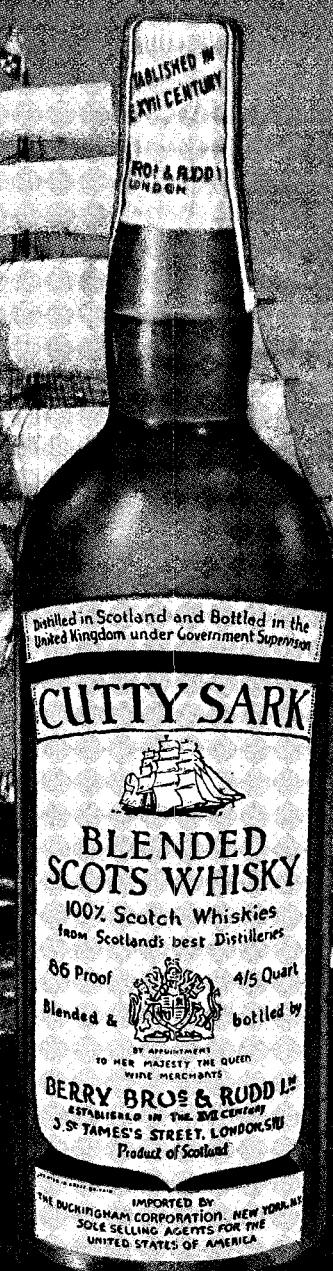
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members present were stashed in paddy wagons and police cars and hauled across town to night court. Some things in Super-America would make Jay Gatsby feel right at home.

SOCIETY in Texas has been widely represented as such a gaudy affair that it suggests, as someone has said, "a latter-day alliance of Dogpatch with the Court of Louis XIV." For this gay deception, Texans can, once again, thank the sentimental tourists—the kind described by Constance Rourke, in another connection, as those who carry "the amiable light luggage of preconceptions." It was one of that carefree crowd who sought to sum up the social structure in Texas with the taut remark that crude oil naturally produced a crude society. Travellers of a similar disposition have helped to circulate many kindred fancies, one of the most widespread being that Texas society is about as hard to get into as the telephone directory. "Texas aristocracy," Robert Ruark once remarked in a thoughtful essay, "is not based on how long you lived there, and pinched nostrils, and the thin blue-blooded lines of some long-dead ancestor. Texas is what you are, not what you *were*, or might yet be." Up to a point. However, Ruark's view is shared by most visitors to Texas in the beginning. The reason has been explained by a wealthy, prominent, self-made Houston lawyer whose wife comes from one of the state's old and well-to-do families. "The French Ambassador could visit Houston and never come into contact with the real society of this city," the lawyer has said. "He would be picked up at the airport by the Mayor, and on the way in to town the Mayor would brag about how much money he'd just made in a real-estate deal. Our distinguished guest would spend the rest of his time with the Chamber of Commerce group and the members of our synthetic society. When he got ready to leave, he'd very likely think that that was all there is to Houston society—just those people who are always out in front, pushing. The truth is, of course, that the real society here—the entrenched group—doesn't seek the limelight. They stay in the background. They keep pretty much to themselves." The same situation obtains in other Texas cities, whose entrenched groups are not known for going out of their way to seek new members. "If Dallas has the reputation of being a place where it is difficult for an unsponsored stranger to become a part of its inner social life," John William Rogers, a native whose old-family credentials are in order, has



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said, "it is simply because so many strangers have been arriving for so many years that it has long been a physical impossibility for old families to occupy themselves with the newcomers." This idea was put more succinctly by Mrs. Edgar Tobin when asked how newcomers are apt to be received in San Antonio, whose society is considered the most aristocratic in the state. "If they don't know somebody when they come here, I feel sorry for them," she replied. In its appreciation of the principle of exclusiveness (if not of its inflexible application), Texas society resembles any other, but at the same time it differs in some ways from, say, Philadelphia society. In fact, to some social critics, like Green Peyton, an Easterner who became so fond of Texas that he made his home in San Antonio for some years, Texas society is so different that it does not, as Peyton has written, "constitute society in the ordinary sense of the word." He adds, "For society consists of something more than an amiable set of people with money and a respectable background. It presupposes, in the first place, that its members belong to an acknowledged group of leaders who set a conspicuous example of dignity and good manners. It imposes certain civic obligations, too. The social leader may not belong to any business-luncheon clubs or benevolent fraternities, but he takes an active interest in the welfare of his town and the less favored people in it. No group of citizens in San Antonio fulfills all these conditions—not even the cattle families. They are dignified enough, and no one would criticize their manners. But they are just one of several isolated groups of well-to-do, well-dressed, well-educated people who are obsessed by the fear of being noticed and disturbed in their tranquil enjoyment of their wealth and cattle." Whether or not the people regarded as the social leaders of Texas meet Peyton's or Philadelphia's or even Webster's (6b) definition of society, they meet that of Texans, who have never taken what could properly be called an idolatrous view of society in the East—or, as they sometimes say, when in a cutting mood, the *Far East*. Nor do they show any signs of being downcast because no Texas city is among the fourteen in the country graced with an edition of the *Social Register*. "Down here we know who's who without being told," Jesse Jones once said, with enduring accuracy. Nevertheless, in 1950 a Houston public-relations man and former United Press sportswriter named George Kirksey started publishing the *Social Directory of Houston*, a year-



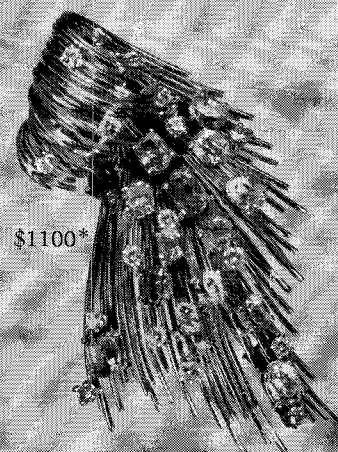
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A stylized black and white illustration. In the foreground, a man with a friendly expression wears a dark suit, a striped tie, and a fedora with a checkered band. He has thick-rimmed glasses. Behind him, a woman with dark hair is partially visible, holding a fan. In the background, a simple line drawing of an airplane is shown flying across the sky.

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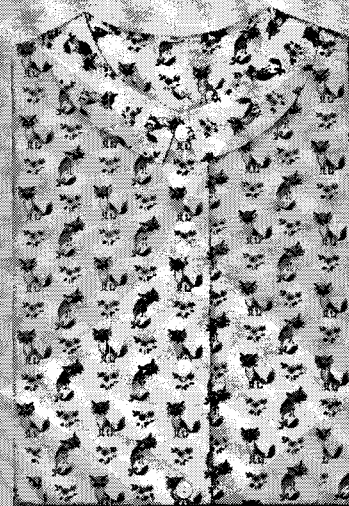


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will the mere possession of money unlock the door to society—an immutable fact of life that the ingenuous everywhere are forever breaking their hearts trying to disprove. "It happens all the time," the well-known Texas artist Cynthia Brants has remarked. "Newly rich oil people move in from West Texas, buy a big house or build one, and start giving ten-thousand-dollar parties. This doesn't get them in, of course. After a while, quite a few pack up and leave, but more arrive, and the process never ends." Talk about money, to say nothing of its ostentatious display, is more or less taboo among the entrenched group. Conversation at a small and rather proper dinner party in San Antonio was interrupted by an expressive flash of silence when a beautiful young matron, fresh from New York, gaily remarked, "I don't care how *nouveau* I am, just so long as I'm plenty *riche*." The knowledgeable Fort Worth banker Sam Cantey III has observed that "money isn't really important, even when it comes to moving in from the outside. There just happens to be so much of it around that it doesn't have much significance socially." But if wealth may not be a prerequisite for admission to society in Texas, or elsewhere in America, its possession by members and aspirants is generally taken for granted.

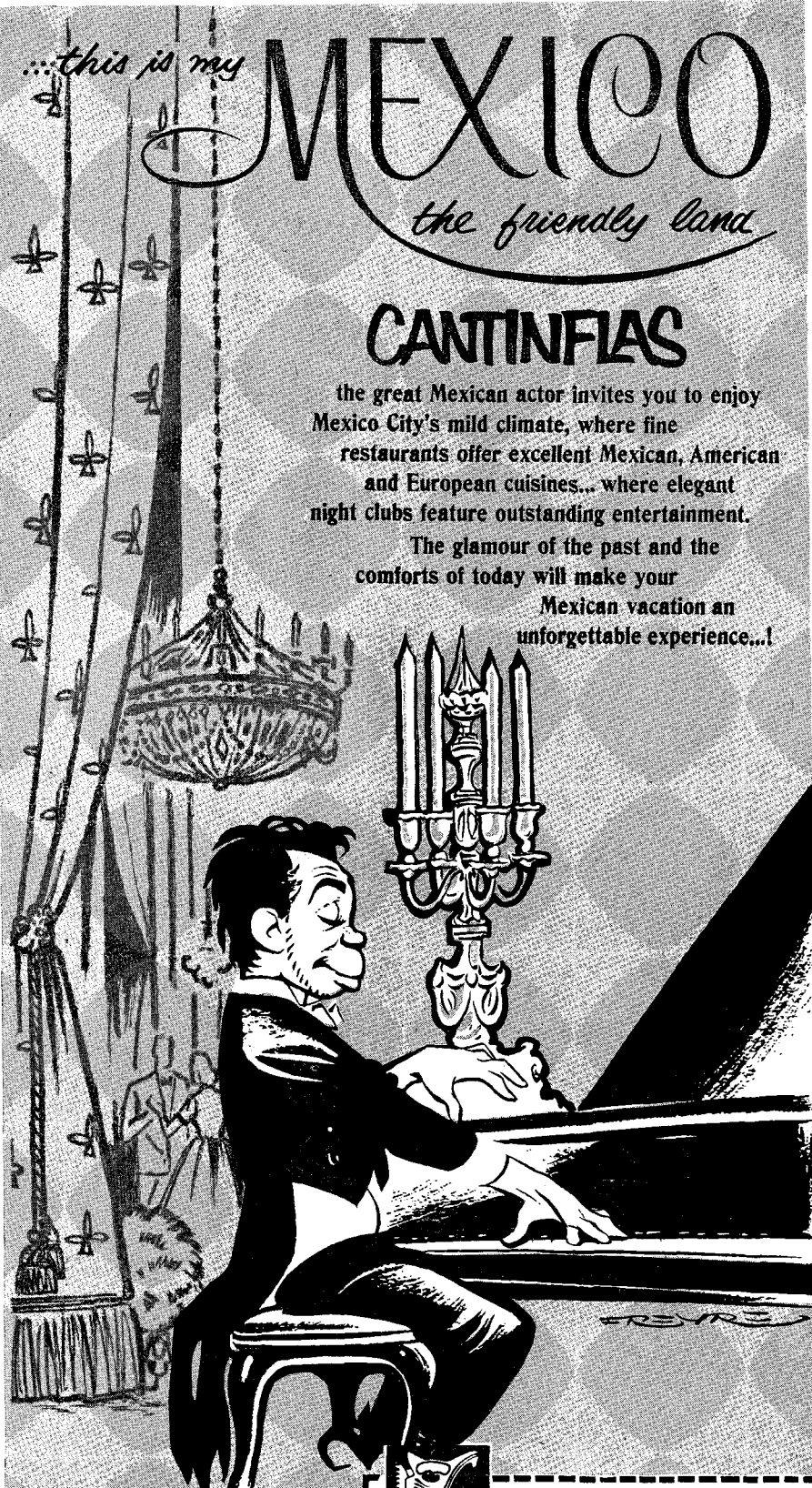
A slightly different value is attached to descent from a so-called old family. In Texas, a genuine old family is usually defined as one that settled in the state about a hundred years ago, but the span need not be that long to assure a solid social position. "I'm from an old Houston family—my father came here in 1905," one of the city's social leaders likes to announce, with a mixture of jocularly and belligerence, after a drink or two. Upward social mobility, as climbing the social ladder is not known in Texas, can be managed with no old-family connections. A past president of Houston's most exclusive social organization is a self-made millionaire who arrived in Texas in the early twenties. Cases like that, however, are exceptions proving the rule that in Texas, as in Florence or Forest Hills, long residence contributes to social standing. Consequently, Texas society, like most, is customarily classified according to chronology. The top layer is composed of what may be called the Ante-Oil Group; that is, families who accumulated their fortunes before the discovery of Spindletop, in 1901—usually in cotton, rice, cattle, timber, or commerce. In the social scale, cotton money, because it is older, takes precedence over cattle

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and timber money, and rice money, for the same reason, has a slight edge even on cotton money. The distinctions are fine and of interest mainly to devout ancestor worshippers. Cattle money, though not the oldest, is the most plentiful source of what are regarded as the aristocratic fortunes. The social prestige associated with the raising of cattle (but not sheep; cattlemen have always looked down on sheepmen, because, apart from more important economic reasons, the latter worked on foot, the former on horseback) no doubt helps to explain why a ranch is often one of the first acquisitions of the new rich. The ideal situation, socially speaking, is to belong to an old ranching family on whose property oil was discovered. The second stratum of Texas society is the Post-Oil Group, whose wealth dates from around the turn of the century and stems in large part from oil. Some students have been tempted to subdivide this group into Old Oilers, who made their money before 1930, and New Oilers, who made it after that, and to declare that while Old Oilers are accepted by society, New Oilers are not. This is a rank oversimplification, of course, but not without a certain rough validity. "Some people in the oil business are accepted and some aren't—that's about all you can say for sure," Joseph Lambert, who functions in some ways as the Ward McAllister of Dallas, has remarked. "However, you will find that the best clubs have a minority of oil people on their membership lists and a conspicuous scarcity of oil people among their officers. For instance, oil has never played a part in Idlewild, the club that presents Dallas debutantes. No officer of the Steeplechase Club, a similar organization in Fort Worth, is in the oil business. The same thing is true of the Allegro Club, in Houston. And so on. It still happens, too, that a hostess, in the course of issuing an invitation, will say, 'There are going to be a few oil people present—I hope you won't mind.'" "You have no idea how the Old Guard resents the oil people," a Dallas Old Guardswoman once informed a dinner companion. "You can be sure we do all we can to keep them out of everything worthwhile, especially our really top organizations, such as the Shakespeare Club. Why do we do it? I'll tell you why. We consider oil money the same as gambling money, and we just don't care to associate with gamblers. As for their wives, they're what I call the monkey-fur set. The Old Guard simply won't have anything to do with them, and oh,



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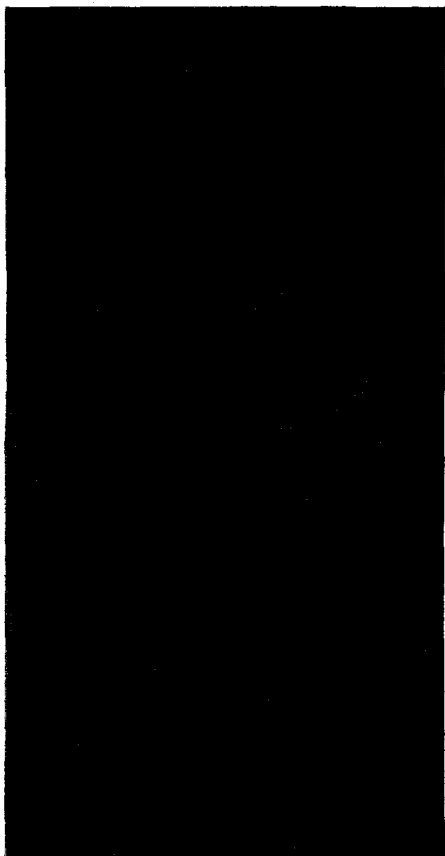


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how they would like to get into the inner sanctum!"

Such rancor, however, is rare among the entrenched group. They keep the oil people out of things, it is true, but they don't see that as anything to get worked up about, since they always have. They are accustomed to a state of affairs in which people who accumulate money in practically any legal way other than oil—real estate, merchandising, banking, law, and dry cleaning—have an easier time than oilmen making the social grade. Dallas society even includes an undertaker, whose unfailingly cheery presence at parties has scarcely ever been commented on, except in a lighthearted way by one elderly *grande dame*. "Always, when he bids me good night, he says, 'Be seeing you,'" she told a friend. "You know, I really don't like for him to say that." The fact that several public-spirited oilmen rank among the state's leading citizens does not detract from the essential accuracy of an offhand and not unkindly intended remark by a socially fortified San Antonio financier, who said simply, "Oil people as a group are a little out of it."

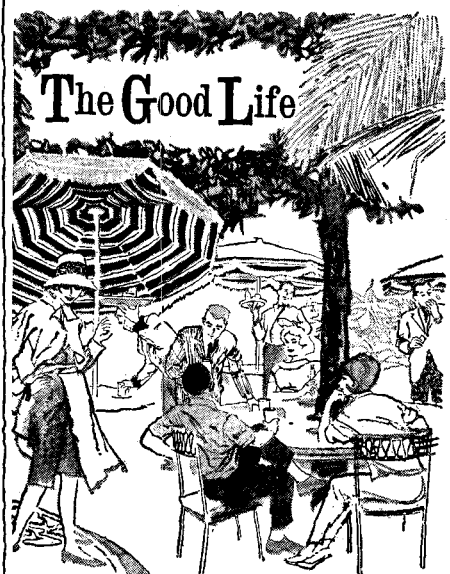
The accepted method of getting in, or trying to, follows the contemporary American pattern of doing good works; this requires giving not only money (the easy part, and expected) but much time and hard work to the Symphony, the Community Fund, children's hospitals, mental health, and a myriad other community enterprises, ranging from the art museum to the zoo. All provide ambitious newcomers with a chance to meet, and try to make a favorable impression on, the old families, who, despite the withering away of class lines, still decide the composition of the in-group. Probably no activity in the civic-social arena, where the climbing game is played nowadays, attracts a more eager following than the charity ball, the all-purpose, income-tax-incubated substitute for the big, expensive private party. A booming institution throughout the country, the charity ball has a distinctly Super-American quality, for it enables participants not only to help the less fortunate, to have a good time, and (the costs as a rule being deductible) to enjoy the satisfaction of having made a good deal but also to have a chance at getting something for nothing in the form of a door prize, which, at these affairs, is seldom a bagatelle. At a recent Crystal Charity Ball, in Dallas, a then unmarried millionaire named Bill Moss won the grand prize, a Cadillac convertible, but he didn't need it, so he gave it to his date. Though the en-



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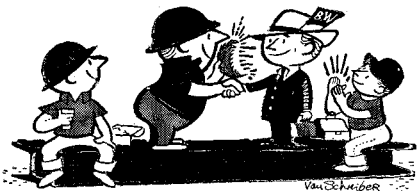
BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK

Turnabout is fair play. Ever believed in mental telepathy? Well, one of our crack reporters was assigned the job recently of finding out how a certain American corporation was handling its Cuban losses. Just as our man was



about to phone the company, *they* called *him*. Seems they wanted to know (1) what other companies were doing about the problem and (2) what the U. S. Government's position was on recognition of Cuban losses. We're pleased as punch when Business Week management subscribers *personally* tap our vast fund of business knowledge. But, say . . . who's interviewing whom around here?

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trenched group in Texas smiles on the moneyed up-and-comers to the extent of mingling with them at social events like charity balls, Texas bluebloods are not markedly less remiss than their counterparts anywhere else in exercising the sweet privilege of exclusion. Every Texas city, therefore, naturally has social organizations that, it is tacitly understood, are reserved for the local aristocracy. "There is a Four Hundred here," a Fort Worth matron whose family has been one of them for three generations has remarked, "just as there is in Dallas and Houston and San Antonio, and they all exclude people they don't like. The natives know who and what everybody is and has been. If the newcomer has built up his capital in a conservative way—hasn't speculated or engaged in any sharp practice—his chances of being accepted are good. But he can't count on it. After all, human nature can be just as cussed here as anywhere—in some things, I guess, maybe more so."

IT is the male side of human nature that has customarily been regarded as dominant in Texas, and still is. "Down here," a believer in the natural superiority of the Texas male once advised a foreigner, "men are in charge of everything, and I mean everything. Why," he added, producing what is apparently regarded in some circles as a clincher, "the men even pick out the débutantes." In most Texas cities, it is true, débutantes are presented by male clubs—the Bachelors, in Austin; the Idlewild, in Dallas; the German, in San Antonio; and so on. The practice is not, of course, uniquely Texan but, rather, is in the tradition of the South, where the males of the family serve as its young ladies' social mentors. Furthermore, in several Texas cities there are, as elsewhere, what have been called "degrees of débutantes;" it is, for example, more prestigious for a young lady in Houston to bow at both the Assembly, a women's organization, and the Allegro, a men's club, than at the latter alone. The reason is that the Assembly presents only daughters and other close relatives of members, while, as John Staub has remarked, "the Allegro is more conglomerate." Last season, the Assembly presented four young ladies, the Allegro nineteen. One recent season, the Assembly Dancing Club, in San Antonio, which Mrs. Edgar Tobin has characterized as "the nearest to the old-time kind of society here," presented one débutante. Regardless of locale, Texas débutantes engage in the customary whirlwind round of

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